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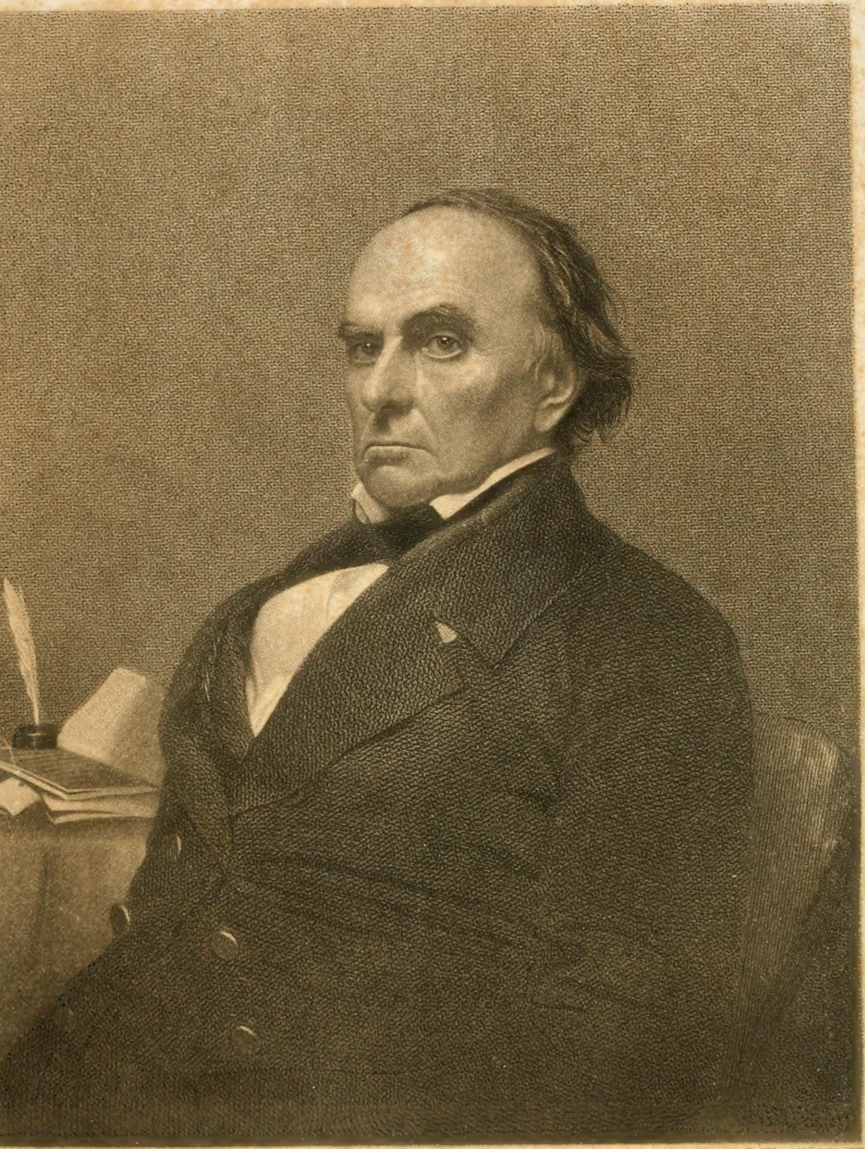

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PUBLISHED BY E. ANTHONY, NEW YORK

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THE

MOST EMINENT

ORATORS AND STATESMEN

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES;

CONTAINING SKETCHES OF THEIR LIVES, SPECIMENS OF THEIR ELOQUENCE,
AND AN ESTIMATE OF THEIR GENIUS.

BY

DAVID A. HARSHA.

"To the famous Orators repair."—MILTON.

NEW YORK·
CHARLES SCRIBNER, 145 NASSAU STREET.
ALBANY: W. C. LITTLE & CO.
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PREFACE.

In offering the following work to the public, the author would advert to a few of its distinguishing features.

It consists of historical and critical sketches of some of those who have been most eminent both as orators and as statesmen; including a plain and brief account of the leading events in the public life of each.

To render the volume useful for reference, particular attention has been given to the insertion of dates. The time when the most celebrated speeches were made, is mentioned. This is also true with reference to memorable historical incidents. In furnishing extracts from speeches, as well as in noticing biographical events, strict chronological order has been observed. Such a plan is preferable, as it gives the reader a distinct view of the subject.

Copious extracts are made from the best orations and speeches. In this department the work is very comprehensive. Embracing the most beautiful specimens of the style of each orator, it thus contains some of the finest pas-

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sages in English and American literature. Where can we find, for instance, finer models for study and admiration than in the great speeches of Chatham and Burke; of Grattan and Erskine; of Pitt and Fox; of Henry and Ames; of Calhoun and Clay; of Webster and Everett?

It is to be hoped that the graceful passages in which this volume abounds, may create in the mind of the reader a deeper interest for the study of eloquence. The author fears that this subject has not received the attention which its importance demands. It is certainly true that the best speeches of our greatest orators are not generally read. The principal cause of this neglect is, that most of those highly wrought sentences, which most delight every reader of fine taste, "are often combined with a quantity of matter of temporary interest only — with a mass, in fact, of political, financial, and statistical detail, which the public or parliamentary business of the moment required. Unless the reader has some particular object in view, his mind hesitates to encounter this formidable obstacle to its gratification. The precious gem lies in a heap, it is true, but the labor and perseverance of the diamond seeker can alone arrive at their possession." Now one design of the author has been to collect those gems of literature, which are specimens of all that is beautiful and sublime in oratory. Without the labor of searching through voluminous collections of speeches, the admirer of eloquence can here turn, at once, to those exquisite passages with which he will love to store his mind.* But still, the man of letters will do well to read with care the most elaborate speeches of the famous orators. To those who wish to peruse the best speeches of eminent British statesmen, we can unreservedly commend the excellent collection of Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich.

Another important feature of this volume is a delineation of the oratorical character — an analysis of that eloquence whose bewitching strains have enchanted listening senates and popular assemblies. Comments are made on the leading peculiarities of each orator. His *forte* is generally pointed out, the great secret of his power unfolded, and the charms of his manner described. To aid in the execution of this difficult task, opinions of judicious critics and cotemporary writers have often been cited. Many beautiful sketches of character, drawn by master-hands, are thus embodied in the work. For several of these spirited descriptions, the author is indebted to Mackintosh, Wraxall, Brougham, Wirt, Goodrich, Jenkins, March, and Cleaveland.

Many valuable hints on the art of public speaking are thrown out. These, the student of oratory will do well to regard.

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* The young student of oratory can find in this volume many of the choicest pieces for declamation. For other specimens of eloquence not included in this work, we refer the student to the *Standard Speaker*, by Epes Sargent — an excellent book, which we strongly commend to those of our readers who are pursuing an academic or collegiate course.

A number of anecdotes are related, making the book amusing as well as instructive.

In the notes which are subjoined, will be found notices of other political orators, whose names are not included in the table of contents; such as Mansfield, Mirabeau, Wilberforce, Hamilton, Hayne, Wirt, Choate, and Kossuth.

It was the original design of the author to embrace in the present collection the most celebrated pulpit orators of France, Great Britain, and America, including some living divines; but it has been thought best to reserve them for a separate volume of the same size as the present.

In conclusion, the author would state that this work is intended to be a text book for students in our academies and colleges; one which shall lie on the table of every one engaged in the study of oratory, and be an every-day book of reference for the literary man, the clergyman, the lawyer, and the politician.

DAVID A. HARSHA.

South Argyle, N. Y., 1855.

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ORATORS AND STATESMEN.

CHAPTER I.

DEMOSTHENES.

"To the famous orators repair,
Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."—*Milton.*

It is pleasant and interesting to contemplate the orators, whose eloquence has instructed, delighted, swayed and astonished thousands. To sketch the lives of a few of them; to draw their character; to exhibit some specimens of their eloquence will be the object of this volume. The history of those "famous orators" whom we design to notice, is full of incidents of extraordinary interest, and over their names is shed a luster which will never grow dim.

Before we contemplate the prince of orators, it will be interesting to advert to the history of ancient Grecian eloquence We shall do this very briefly.

It was not until the later ages of the republic that oratory made its appearance, and assumed its true character. After Greece had adopted the popular forms of government; after Solon had framed a new constitution; after the incomparable poems of Homer had been collected and studied, oratory began to be cultivated, as an art, until it was brought to perfection by Demosthenes. Its duration, however, was but short. The golden age of Grecian eloquence may be said to extend from the era of Solon (about 600 B. C.), to that of Alexander (B. C. 336). Within this space are to be found the most renowned orators. This has been admirably called the brightest period in the annals of Greece—a glorious day, at the close of which her sun went down in clouds and never rose again in its native splendor.

The history of Grecian oratory presents itself under three different aspects; the first, "in which the statesman was subordinate to the general; the next, in which the general was subordinate to the statesman; and the third, in which the statesman acted independently of the general." Three eras will designate the peculiar character of Grecian eloquence. The first has been called that of Themistocles; the second, that of Pericles; and the third that of Demosthenes.

Themistocles, who flourished about 480 years B. C., was an able general, an accomplished statesman, and a powerful orator. In him predominated the bravery of the hero His ruling passion was a love of military glory. After the battle of Marathon, when all Greece was resounding with the fame of the victorious Miltiades, it is said that Themistocles complained to his friends, "The trophies of Miltiades will not suffer me to sleep." Soon afterwards we find him arousing his countrymen by his eloquence, to resist the Persian powers, and, at the memorable battles of Salamis and Platæa, leading the Greeks on to victory He hurled defiance at the Persian throne, and sustained the pillars of government amid the political convulsions of the age. Like Cæsar, he spoke with the same force with which he fought. Bold, powerful, and magnificent, his eloquence was the most distinguished of the times in which he lived; and, as an orator and statesman, he acquired over the Athenians unlimited sway.

The second period in the history of Grecian eloquence opens with a more magnificent prospect "On hearing the age of Pericles mentioned, a crowd of glorious associations is called up; he who becomes more profoundly acquainted with it, soon finds that no pure ideal of perfection then existed. To behold the mere citizen of a republic, raising his nation, and by means of his nation all mankind, to a higher position, is a spectacle which history has never but once been able, under similar circumstances, to repeat, in Lorenzo the Magnificent. Enviable men, around whose brows the unfading laurel twines its verdure! If fame in succeeding generations, if the grateful remembrance of posterity is no vain felicity, who would not willingly exchange his claims for yours?"* Forty years Pericles governed Athens with great ability. His talents were of the highest order, and his eloquence was of that vehement kind which the human passions can not resist, and which overcomes all opposition. So powerful was the voice of Pericles that the surname of Olympias was given him, for it was said that, like Jupiter, he thundered when he spoke. Over those who had fallen in the first campaign of the Peloponnesian war, Pericles delivered a funeral eulogium, which Thucydides has embodied in his history of this war. Though the speech in Thucydides is doubtless the composition of the historian, yet from it we may judge of the character of political eloquence during that long and exciting conflict.

"This speech, the most remarkable of all the compositions of antiquity—the full transfusion of which into a modern language is an impossibility—exhibits a more complete view of the intellectual power and moral character of Pericles, than all that the historian and biographers have said of him. The form in which the great orator and statesman has embodied his lofty conceptions, is beauty chastened and elevated by a noble severity. Athens and the Athenians are the objects which his ambition seeks to immortalize, and the whole world is the theater and the witness of her glorious exploits." Pericles died about 429 years, B. C., two years after the commencement of the Peloponnesian war. The style of eloquence which prevailed in the time of Pericles was fearless, vehement, dignified and sententious. Of the orators of that day, Cicero says, "Grandes erant verbis, crebri sententiis, compressione rerum breves, et, ob eam ipsam causam, interdum subobscuri."

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* Heeren's Researches on Ancient Greece.

We come now to notice the third and most glorious period in the history of oratory; a period that will ever be remembered with admiration. Now we see the great Athenian master ascend the *bema*. Now we hear the thunders of that powerful eloquence which shook Athens, and "fulmined over Greece to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne." The age of Demosthenes was one in which oratory made its grandest display; an age which produced many eminent public speakers, of whose brilliant genius and talents there still remain splendid monuments. Demosthenes, Isocrates, Lysias, Isæus, Æschines, and Hyperides, are reckoned among the ten famous Athenian orators who flourished during this, the brightest period of Grecian eloquence.

In the time of Demosthenes, eloquence was studied in a regular and systematic form. Schools of oratory were instituted, and became the resort of those who wished to distinguish themselves in public speaking. Isocrates was one of the most distinguished teachers of eloquence in those days. To him Cicero ascribes the honor of having formed its general character. We may here remark in general, that almost every branch of literature in

Greece, was now putting forth its most beautiful and imperishable blossoms. Athens had become the renowned seat of the arts and sciences—the birth-place of the most distinguished poets, philosophers, historians and artists. Such, in a word, was ancient Greece when eloquence was to break forth in its brightest glory. The author* of a beautiful sketch of Ancient and Modern Eloquence observes:

"In tracing the history of Eloquence, we are struck with the remarkable fact, that its earliest annals are also those of its most signal triumphs. In that age of wonders, when Athens burst upon the world in all the splendor of her literature, her arts, and arms, eloquence was born. Like that most beautiful of the mythological fancies, the Goddess of Wisdom, it seems to have sprung at once to perfection, full-armed and glorious. We know, indeed, that Greece abounded in orators before the age of Demosthenes. But the earlier and ruder efforts of the art, like the impassioned TALKS of our own Aborigines, perished with the occasions that produced them. The eloquence of Pericles, indeed, was of a higher stamp. He seems to have been the first great orator of Greece and the world. But though we are told, and can believe, that 'he thundered and lightened, and shook all Greece,' no authentic specimen of his powers remains.

Of the Athenian orators immediately preceding, and contemporary with Demosthenes, we shall make no mention here, dimmed as they were and ever must be, by his incomparable splendor."

Demosthenes was born at Athens, in the fourth year of the 98th Olympiad, B. C. 385 years. He lost his father, who was a wealthy citizen of Athens, at the early age of seven years. He was now left to the care of his mother.

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* N. Cleaveland, Esq.

The guardians to whom his father committed the administration of a large property, wasted a great portion of it, thus depriving the youth of the advantages of early education. But there were other obstacles in the way of his literary and oratorical success. From his earliest years, his constitution was feeble, and his health delicate. There was, notwithstanding, a germ in his bosom which the misfortunes of life could not extirpate; a spark of eloquence which was one day to burst forth in splendor. Sixteen years had scarcely passed when an opportunity occurred to excite the young Athenian. The ambition of Demosthenes to become a public speaker was first inflamed while he was attending a trial, in which Callistratus, a celebrated orator, won an important cause. When he saw the success of the orator, and heard the acclamations of the audience, he determined to devote himself forthwith to the careful study of eloquence.

He chose Isæus as his preceptor, and from Plato,[*] it is said, that he imbibed much of the richness and grandeur with which the writings of that philosopher are adorned.

At the age of seventeen years we find Demosthenes before the public tribunals, arguing his own cause against his faithless guardians. In this contest the young orator came off triumphantly. His orations were crowned with complete success. He next attempted to speak before the people; but, in his first address, was ridiculed and interrupted by the clamors of the audience. His feeble and stammering voice, his want of breath, his ungraceful gestures, and his confused sentences, rendered it difficult for him to be understood, and brought upon him general derision. After one of his unsuccessful attempts at public speaking, he was met, while returning home in the greatest distress, by the actor Satyrus, who requested him to recite some passage from Euripides or Sophocles. Satyrus then repeated the same passage, so correctly, so gracefully, and with such animation, that it appeared to the young student quite different. Demosthenes now saw how far action and enunciation go to form an orator. He also perceived in what his own defects lay, and resolved by the use of all possible means to overcome them. By untiring perseverance he at length accomplished his object, and became the prince of orators. To cure himself of stammering, he spoke with small pebbles in his mouth. It is also related that "he removed the distortion of features, which accompanied his utterance, by watching the movements of his countenance in a mirror; and a naked sword was suspended over his left shoulder while he was declaiming in private, to prevent its rising above the level of the right. That his enunciation might be loud and full of emphasis, he frequently ran up the steepest and most uneven walks, an exercise by which his voice acquired both force and energy; and on the seashore, when the waves were violently agitated, he declaimed aloud, to accustom himself to the noise and tumult of a public assembly. He constructed a subterranean study, where he would often stay for two or three months together, shaving one side of his head, that, in case he should wish to go abroad, the shame of appearing in that condition might keep him within. In this solitary retreat, by the light of his lamp, he copied and recopied, ten times at least, tne orations scattered throughout the history of Thucydides, for the purpose of moulding his own style after so pure a model."*

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[*] Plato was one of the noblest characters of all antiquity. He was the disciple of Socrates and founder of the Acadamy at Athens. Here he instructed a large class of young men in the principles of philosophy. So exceedingly beautiful and magnificent is the style of Plato, that Cicero, when treating of the subject of diction, says, "If Jupiter were to speak in the Greek tongue, he would use the language of Plato."

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* See an excellent article on Demosthenes in Anthon's Classical Dictionary.

We come now to notice, briefly, the political history of Demosthenes. Never had a political orator a wider field for the display of the highest powers of patriotic eloquence, than was opened when Philip of Macedon aimed at the overthrow of Grecian liberty. At the age of twenty-four, this crafty prince ascended the throne of Macedon. His first object was to crush his enemies at home, and enlarge his kingdom abroad. Successful in this he next planned the conquest of Greece. Invited by the Thessalians to side with them against the Phocians, in what is called the Sacred War, he marched his army into Thessaly, vanquished the enemy, and made a bold attempt to seize the famous pass of Thermopylæ, the key of Greece. By this movement the Athenians were alarmed; an assembly of the people was convened, to determine the best course to be pursued in order to check his ambitious designs. Amidst the general excitement of the assembly, Demosthenes ascended the *bema* and delivered his first Philippic. Rising like one inspired, he endeavored, by all the powers of his indignant eloquence, to develop their excitement into action and to lead them to make vigorous war against Philip.

We present the following extracts as the finest specimens of Demosthenes' style. We can gain, however, but a very imperfect idea of his style and manner from a translation. The reader should have recourse to the original. As the orator proceeded in his first Philippic, he broke forth in the following high tone of eloquence:

"When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigor? Do you wait till roused by some dire event? till forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To freemen, the disgrace attending on misconduct, is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each inquiring of the other, 'What new advices?' Can any thing be more new than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians and give law to Greece! 'Is Philip dead?' 'No; but he is sick.' Pray what is it to you whether Philip is sick or not? Supposing he should die you would raise up another Philip, if you continue thus regardless of your interest?"

"Then as to your own conduct: some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedæmonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes. Others assure us that he has sent an embassy to the king of Persia; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. I do believe, indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary prospects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him, and is elated with his success." In the third Philippic, Demosthenes continues in the same high strain:

"All Greece, all the barbarian world, is too narrow for this man's ambition. And though we Greeks see and hear all this we send no embassies to each other; we express no resentment; but into such wretchedness are we sunk, that even to this day, we neglect what our interest and duty demand. Without engaging in associations, or forming confederacies, we look with unconcern upon Philip's growing power, each fondly imagining that the time in which another is destroyed, is so much time gained on him; although no man can be ignorant that, like the regular periodic return of a fever, he is coming upon those who think themselves the most remote from danger."

"And what is the cause of our present passive disposition? For some cause sure there must be, why the Greeks who have been so zealous heretofore in defence of liberty, are now so prone to slavery. The cause, Athenians! is that a principle which was formerly fixed in the minds of all, now exists no more; a principle which conquered the opulence of Persia, maintained the freedom of Greece, and triumphed over the powers of sea and land. That principle was an unanimous abhorrence of all those who accepted bribes from princes, that were enemies to the liberties of Greece. To be convicted of bribery, was then a crime altogether unpardonable. Neither orators, nor generals, would then sell for gold the favorable conjunctures which fortune put into their hands. No gold could impair our firm concord at home—our hatred of tyrants and barbarians. But now all things are exposed to sale as in a public market. Corruption has introduced such manners as have proved the bane and destruction of our country. Is a man known to have received foreign money? People envy him. Does he own it? They laugh. Is he convicted in form? They forgive him. So universally has this contagion diffused itself among us."

By the irresistible sway of Demosthenes' eloquence the Athenians were excited to indignation against Philip. To check the progress of the aspiring monarch, they immediately took up arms, and hastened to the spot, where Leonidas and his brave band had poured out their lifebood for the cause of liberty and of Greece. The remembrance of this ancient heroism, doubtless, nerved the arm of Athens' noble sons as they marched against Philip, who, at this time, thought it prudent to retire from the pass of Thermopylæ. Thus were the liberties of Greece preserved for another, and a fatal blow. The day was not far distant when the hopes of Demosthenes, and other freeborn patriots were to be dashed to the earth.

While the Athenians were wasting their time in fruitless discussions, the wily prince of Macedon was not idle. Under pretence of attacking the Locrians, he marched his army into Greece, surprised and captured Elatæa, a city of Phocis, not very far distant from Athens. The capture of this important place may be said to have opened to Philip a passage into Attica. On the announcement of this event the Athenians were struck with terror. The scene of dismay and confusion which prevailed at Athens when the news came, is graphically described by Demosthenes in his oration on the crown. We quote his eloquent description here, following Leland's translation:

"Thus successful in confirming the mutual separation of our states, and elevated by these decrees and these replies, Philip now leads his forces forward and seizes Elatæa. You are no strangers to the confusion which this event raised within these walls. Yet permit me to relate some few striking circumstances of our own consternation. It was evening. A courier arrived, and repairing to the presidents of the senate, informed them that Elatæa was taken. In a moment, some started from supper, ran to the public place, drove the traders from their stations, and set fire to their sheds; some sent round to call the generals; others clamored for the trumpeter. Thus was the city one scene of tumult. The next morning, by dawn of day, the presidents summoned the senate. The people were instantly collected, and before any regular authority could convene their assembly, the whole body of citizens had taken their places above. Then the senate entered; the presidents reported their advices, and produced the courier. He repeated his intelligence. The herald then asked in form, 'Who chooses to speak?' All was silence. The invitation was frequently repeated. Still no man arose; though the generals, though the ordinary speakers were all present; though the voice of Athens then called on some man to speak and save her; for surely the regular and legal proclamation of the herald may be fairly deemed the voice of Athens. If an honest solicitude for the preservation of the state had on this occasion been sufficient to call forth a speaker; then, my countrymen, ye must have all risen and crowded to the gallery, for well I know this honest solicitude had full possession of your hearts. If wealth had obliged a man to speak, the three hundred must have risen. If patriotic zeal and wealth united were the qualification necessary for the speaker, then should we have heard those generous citizens, whose beneficence was afterward displayed so nobly in the service of the state; for their beneficence proceeded from this union of wealth and patriotic zeal. But the occasion, the great day, it seems, called, not only for a well-affected and an affluent citizen, but for the man who had traced these affairs to their very source; who had formed the exactest judgment of Philip's motives, of his secret intentions in this his conduct. He who was not perfectly informed of these; he who had not watched the whole progress of his actions with consummate vigilance, however zealously affected to the state, however blessed with wealth, was in no wise better qualified to conceive or to propose the measures which your interests demanded on an occasion so critical. On that day, then, I was the man who stood forth."[*]

Demosthenes, on this occasion, aroused his countrymen with a burst of eloquence which must have made even the iron will of Philip to falter on the throne of Macedon. It was then that he delivered that exciting oration which made the whole assembly cry out with one voice, "To arms! To arms! Lead us against Philip!"

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[*] "Demosthenes gives us a picture of the scene by a few distinct characteristic touches—the presidents starting from their seats in the midst of supper—rushing into the market place—tearing down the booths around it—burning up the hurdles even, though the space would not be wanted till the next day—sending for the generals—crying out for the trumpeter—the council meeting on the morrow at break of day—the people (usually so reluctant to attend) pouring along to the assembly before the council had found a moment's opportunity to inquire or agree on measures—the entering of the council into the assembly—their announcing the news—their bringing forward the messenger to tell his story: And then the proclamation of the herald, '*Who will speak?*'—the silence of all—the voice of their common country, crying out again through the herald. 'Who will speak for our deliverance?'—all remaining silent—when Demosthenes arose, and suggested measures which caused all these dangers to pass away like a cloud!"—*Goodrich.*

Two thousand years afterwards, the same enthusiasm which then, amid their graceful columns, inspired the excitable Athenians, and filled their spacious amphitheater with a shout that rose to the warm, blue sky of Greece, awoke among sterner men, in a colder climate, and made the plain walls of a church in Virginia echo with a cry as bold and more determined. That was in response to the words of Patrick Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes, when he uttered in tones of thunder those ever memorable words, "I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me LIBERTY, or give me DEATH!"

It is in the darkest crises of national struggles for independence, amid storms and tempests, that we see the greatest political orators arise, and hear the thunders of their mighty eloquence, shaking thrones and kingdoms to their center. It is then that we hear them exclaim with Patrick Henry, "Whatever others do, I'll fight," and with John Adams, at the solemn crisis of the vote of the 4th of July, 1776, "Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER!"

At the head of an embassy, Demosthenes hastened to Thebes, and persuaded the Thebans to espouse the cause of Athens. So powerful was the effect of his oratory upon them, that, notwithstanding their previous attachment to Philip, they warmly united with the Athenians against the common enemy of Grecian liberty.* At length the crisis came. In the year 338 B. C., a battle was fought between the Athenian and Macedonian forces, near Chæronea, a city of Bœotia. The Macedonians were victorious. It is stated that more than a thousand Athenians were left dead upon the field. Demosthenes threw down his arms, and ingloriously fled from the scene of slaughter. This battle proved that he was greater as an orator and statesman than as a soldier; that his courage was political, rather than military.

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* The strong eloquence of Demosthenes, says an ancient historian, blowing into the souls of the Thebans like an impetuous wind, rekindled there so warm a zeal for their country, and so ardent a passion for liberty, that, banishing from their minds every idea of fear, of prudence, or gratitude, his discourse transported and ravished them like a fit of enthusiasm, and inflamed them solely with the love of true glory. Here we have a proof of the mighty influence which eloquence has over the minds of men, especially when it is

By this disastrous conflict, a fatal blow fell upon Greece. Her liberty was lost, and her eloquence, that flame which can burn only on the altars of freedom, was forever extinguished. Well may we say with the poet:

> "Ah *Eloquence*! thou wast undone;
> Wast from thy native country driven,
> When Tyranny eclips'd the sun,
> And blotted out the stars of heaven."

Shortly after the battle of Chæronea, Demosthenes displayed his generosity by repairing the fortifications of Athens, partly at his own expense. In consideration of the many important public services which he had rendered the state, the Athenians, on the proposal of Ctesiphon, decreed him a crown of gold. The reward was strongly opposed by Æschines,* who maintained that the proposal

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heightened by a love and zeal for the public good. One single man swayed all things at his will in the assemblies of Athens and Thebes, where he was equally loved, respected, and feared.

*Æschines, the celebrated rival of Demosthenes, was born, as some authorities state, at Athens, B. C. 397. He was about twelve years older than Demosthenes. He died at Samos, at the age of 75 years. Quintilian places him in the first rank among Grecian orators, next to Demosthenes.

"The Abbe Barthelemy makes the eloquence of Æschines to be distinguished by a happy flow of words, by an abundance and clearness of ideas, and by an air of great ease, which arose less from art than nature. The ancient writers appear to agree in this, that the manner of Æschines is softer, more insinuating, and more delicate than that of Demosthenes, but that the latter is more grave, forcible and convincing. The one has more of address, and the other was illegal, and brought a suit against Ctesiphon, which was intended to overpower Demosthenes. This famous prosecution was commenced about the year 338 B. C.; but the trial was delayed eight years. At length it came on. To witness this mighty, intellectual contest, an immense concourse of spectators from all parts of Greece, was attracted to Athens. It was the greatest combat of eloquence that the world has ever witnessed. The harangue of Æschines was powerful and sarcastic.* But Demosthenes was irresistible as a mountain torrent, and bore his accuser down. Æschines did not receive the fifth part of the votes of the judges. By the laws of Athens, he thus became liable to fine and banishment; and accordingly he went in exile to Rhodes. There he established a school of rhetoric, in which he read the two orations to his pupils. His, was received with approbation, but that of Demosthenes, with the greatest applause. "What then

more of strength and energy. The one endeavors to steal, the other to force, the assent of his auditors. In the harmony and elegance, the strength and beauty of their language, both are deserving of high commendation, but the figures of the one are finer, of the other, bolder. In Demosthenes we see a more sustained effort; in Æschines, vivid, though momentary, flashes of oratory."

Of his three orations the most celebrated is that against Ctesiphon, in which he so vehemently denounces Demosthenes.

* The following brief extract from this oration will afford the reader a specimen of the style of Æschines:

"When Demosthenes boasts to you, O Athenians, of his democratic zeal, examine, not his harangues, but his life; not what he professes to be, but what he really is;—redoubtable in words, impotent in deeds; plausible in speech, perfidious in action. As to his courage—has he not himself, before the assembled people, confessed his poltroonery! By the laws of Athens, the man who refuses to bear arms, the coward, the deserter of his post in battle, is excluded from all share in the public deliberations, denied admission to our religious rites, and rendered incapable of receiving the honor of a crown. Yet now it is proposed to crown a man whom your laws expressly disqualify!"

"Which, think you, was the more worthy citizen, Themistocles, who commanded your fleet when you vanquished the Persians at Salamis, or Demosthenes the deserter?—Miltiades, who conquered the barbarians at Marathon would you have thought," exclaimed Æschines, "had you heard the lion himself?"

This speech of Demosthenes is the most perfect specimen that eloquence has ever produced. "For withering sarcasm, burning invective, lofty declamation, for all that is spirit-stirring and glorious in eloquence, there is not on record, in any language, as noble and perfect a specimen as this oration for the crown." It is regarded as such by two of the most eminent critics of ancient times; Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Quintilian; and such is the opinion of modern writers on eloquence. Lord Brougham styles it, "The greatest oration of the greatest orator." This oration abounds in magnificent expressions, and sudden bursts of overwhelming eloquence. The famous oath by those who fell at Marathon is the sublimest passage in the whole speech. "The most figurative and highly wrought passage in all antiquity" says the same writer, "is the famous oath in Demosthenes.

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or this hireling traitor?—Aristides, surnamed the Just, or Demosthenes, who merits a far different surname? By all the Gods of Olympus, it is a profanation to mention in the same breath this monster and those great men! Let him cite, if he can, one among them all to whom a crown was decreed. And was Athens ungrateful? No! She was magnanimous; and those uncrowned citizens were worthy of Athens. They placed their glory, not in the letter of a decree, but in the remembrance of a country, of which they had merited well,—in the living, imperishable remembrance!"

"And now a popular orator—the mainspring of our calamities—a deserter from the field of battle, a deserter from the city—claims of us a crown, exacts the honor of a proclamation! Crown *him*? Proclaim *his* worth? My countrymen, this would not be to exalt Demosthenes, but to degrade yourselves,—to dishonor those brave men who perished for you in battle. Crown *him!* Shall *his* recreancy win what was denied to *their* devotion? This would indeed be to insult the memory of the dead, and to paralyze the emulation of the living!" * * *

"From those who fell at Marathon and at Platæa—from Themistocles—from the very sepulchers of your ancestors—issues the protesting groan of condemnation and rebuke!"

From this oration we present the following passage, setting forth the public spirit of the Athenians, and containing the celebrated oath which we have just mentioned:

"The Athenians never were known to live contented in a slavish though secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No. Our whole history is a series of gallant contests for prëeminence: the whole period of our national existence hath been spent in braving dangers, for the sake of glory and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, as characteristic of the Athenian spirit, that those of your ancestors who were most eminent for it are ever the most favorite objects of your praise. And with reason: for, who can reflect, without astonishment, on the magnanimity of those men who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships, rather than live at the bidding of a stranger? The Athenians of that day looked out for no speaker, no general, to procure them a state of easy slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. For it was a principle fixed deeply in every breast, that man was not born to his parents only, but to his country. And mark the distinction. He who regards himself as born only to his parents waits in passive submission for the hour of his natural dissolution. He who considers that he is the child of his country, also, volunteers to meet death rather than behold that country reduced to vassalage; and thinks those insults and disgraces which he must endure, in a state enslaved, much more terrible than death."

"Should I attempt to assert that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No: it is my point to show that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of my country long before my days. I claim but my share of merit in having acted on such principles in every part of my administration.

He, then, who condemns every part of my administration; he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who hath involved the state in terrors and dangers; while he labors to deprive me of present honor, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For, if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that you yourselves have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune. But it can not be! No, my countrymen, it can not be that you have acted wrong in encountering danger bravely for the liberty and safety of all Greece. No! I swear it by the spirits of our sires, who rushed upon destruction at Marathon!—by those who stood arrayed at Platæa!—by those who fought the sea-fight at Salamis!—by the men of Artemisium!—by the others, so many and so brave, who now rest in our public sepulchers!—all of whom their country judged worthy of the same honor; all, I say, Æschines; not those only who prevailed, not those only who were victorious.—And with reason. What was the part of gallant men, they all performed. Their success was such as the supreme Ruler of the world dispensed to each."*

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* On the style of Demosthenes' orations we subjoin the remarks of three eminent critics:

"Demosthenes moves, warms, and captivates the heart. Every oration of his is a close chain of reasoning, that represents the generous notions of a soul who disdains any thought that is not great. His discourses gradually increase in force by greater light and new reasons, which are always illustrated by bold figures and lively images. One can not but see that he has the good of the republic entirely at heart, and that nature itself speaks in all his transports; for his artful address is so masterly that it never appears. Nothing ever equaled the force and vehemence of his discourses."—*Fenelon's Dialogues Concerning Eloquence; Dial.* i, p. 20.

"The style of Demosthenes is so strong, so close, and nervous; it is everywhere so just, so exactly concise, that there is nothing too much or too little What distinguishes his eloquence is the impetuosity of the expression, the

Soon after this brilliant, intellectual victory, Demosthenes was convicted of receiving a bribe from Harpalus,* a fugitive from the army of Alexander the Great. He was fined fifty talents (nearly $50,000); and being unable to pay this sum, was thrown into prison. Escaping from prison, he fled to Ægina, whence he could behold the shores of his beloved country—that land, for the preservation of whose liberties, he had exerted all his powers. On the death of Alexander, in the year 323 B. C., De-

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choice of words, and the beauty of the disposition; which, being supported throughout and accompanied with force and sweetness, keeps the attention of the judges perpetually fixed."

"What we admire in Demosthenes is the plan, the series, and the order and disposition of the oration; it is the strength of the proofs, the solidity of the arguments, the grandeur and nobleness of the sentiments and of the style; the vivacity of the turns and figures; in a word, the wonderful art of representing the subjects he treats in all their luster, and displaying them in all their strength."—*Rollin's Belles Lettres.*

"His orations are strongly animated, and full of the impetuosity and fire of public spirit. They proceed in a continued train of inductions, consequences, and demonstrations founded on sound reason. The figures which he uses, are never sought after; but always rise from the subject. He employs them sparingly, indeed; for splendor and ornament are not the distinctions of this orator's composition. It is an energy of thought peculiar to himself, which forms his character, and sets him above all others. He appears to attend much more to things than to words. We forget the orator and think of the business. He warms the mind, and impels it to action.

"The style of Demosthenes is strong and concise, though sometimes, it must not be dissembled, harsh and abrupt. His words are very expressive; his arrangement is firm and manly; and though far from being unmusical, yet it seems difficult to find in him that studied, but concealed number, and rythmus, which some of the ancient critics are fond of attributing to him. Negligent of these lesser graces one would rather conceive him to have aimed at that sublime which lies in sentiment."—*Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric.*

* During the expedition of Alexander to India, this Harpalus had the charge of the Babylonian treasury, on which he committed great excesses; fearing the resentment of his master he fled to Attica with five thousand talents accompanied by six thousand men, and sought refuge in Athens.

mosthenes was recalled from banishment by the Athenians. A public galley was sent by the citizens to convey him from Ægina. Athens was waiting anxiously for its return. As the day when it was expected approached, groups of citizens gathered every morning on the shore, and looked eagerly over the water to catch its first appearance on the horizon. When at length it appeared, a small speck upon the blue expanse, the joyful news spread from those who stood by the water through the whole city. Onward the tidings passed from citizen to citizen; along the busy streets; through the crowded market place; among the columns of Minerva's temple, till it reached the lofty Acropolis. Men and women hastened to the harbor, and even the children left their toys with shouts that Demosthenes was returning. Crowded upon the shore, stood young and old, gazing in silence on the galley which was now rapidly approaching. One well-known form stood quietly upon its deck, conspicuous among all around. Those ardent Athenians could not forget it. It was the same which had roused them to fury against Philip; it was the same which had crushed Æschines with sarcasm; it was the same from which came that sublime oath, "By those who stood arrayed at Platæa." One single movement of that eloquent arm, as the galley approached the Piræus,—and there burst from the crowd the cry, "Demosthenes, Demosthenes." Well might he exclaim as the galley touched the shore, "Happier is my return than that of Alcibiades. It was through compulsion that the Athenians restored him, but they have recalled me from a motive of kindness."

But the sunshine of his happiness did not continue long: a dark cloud was soon thrown over his prospects, when his hopes were crushed forever. When the Grecian confederacy was destroyed, and when the Macedonian party was triumphant, Antipater, its victorious leader, demanded that Demosthenes should be given up to his vengeance. Necessity compelled the Athenians to consent. Pursued by his enemies, Demosthenes took refuge in the temple of Neptune, on the island of Calauria, where he terminated his life by poison, at the age of above sixty years.

It remains for us, briefly, to notice his oratorical character. Among orators, the name of Demosthenes shines with incomparable splendor. By the unanimous consent of all ages and nations, it has been allowed to stand preeminent in the history of eloquence. It is admitted everywhere that no one in ancient or modern times ever poured out his eloquence in such a lofty, soul-stirring strain, or with such electric energy as this great master of the human passions.

Says a wise reviewer, "The superiority of Demosthenes, and his claim to rank as the greatest of orators, is universally admitted. His reputation, like that of Homer, than which it is only *less* ancient, may be considered as resting on an immovable basis. It is established by the admiration of his acute and fastidious countrymen—by the unbounded sway which he exerted over them—and by the dread with which he inspired their foes. Cicero, the all-accomplished orator, philosopher and statesman. Quintilian, the greatest of rhetoricians, and Loginus, the ablest of critics, alike awarded to him the palm of unrivaled eloquence. Nor has the decision of antiquity been reversed by the moderns. Little as his sententious energy has been imitated, its vast superiority has been conceded by all.

The grand characteristic of this great man is, undoubtedly, *strength*. 'His peculiar properties,' says Longinus, 'specially vouchsafed to him by immediate dispensation of the Divinity, were unrivaled and *unapproachable* vigor and power.' It is, perhaps, more easy to perceive the fact, than to tell wherein the great strength of this intellectual Samson lay.

We may say, in the first place, that he was eminently *argumentative.* No orator can be named, who, in this respect is more original, more ingenious, or more logical In statement he is succinct and clear. His arrangement is perfect without the *show* of arrangement; and he is unerring in the sagacity with which he discovers his own strong points, and the weak ones of his adversary.

But his argumentation is never dry—it is never cold. His reasoning seems to proceed as much from the *heart* as from the *head.* He so intermingles his declamation with his argument, that it never appears to *be* declamation. Through the entire texture of his discourse, reason and passion, passion and reason, like warp and woof, are beautifully interwoven. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say of this peculiar feature, that his argument is *impassioned*, and his declamation *logical.* The profound, brilliant, impetuous flow of his eloquence is like that of some great river, when having escaped its rocky barriers, it has gained the gentler inclination of the alluvial plains; no longer chafed and frothy as among the hills, nor discolored yet by admixture with the sea—deep, clear, rapid, sparkling—it rolls along, a noble image of beauty, grandeur, and irresistible power.

His conciseness has already been named. This trait was carried by our orator to such an extreme, that some have even deemed it a fault. But this we would be slow to assert. It is unquestionably one great source of his power. Everything is finished with consummate care Every word is significant and apt; and that very place is assigned to each, which makes it most effective. Hence, indeed, arises no small part of the difficulty of transfusing his spirit and power into another language.

With that exquisite tact, which never forsakes him, he stops always at the precise point of greatest effect. Having made a bold or happy stroke he passes on to his argument or inference. By no needless explanation—by no superfluous embellishment, does he endanger the effect, or incur the hazard of "tearing his subject to tatters." How unlike, in this respect, to most orators of modern times!

But nothing seems to have attracted the wonder and admiration of his readers so much, as that oblivion of self which is conspicuous on every page. It is to the Olynthiacs and Philippics that we now refer. In these immortal productions *Demosthenes* seems to be nothing; his subject—his cause—his country—*every thing*. Widely different was the case with Cicero, whose elaborate pictures rarely failed to exhibit the orator himself, the most prominent figure in the foreground. While we follow the Grecian orator, we cease to wonder at his success. Such earnestness and sincerity; such all-absorbing, self-renouncing patriotism, exhibited with such force of argument, and such powers of appeal, could not but be resistless, for we can not resist them ourselves. Once fairly in the stream, the torrent bears us on. We think not of stopping; we can not stop if we would. Unreluctant captives, we surrender at discretion, and realize that it is exciting and delightful, thus to feel the influence of one master mind.

> While still 'our little barks attendant sail,
> Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.'

As yet we have contemplated the orator only as he *is*,—speaking to us from the written page, and in a language, which by a sort of misnomer we call *dead*. But we shall have only an imperfect estimation of his power, until we have formed some adequate conception of what he *was*. We must cross the western and midland oceans, we must run up the stream of time two thousand years,—we must see the orator standing in the pride of his living power, and on the very scene of his immortal triumphs. A native of the small island of Seriphus once reproached Themistocles with deriving his greatness from that of his country. 'It may be so,' was the reply, 'but thou could'st no more have been renowned at Athens, than I at Seriphus. The sentiment thus expressed is of universal application. Great talents may exist and be discoverable any where, but they can attain to the full measure of their greatness only when Providence places them in a sphere of commensurate extent. Such a sphere, Demosthenes undoubtedly had.

It is well known that all the essential powers of the Athenian state were vested in the people. The government of Athens was to all intents an unmixed and unmitigated democracy. All matters, both of internal and external policy, all questions both of peace and war, were debated and decided in the popular assembly. The Athenians were a remarkable race; a people of ardent temperament, and clear and active intellect. Perhaps no other community of equal extent has ever existed, so polished, so universally literary. Accustomed to constant attendance on dramatic exhibitions; that faultless drama, which to this day is the unrivaled model of simplicity and beauty; living in an age and land, in which the fine arts, history, poetry and eloquence were carried to the very zenith of perfection, the Athenians had become in all matters of taste and language, ingeniously acute, fastidiously critical. Prone to admiration, more prone to distrust; passionately devoted to war and glory, still more devoted to pleasure and ease; indolent, fickle, turbulent, at home; when abroad, active, patient, brave; the Athenian character was a singular compound of good and evil. Such was the people whom Demosthenes addressed.

Let us enter their assembly. The place of meeting is an amphitheater of vast extent. Its canopy is the open sky. In the rear, but high above them, towers the Acropolis› glorious with that architectural splendor, on whose crumbling relics we still gaze with the admiration of despair. Before them is the blue Ægean; their gallant navy riding by the shore, and in the distance, 'unconquered Salamis,' the scene of its early glory. On those stone benches, are seated, within reach of a single speaker's eye and voice an entire myriad of human beings, met here on terms of perfect equality, to deliberate on the state of the nation. The civil and military power which they wield, is no other than that which once repelled the millions of Persia, and which since, on a thousand hard-fought fields of intestine and of foreign war, has drawn around it all that sympathy which we naturally feel in brilliant success and unparalleled disaster. All feel it to be a scene of overwhelming interest. The moment is big with the fate of empires. On the decisions of the hour may depend the question, whether Athens shall longer be the eye of Greece, and glory of the world. Nay, more—freedom and slavery—national existence and national extinction may now be oscillating in the balance of fate.

Philip of Macedon, an ambitious and able monarch, has been long aiming at the sovereignty of Greece. No means likely to effect his purpose have been left untried. One after another of the Grecian states has yielded to Macedonian arms, or arts, or gold. Athens alone was competent to resist the usurper. Moved by the threatening danger and harangues of Demosthenes, more than once has she roused herself to action, and after checking the tyrant's career, sunk again into security. But intelligence has come of new and more alarming encroachments. Treaties have been violated; provinces overrun; cities in alliance conquered and destroyed. The designs of the king are but too manifest; the danger is great and imminent. Already has the herald, according to custom, called on those who have anything to offer in the present emergency, to come forward and give their advice. Already has age uttered its warning voice, and eloquence painted in glowing colors the magnitude and difficulty of a war with Philip. The timid, the prudent, and the venal, have united in magnifying the power and clemency of the monarch; in portraying the weakness of the republic, and in urging the necessity of conciliation and submission. There are evident indications that the advice is not unwelcome to the indolent and pleasure-loving sons of Athens. Dares any, under these circumstances, offer a contrary opinion? Considering the fearful odds and the great uncertainty, will any venture to propose a war with Philip, knowing that should the measure be adopted, and prove unsuccessful, the author of such advice may be put to death by the laws of his country? But lo! Demosthenes ascends the rostrum. Self-possessed, unassuming, yet conscious of his powers, it is his purpose to stem the tide which he sees advancing; to roll back the current; to operate, in other words, on this mass of mind, and bend, and melt, and mould it to his own. He spends no breath in labored introduction, but enters at once on his subject. In terms of cutting severity, he chides the supineness and false security of his countrymen. Yet so unquestioned is his integrity; such the sincerity of his patriot ardor; so evidently good his motive, that he awakens no resentment, excites no feelings but those of shame. He allows, indeed, that much is lost, but much still remains. He suffers no despondence. He unfolds the resources of the state, and convinces his countrymen that nothing is even now needed but resolution and perseverance. Above all, he portrays with vivid brightness the injustice and the designs of Philip. The ambitious *monarch*, the unprincipled *man*, is set before us. Every winding of his crooked policy is unravelled: every latent motive set in the blaze of day. As he proceeds, indignation glows in every breast—quivers on the lip—kindles in the eye.

Finally, he calls up the images of the past. The earlier glories of Athens; the spirit of their fathers, who preferred death to ignominy; that renown, beyond the reach even of envy, which they won; the institutions which they bequeathed, and the monuments of their taste and glory still clustering thick around, are touched with equal rapidity and power. One victory, at least, is gained—the victory of the orator. Ten thousand minds feel and acknowledge the mastery of *one.* Yet such is the charm of his eloquence, that they think not of *him*—they think not of *themselves.* High thoughts of country fill every soul. At his Caducean touch, irresolution and pusillanimity have vanished. Philip is no longer dreaded; the Macedonian phalanx is no longer invincible. Marathon and Platæa are before them. Mars once more woos them to his fierce embrace, and Minerva, their own Minerva, marshals them to victory.

'The jarring states, obsequious now,
View the patriot's hand on high;
Thunder gathering on his brow,
Lightning flashing from his eye."

'Borne by the tides of words along,
One voice, one mind, inspire the throng;
'To arms! to arms! to arms!' they cry;
'Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,
Lead us to Philippi's lord,
Let us conquer him—or die!' "

We may inquire a little more particularly into the cause of the wonderful success of Demosthenes in public speaking. What were some more of his most distinguished characteristics? In what did the great secret of his power lie?

In contemplating this prince of orators, we find that industry and perseverance were leading traits in his character. Without these inestimable qualities he could never have attained the grand summit at which he finally arrived. What a noble instance of untiring perseverance is displayed in the history of Demosthenes! How deeply does he command our admiration when we contemplate him in solitude, laboring with all his might to overcome his natural defects, and to acquire the most admirable and forcible delivery in public speaking! This persevering energy is the grand characteristic of all who are celebrated for their attainments in oratory, science, and general literature,—whose names shine with resplendency on the page of history. To this indomitable trait of character they were indebted for the performance of their greatest labors; for the magnificence of those intellectual monuments which they have reared for the admiration of all ages and nations. The necessity of untiring labor and perseverance in those who aspire to eminence in the higher walks of scholarship is eloquently enforced by Dr. Chalmers.*

"It is by dint of steady labor; it is by giving enough of application to the work, and having enough of time for the doing of it; it is by regular pains-taking and the plying of constant assiduities; it is by these, and not by any process of legerdemain, that we secure the strength and staple of real excellence. It was thus, that Demosthenes, clause after clause, and sentence after sentence, elaborated, and that to the uttermost, his immortal orations; it was thus that Newton pioneered his way, by the steps of an ascend-ing geometry, to the mechanism of the heavens—after which, he left this testimony behind him, that he was conscious of nothing else but a habit of patient thinking. which could at all distinguish him from other men."

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* See the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL.D. by Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. This is an interesting and useful work, and should be in the library of ever literary man. The life of Dr. Chalmers was a particular favorite with Henry Clay, and one of the books which he read most in the evening of his life.

But another great secret of Demosthenes' success in oratory lay in his *honesty.* His political principles, and his burning eloquence emanated from the depths of his soul. As his sentiments were expressed in the most earnest and impassioned manner, every one could not but feel that they originated in a patriotic spirit, and were delivered with all the sincerity which characterizes the citizen, whose highest and noblest aim is the promotion of the prosperity and happiness of his beloved country. Demosthenes was deeply impressed with those principles which he endeavored to infuse into the mind of his audience. He was convinced of their truth and expediency.

He, moreover, possessed that acute sensibility, without which a public speaker has but little power over a popular assembly. Sensibility is an essential quality in the formation of a powerful orator. Without it, he can not control his audience; nor can he attain the highest end of eloquence, which is to affect the heart, to convince the judgment, to move the passions, *to sway the whole man.* Those sudden and magnificent bursts of oratory, which have delighted and astonished audiences, and produced such irrepressible and thrilling emotions, have emanated from sensibility in the speaker. It was this that inspired Demosthenes in some of the loftiest strains and grandest bursts of his thundering eloquence. It was this, which gave rise to some of the most beautiful, touching, and sublime passages in the speeches of Chatham, Burke, Grattan, Erskine, Henry, Ames, and Clay.

The transferring of his own burning thoughts to the hearts of those whom he addressed was the sublime end of the great Athenian's oratorical efforts. This should be the grand object of every public speaker. If his own emotions are thus communicated to his hearers; if his own glowing spirit is poured into their sympathizing souls, success must crown his noble efforts, and the highest end of eloquence be attained. True eloquence is "logic set on fire. It is a great and fervent spirit, pouring itself, in a living torrent, into the hearts and souls of its auditors." Lord Erskine has somewhere forcibly remarked, that "intellect alone, however exalted, without strong feelings, without even irritable sensibility, would be only like an immense magazine of powder, if there were no such element as fire in the natural world. It is the *heart* which is the spring and fountain of all eloquence."

"The great orators of antiquity labored long and passionately to develop their own sensibilities, and, in speaking, to make their heart a mighty auxiliary to their intellect. They strove to feed the fires of their eloquence with the choicest materials, selected from the most glowing sources; not as dry quotations, frigid ornaments tagged to the limping dullness of their own stupid thoughts, but as spontaneous contributions of volcanic heat and power, kindling where they fell and blending with the flames they augmented. Their minds were rich with the selectest stores of elegant literature, and as some pertinent maxim or splendid illustration occurred in extemporaneous discourse, the gem grew suddenly brilliant amid the coruscations of inflamed fancy, while the orator poured his whole soul into his quotation, and sent it, revivified and blazing to every enraptured bosom."

A proper action and pronunciation are indispensable to success in oratory. Without them an oration would lose its greatest charm and power. The action and pronunciation of Demosthenes are said to have been uncommonly vehement.

He was thoroughly convinced of the importance of a proper enunciation and action in public address. Such an importance did he attach to the *manner* of the public speaker, that, to one who asked him what was the first requisite in an orator, he merely replied, "*Delivery*," and when asked what were the second and third requisites, he gave the same answer as at first. "His idea was this: a lifeless manner on the part of a public speaker, shows that his own feelings are not enlisted in the cause which he is advocating, and it is idle for him, therefore, to seek to make convert sof others, when he has failed in making one of himself. On the other hand, when the tone of voice, the gesture, the look, the whole manner of the orator, display the powerful feelings that agitate him, his emotion is communicated to his hearers, and success is inevitable. It was not, therefore, mere 'action' that Demosthenes required in an orator, an error into which some have fallen from a mistranslation of the Latin rhetorical term '*actio*,' as employed by Cicero (*Brut.*, 37), in mentioning this incident; but was an attention to the whole manner of delivery, the look, the tone, the every movement, as so many unerring indications of internal emotion, and of the honesty and sincerity of the speaker."

A graceful and vehement style of delivery, imparts to true eloquence its fascinating, overwhelming power. It should be the steady aim of the young orator to attain such a delivery. Let him study the oratorical character of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Chatham and Fox, of Patrick Henry and Clay, of Webster and Everett. Let him dwell on their beauties, and infuse them into his own mind.

But the greatest charm of Demosthenian eloquence consisted in action. The delivery of Demosthenes must have been admirable, and imposing in the highest degree. The propriety of his enunciation, the gracefulness and vehemence of his action, the glowing expression of his countenance, the fire of his eye, the thunder of his voice,—

all combined to render him the first of orators, and to impart to his orations a magical power.

We have thus seen, that the grand characteristics of this prince of orators, were "strength, sublimity, and a piercing energy and force, aided by an emphatic and vehement elocution."

We may here observe with an able critic, that the great elements of the highest style of eloquence, those which constitute the δεινοτης, the nameless energy of the ancients, are close, rapid, powerful, *practical*, reasoning, animated by intense passion. These are the *great* elements: philosophical reflection and splendid imagery, are valuable only as occasional auxiliaries, and are *always* of subordinate importance. Let any one look at the orations of Demosthenes: his eloquence has but few traces of either of the above qualities. *His* philosophy never assumes the form of abstract propositions or general reflections; it is rather an application of them to particular circumstances. Like history, his eloquence is philosophy teaching by examples. In the same manner, his illustrations are almost always in the form of metaphor; characterized by force far more than by beauty, and expressed with the utmost possible conciseness. Not an epithet is wasted in mere ornament.*

To the great, absorbing topic of his political career, Demosthenes was, in no small degree, indebted for the glory which has encircled his name as an orator. The subject, on which he expatiated with burning delight, doubtless contributed in some degree, to produce those wonderful effects which are said to have accompanied his most impassioned bursts of declamation. It was one of the highest moment to every friend of Grecian liberty. and most favorable for a display of true eloquence. "Elo quence," says Cicero, "is speaking in a manner proper to persuade;" and we know that a great part of the political life of Demosthenes was spent in persuading the Athenians to take up arms against Philip.

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* Henry Rogers.

Persuasion should be the one grand object at all times kept in view by every public speaker. He should not merely expatiate on the beauties and glories of his theme; he should not merely state propositions, and discuss doctrines, but persuade his hearers to adopt the principles which he lays down; to embrace the views, which he presents; and to act with promptness and decision as he directs. Throughout the political discourses of Demosthenes abounds the art of persuasion, and no political orator ever had a finer field for the exercise of its power. Philip was on the point of conquering Greece, the Athenians had degenerated, and lost, in a great measure, the heroism and valor of their ancestors, when Demosthenes appeared against the Macedonian tyrant and usurper. The orator warns his countrymen of their danger, arouses them from their inaction, and, by the recital of the military success and glory which crowned the Grecian heroes of former days, at Marathon, Plataea, Thermopylae, and other glorious battle-fields, excites and persuades them to take up arms against the invader of Grecian rights and liberties.

It has been truly said, that Philip formed the political character of Demosthenes. Such orators can be called forth, only in the stormy, revolutionary days of republics. Demosthenes appeared in the last great contest for ancient Grecian liberty. Cicero came forth to sustain the tottering pillars of the Roman state, and to avert the impending blow of conspiracy that was about to fall on the liberties of his beloved country; and Patrick Henry was nurtured amid the tumultuous scenes of the American Revolution. When the sky of liberty grew dark with clouds; when the gathering tempest of oppression, seemed about to burst over our young republic, and extinguish those fires of liberty which had been kindled on every mountain and plain, and in every valley from the granite hills of New Hampshire to the green savannahs of Georgia, then Henry, like Demosthenes and Cicero, poured forth torrents of eloquence that swept away every obstacle and rolled onward with overwhelming force.

During fourteen years, the great Athenian orator exerted his powerful eloquence in defending his country's rights, against the oppressions of a foreign enemy; but unlike Henry, he fell in the glorious cause he was advocating and with him expired the liberties of his country.

If from the orator we turn to the statesman, our admiration will not in the least be diminished. Not only was Demosthenes the most accomplished of orators, but he was one of the greatest of statesmen. It is true that he had not the power of carrying into effect the mighty schemes which his capacious mind had formed; but how deeply does he command our respect and admiration by the skillful employment of those scanty means which he had.

The statesmen of antiquity, unlike those of modern times, were restricted to very limited means for forming or carrying on military enterprises. They had not, at their command, the power or the resources of the Pitts, the Foxes, the Grenvilles, or the Walpoles of Great Britain. And yet Demosthenes, by his political sagacity, was enabled, with his contracted means, to cope for a long time with Philip, and to inspire him with more dread than did all the fleets and armies of the Athenians. He maintained his position to the last. It has been eloquently said of Athen's mighty statesman, that it was his high calling to be the pillar of a sinking state. Thirty years he remained true to it, and did not yield till he was buried beneath its ruins.

CHAPTER II.

CICERO.

In Rome, as in Greece, eloquence was a "plant of late growth, and of short duration." It was not until the transcendent genius of Hortensius and Cicero burst forth with astonishing splendor, in the later ages of the commonwealth, that Roman oratory assumed its true character, and was carried to the highest degree of cultivation and perfection. The era of Cicero was the golden age of *Roman* eloquence; a period which the student of classical literature will ever contemplate with admiration. Then were heard the last and highest notes of patriotic eloquence in Rome. "It was not until about the time of Cicero, that the Latin language had become sufficiently refined, and the general learning and taste of the nation sufficiently enlightened to appreciate and encourage the higher efforts of oratorical art. With the patronage of fair opportunity, and under the combined influence of freedom and taste, eloquence reappeared in all her native beauty."

Among the most distinguished Roman orators, preceding or contemporary with Cicero, were Cornelius Cethegus, Cato the elder, Scipio Nasica, Mutius Scævola, Marcus Antonius, Lucius Licinius Crassus, Publius Sulpitius, Caius A. Cotta, Hortensius, Julius Cæsar, Messala, and Brutus. Of these, Hortensius deserves particular notice here, as he was the rival of Cicero, and next to him, the greatest orator of Rome. He was born about the year 115 B. C., and was eight years older than Cicero. At the age of nineteen he began to distinguish himself by his florid eloquence in the Roman forum. He lived in great magnificence, and died at the age of sixty-three.

Hortensius appears to have possessed almost all the qualities requisite to form an accomplished orator. His imagination was fertile and sparkling, his acquaintance with literature extensive, and the stream of his eloquence copious, rapid and vehement. The powers of his mind were extraordinary. "Nature had given him," says Cicero, in his Brutus (c. 88), "so happy a memory, that he never had need of committing to writing any discourse which he had meditated, while, after his opponent had finished speaking, he could recall, word by word, not only what the other had said, but also the authorities which had been cited against himself.* His industry was indefatigable. He never let a day pass without speaking in the forum, or preparing himself to appear on the morrow; oftentimes he did both. He excelled particularly in the art of dividing his subject, and in then reuniting it in a luminous manner, calling in, at the same time, even some of the arguments which had been urged against him. His diction was noble, elegant, and rich; his voice strong and pleasing; his gestures carefully studied."

But the fame of Hortensius was dimmed by the incomparable splendor of Cicero, whom we may, perhaps, regard as the most perfect model of eloquence that the world has ever seen. To notice some of the leading events of his interesting life, and to contemplate the character of his oratory, we now turn with delight.

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* As a proof of his astonishing memory, it is recorded by Seneca, that, for a trial of his powers of reflection, he remained a whole day at a public auction, and when it was concluded, he repeated in order what had been sold, to whom, and at what price. His recital was compared with the clerk's account, and his memory was found to have served him faithfully in every particular. Senec. *Præf.* Lib. I. *Controv.*

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born on the 3d of January, 107 B. C. His birthplace was Arpinum, in ancient times a small town of Latium, now part of the kingdom of Naples. Early in life Cicero gave decided indications that he possessed a towering genius and a brilliant intellect; and was placed under eminent instructors. One of his earliest teachers was the celebrated poet Archias, with whom he learned the art of poetry, for which he had a high relish. Subsequently he was placed under the care of Scævola, a famous lawyer. Under his instruction he soon acquired a profound knowledge of the civil law, and the political institutions of the Romans. Here he laid the foundation of his forensic fame; the luster of which has not been dimmed by any succeeding advocate. Cicero was first instructed in the principles of philosophy by Philo the Academic. But his attention was soon wholly turned to oratory. He early cherished the hope of becoming the most distinguished orator of his age. To accomplish this object he used every means within his power. With the assistance of Molo, the most celebrated teacher of eloquence then in Rome, he applied himself with the utmost assiduity to the study of the art, to the practice of daily declamation, to the repetition of the finest passages of the best poets and orators, and to the exercise of translating the speeches of eminent Greek orators into Latin. This he found to be a useful exercise. It afforded him an opportunity of enriching his own style with choice expressions of that most beautiful of all human tongues — the Greek. While Cicero was attending the oratorical lectures of Molo, his emulation was excited by the fame of Hortensius, whose eloquence was then beaming with a splendor which had never before been witnessed in Rome The praises which were lavished upon Hortensius fired the youthful Cicero with the laudable ambition of reaching the same exalted position in the oratorical world, which this illustrious orator enjoyed. He continued his unremitted efforts to become an accomplished orator. In the pursuit of this, no time was lost. No day was permitted to pass without some exercise in declamation—a practice which should be imitated by every young student. Day and night Cicero pursued his favorite study of oratory with indefatigable ardor. He did not make himself an orator without severe, intellectual discipline and study. He was a laborious student. No matter how brilliant natural powers may be, study, *hard* study is absolutely necessary to excellence in any art or profession. It was not by a neglect of mental culture—not by trusting to his genius alone, but by an untiring perseverance, by a cultivation of his intellectual and oratorical powers, that Cicero became the rival of Demosthenes, and the most celebrated orator of Rome. No man can be an accomplished orator or profound scholar without a severe course of intellectual training. The greatest orators and philosophers have been remarkable for their intense application to study. This is true of Demosthenes, of Cicero, of Edmund Burke, of Sir Isaac Newton, of Robert Boyle, and of a host of others, eminent in the various walks of scholarship. Even Patrick Henry was not an exception to this rule. While he roamed sportively over the green fields, and along the rippling streams, he was reading the grand, unfolded volume of nature; and while he was conversing with men he was studying their character. Thus he knew how to win his way to the heart, to touch the tender cords of the soul, to convince, to move, to delight, to arouse, to astonish. And this is the knowledge and the power which the orator turns to the greatest advantage. When he has gained an intimate acquaintance with the disposition and workings of the human heart, and can move the passions irresistibly, the loftiest power of eloquence is attained.

About the age of twenty-six, Cicero presented himself at the bar, and immediately commenced a successful practice. In the following year he undertook his first most important case, the defense of S. Roscius, in a criminal prosecution. Cicero was triumphant, and by a vivid burst of oratory procured the acquittal of his client. In the management of this case he displayed the loftiest eloquence, which was received with shouts of applause by the audience. This effort firmly established the reputation of Cicero as an orator, and placed him in the first class of advocates.

Thus, at the early age of twenty-seven, the genius and eloquence of Cicero awakened universal admiration among the citizens of Rome. It is somewhat curious to observe that Demosthenes and Patrick Henry were of this age when they began to achieve their most brilliant oratorical triumphs; and that Daniel Webster had nearly reached the same age when he won his unfading laurels in the famous Dartmouth College case.

Shortly after the trial of Roscius, Cicero set out upon a tour to Greece and Asia Minor, where he spent two years in the study of philosophy and oratory, under the ablest teachers. At the end of this period he returned to Rome, at the age of thirty, with his mind enriched with the treasures of Grecian literature, and with his style of eloquence polished and perfected.

A very interesting account of his oratorical training, both previous to, and during his visit to Athens and Asia, is given by himself in his valuable treatise entitled "De Claris Oratoribus." The following extract will be read with interest by the admirers of the orator:

"The other chief orators of the day," says Cicero, "being then in the magistracy, were almost daily heard by me in their public discourses. Curio was then tribune of the people, but never spoke, having once been deserted by his audience in a mass. Quintus Metellus Celer, though not an orator, was not wholly unable to speak; Varius, Carbo, and Pomponius were eloquent, and they were continually upon the rostrum. Caius Julius, also, the curule ædile, almost daily made a set speech. My passion for listening received its first disappointment when Cotta was banished; but in diligent attendance on the other orators, I not only devoted a part of each day to reading, writing, and discussing; but extended my studies beyond the exercises of oratory, to philosophy and the law. In the following year, Varius was banished under his own law. In the study of the civil law, I employed myself under Scævola, who, although he did not formally receive pupils, was willing to admit those who desired it, to be present while he gave legal opinions to his clients. The next year, Sylla and Pompey were consuls, and I formed an intimate acquaintance with the whole art of public speaking, in listening to the daily harangues of the tribune Sulpicius. At the same time, Philo, the head of the academy, having, with the rest of the aristocracy of Athens, fled to Rome in the Mithridatic war, I gave myself wholly up to him and the study of philosophy, not merely from the delight I felt in the variety and magnitude of the subject, but because the career of judicial eloquence seemed for ever shut up. Sulpicius had fallen that year, and in the next, three other orators were most cruelly slain; Catulus, Antony, and Julius. The same year, I employed myself under the direction of Molo the Rhodian, a consummate pleader and teacher. I mention these things, Brutus, although somewhat aside from our purpose, that you might, as you desired, become acquainted with my course, and perceive the manner in which I followed in the steps of Hortensius. For three years, the city had respite from war, but the orators were deceased, retired, or banished; even Crassus and the two Lentuli were absent. Hortensius then took the lead as counsel; Antistius daily rose in reputation;

Piso spoke often, Pomponius less frequently, Carbo rarely, Philippus once or twice. All this time, I was occupied day and night, in every kind of study. I studied with the stoic Diodotus, who, after having long lived with me, lately died at my house. By him I was trained, among other things, in logic, itself a kind of close and compendious eloquence, without which even you, Brutus, have admitted, that the true eloquence, which is but expanded logic, can not be acquired. With this teacher, in his numerous and various branches, I was so assiduous, that I did not miss a day in oratorical exercises. I had also a declamatory discussion (to use the present phrase), with Piso often, and with Quintus Pompey, or some one else, every day. This was frequently in Latin, but oftener in Greek; both because the Greek language, in itself more adapted to ornament, tended to form the habit of an elegant Latin manner, and because, unless I used the Greek language, I could neither receive instruction nor correction from eminent Greek teachers. Meantime followed the tumults for the restoration of the republic; the cruel deaths of the three orators, Scævola, Carbo, and Antistius; the return of Cotta, Curio, Crassus, the Lentuli, and Pompey; the establishment of the laws and the tribunals; in a word, the restoration of the Commonwealth. Of the orators, however, Pomponius, Censorinus, and Murena, perished. I then, for the first time, undertook the pleading both of public and private causes; not, as is commonly done, learning my profession in the practice of it, but, as far as I had been able to effect it, entering the forum with my profession learned. At the same time I studied under Molo, who had come to Rome, in Sylla's dictatorship, on business of the Rhodians. My first public cause, therefore, the defense of Sextus Roscius, was so commended, that there was none which I was not thought competent to undertake. Many causes were now put into my hands, which I brought into court, not merely diligently, but laboriously prepared.

"And now, since you seem to wish to learn my history thoroughly, I will mention some things, which might otherwise seem unimportant. At this period, I labored under extreme emaciation and weakness of body; my neck was long and slender, and my whole frame and constitution such as are usually thought to render the violent exercise of the lungs fatal. This circumstance was matter of the greater anxiety to my friends, because I was in the habit of speaking everything on a high key, without variety, with the utmost power of voice and exertion of my body. When, therefore, my friends and physicians advised me to abandon pleading, I determined to encounter any danger, rather than give up the renown which I hoped to acquire as an orator. Having, however, come to the conclusion, that by reducing and managing the voice, and changing my mode of speaking, I could escape the impending danger, I determined, for the sake of altering my manner, to visit Asia. Accordingly, after having been two years in the practice of my profession, and acquiring a standing in the forum, I left Rome. When I came to Athens, I devoted myself six months, under Antiochus, a most noble and prudent sage of the old academy, to the study of philosophy, a study which I had early cultivated, had never lost sight of, and now renewed under this admirable teacher. At the same time, however, I practiced speaking diligently, under Demetrius, the Syrian, an experienced and respectable teacher of the art. I afterwards made the tour of Asia, with orators of the first celebrity, under whom, with their full assent, I regularly exercised myself in speaking. The chief of these was Menippus of Stratonice, in my opinion the most eloquent Asiatic orator of his time, and, if to be free from everything offensive or impertinent be the test of Atticism, not unworthy to be reckoned among Attic orators. I was also constantly with Dionysius, of Magnesia, Æschylus, of Enidus, and Xenocles, of Adramyttium; the principal rhetoricians at that time in Asia. Not satisfied with these, I repaired to Rhodes, and applied myself to Milo, who had instructed me at Rome, who was not only a pleader himself, in real causes, and an eminent writer, but most discreet in remarking and correcting faults as an instructor. He exerted himself, as far as possible, to reduce my manner, redundant as it was, and overflowing with juvenile licence and excess; and sought to bring it within proper limits. After spending two years in this way, I returned, not merely trained, but altered. The extreme effort of my voice in speaking was reduced. My style had become temperate, my lungs strong, and my general health tolerable."

Soon after his return to Rome, Cicero was sent to Sicily, as questor. In the faithful and generous discharge of his public duties there, he gained the esteem and friendship of the Sicilians. Subsequently, at their solicitation, he undertook the celebrated prosecution of Verres, late Prætor of Sicily, "a criminal," says Dunlop, "infinitely more hateful than Catiline or Clodius, and to whom the Roman republic, at least, never produced an equal in turpitude and crime." The oppression, extortion, rapine and cruelty which he exercised, while governing the province of Sicily, were most flagrant. On the expiration of his office he was prosecuted by the Sicilians for these public outrages. Cicero, as has been stated, managed the impeachment, while Hortensius appeared for the defense. To Cicero, a glorious opportunity was now afforded for the display of his eloquence. It was one of the most celebrated prosecutions which ancient history records; and it is hardly necessary to say that it called forth, on the part of Cicero, a torrent of overwhelming invective and indignant eloquence.

"In the renowned cause against Verres, there can be no doubt that the orator displayed the whole resources of his vast talents. Every circumstance concurred to stimulate his exertions and excite his eloquence. Is was the first time he had appeared as an accuser in a public trial — his clients were the injured people of a mighty province, rivaling in importance the imperial state — the inhabitants of Sicily surrounded the forum, and an audience was expected from every quarter of Italy, of all that was exalted, intelligent, and refined. But, chiefly, he had a subject, which, from the glaring guilt of the accused, and the nature of his crimes, was so copious, interesting, and various, so abundant in those topics which an orator would select to afford full scope for the exercise of his powers, that it was hardly possible to labor tamely or listlessly in so rich a mine of eloquence. Such a wonderful assemblage of circumstances never yet prepared the course for the triumphs of oratory; so great an opportunity for the exhibition of forensic art will, in all probability, never again occur. Suffice it to say, that the orator surpassed by his workmanship the singular beauty of his materials; and, instead of being overpowered by their magnitude, derived from the vast resources which they supplied the merit of an additional excellence, in the skill and discernment of his choice."

Of his six orations against Verres, which have come down to us, Cicero delivered but one. In the commencement of the trial, Verres was overwhelmed by the evidence of guilt, which was produced against him, and, without awaiting his sentence, went into voluntary exile. The other five speeches were intended to be delivered, if Verres should make a regular defense. These orations have always been regarded as among the most splendid monuments of their author's genius. They contain many passages of exquisite beauty—admirably conceived and executed. The most touching and eloquent is that in which we have a description of the crucifixion of Publius Gavius Cosanus, an innocent Roman citizen. Its conception, is grand; its arrangement, beautiful; its pathos, deep and thrilling. It is not surpassed by anything of the kind in the history of ancient eloquence. Before introducing this passage which has so long been admired, we subjoin a judicious reflection of a learned critic. Says Mr. Dunlop in his History of Roman Literature: "The punishments of death and torture usually reserved for slaves, but inflicted by Verres on freemen of Rome, formed the climax of his atrocities, which are detailed in oratorical progression. After the vivid description of his former crimes, one scarcely expects that new terms of indignation will be found; but the expressions of the orator become more glowing, in proportion as Verres grows more daring in his guilt. The sacred character borne over all the world by a Roman citizen, must be fully remembered, in order to read with due feeling the description of the punishment of Gavius, who was scourged, and then nailed to a cross, which, by a refinement in cruelty, was erected on the shore, and facing Italy, that he might suffer death with his view directed towards home and a land of liberty. The whole is poured forth in a torrent of the most rapid and fervid composition; and had it actually flowed from the lips of the speaker, we can not doubt the prodigious effect it would have had on a Roman audience and on Roman judges."

Here we have the orator's touching description of the punishment and execution of Gavius:* "For why should I speak," said Cicero, "of Publius Gavius, a citizen of the municipality of Cosa, O judges! or with what vigor of language, with what gravity of expression, with what grief of mind shall I mention him? But, indeed, that indignation fails me. I must take more care than usual that what I am going to say be worthy of my subject—worthy of the indignation which I feel. For the charge is of such a nature, that when I was first informed of it I thought I should not avail myself of it. For although I knew that it was entirely true, still I thought that it would not appear credible. Being compelled by the tears of all the Roman citizens who are living as traders in Sicily, being influenced by the testimonies of the men of Valentia, most honorable men, and by those of all the Rhegians, and of many Roman knights who happened at that time to be at Messana, I produced at the previous pleading only just that amount of evidence which might prevent the matter from appearing doubtful to any one. What shall I do now? When I have been speaking for so many hours of one class of offences, and of that man's nefarious cruelty, — when I have now expended nearly all my treasures of words of such a sort as are worthy of that man's wickedness on other matters, and have omitted to take precautions to keep your attention on the stretch by diversifying my accusations, how am I to deal with an affair of the importance that this is? There is, I think, but one method, but one line open to me. I will place the matter plainly before you, which is of itself of such importance that there is no need of my eloquence — and eloquence, indeed, I have none, but there is no need of any one's eloquence to excite your feelings. This Gavius whom I am speaking of, a citizen of Cosa, when he (among that vast number of Roman citizens who had been treated in the same way) had been thrown by Verres into prison, and somehow or other had escaped secretly out of the stone-quarries, and had come to Messana, being now almost within sight of Italy and of the walls of Rhegium, and being revived, after that fear of death and that darkness, by the light, as it were, of liberty and of the fragrance of the laws, began to talk at Messana, and to complain that he, a Roman citizen, had been thrown into prison. He said that he was now going straight to Rome, and that he would meet Verres on his arrival there."

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* The excellent, literal translation of C. D. Yonge, B. A., is adopted.—Bohn's Classical Library.

"The miserable man was not aware that it made no difference whether he said this at Messana, or before the man's face in his own prætorian palace. For, as I have shown you before, that man had selected this city as the assistant in his crimes, the receiver of his thefts, the partner in all his wickedness. Accordingly, Gavius is at once brought before the Mamertine magistrates; and, as it happened, Verres came on that very day to Messana. The matter is brought before him. He is told that the man was a Roman citizen, who was complaining that at Syracuse he had been confined in the stone-quarries, and who, when he was actually embarking on board ship, and uttering violent threats against Verres, had been brought back by them, and reserved in order that he himself might decide what should be done with him. He thanks the men and praises their good-will and diligence in his behalf. He himself, inflamed with wickedness and frenzy, comes into the forum. His eyes glared; cruelty was visible in his whole countenance. All men waited to see what steps he was going to take,— what he was going to do; when all of a sudden he orders the man to be seized, and to be stripped and bound in the middle of the forum, and the rods to be got ready. The miserable man cried out that he was a Roman citizen, a citizen, also, of the municipal town of Cosa,— that he had served with Lucius Pretius, a most illustrious Roman knight, who was living as a trader at Panormus, and from whom Verres might know that he was speaking the truth. Then Verres says that he has ascertained that he had been sent into Sicily by the leaders of the runaway slaves, in order to act as a spy; a matter as to which there was no witness, no trace, nor even the slightest suspicion in the mind of any one. Then he orders the man to be most violently scourged on all sides. In the middle of the forum of Messana a Roman citizen, O judges, was beaten with rods; while in the mean time no groan was heard, no other expression was heard from that wretched man, amid all his pain, and between the sound of the blows, except these words, 'I am a citizen of Rome.' He fancied that by this one statement of his citizenship he could ward off all blows, and remove all torture from his person. He not only did not succeed in averting by his entreaties the violence of the rods, but as he kept on repeating his entreaties and the assertion of his citizenship, a cross — a cross, I say — was got ready for that miserable man, who had never witnessed such a stretch of power."

"O the sweet name of liberty! O the admirable privileges of our citizenship! O Porcian law! O Sempronian laws! O power of the tribunes, bitterly regretted by, and at last restored to the Roman people! Have all our rights fallen so far, that in a province of the Roman people,— in a town of our confederate allies,— a Roman citizen should be bound in the forum, and beaten with rods by a man who only had the fasces and the axes through the kindness of the Roman people? What shall I say? When fire, and red-hot plates, and other instruments of torture were employed? If the bitter entreaties and the miserable cries of that man had no power to restrain you, were you not moved even by the weeping and loud groans of the Roman citizens who were present at that time? Did you dare to drag any one to the cross who said that he was a Roman citizen?"

"If you, O Verres! being taken among the Persians or in the remotest parts of India, were being led to execution, what else would you cry out but that you were a Roman citizen? And if that name of your city, honored and renowned as it is among all men, would have availed you, a stranger among strangers, among barbarians, among men placed in the most remote and distant corners of the earth, ought not he, whoever he was, whom you were hurrying to the cross, who was a stranger to you, to have been able, when he said that he was a Roman citizen, to obtain from you, the prætor, if not an escape, at least a respite from death by his mention of and claims to citizenship?"

"Men of no importance, born in an obscure rank, go to sea; they go to places which they have never seen before; where they can neither be known to the men among whom they have arrived, nor always find people to vouch for them. But still, owing to this confidence in the mere fact of their citizenship, they think that they shall be safe, not only among our own magistrates, who are restrained by fear of the laws and of public opinion, nor among our fellow-citizens only, who are united with them by community of language, of rights, and of many other things; but wherever they come they think that this will be a protection to them. Take away this hope, take away this protection from Roman citizens, establish the fact that there is no assistance to be found in the words 'I am a Roman citizen;" that a prætor, or any other officer, may with impunity order any punishment he pleases to be inflicted on a man who says that he is a Roman citizen, though no one knows that it is not true; and at one blow, by admitting that defense, you cut off from the Roman citizens all the provinces, and the kingdoms, all free cities, and indeed the whole world, which has hitherto been open most especially to our countrymen."

"But why need I say more about Gavius? as if you were hostile to Gavius, and not rather an enemy to the name and class of citizens, and to all their rights. You were not, I say, an enemy to the individual, but to the common cause of liberty. For what was our object in ordering the Mamertines, when, according to their regular custom and usage, they had erected the cross behind the city in the Pompeian road, to place it where it looked towards the strait; and in adding, what you can by no means deny, what you said openly in the hearing of every one, that you chose that place in order that the man who said that he was a Roman citizen, might be able from his cross to behold Italy and to look towards his own home? And accordingly, O judges, that cross, for the first time since the foundation of Messana, was erected in that place. A spot commanding a view of Italy was picked out by that man, for the express purpose that the wretched man who was dying in agony and torture might see that the rights of liberty and of slavery were only separated by a very narrow strait, and that Italy might behold her son murdered by the most miserable and most painful punishment appropriate to slaves alone."

"It is a crime to bind a Roman citizen; to scourge him is a wickedness; to put him to death is almost parricide. What shall I say of crucifying him? So guilty an action can not by any possibility be adequately expressed by any name bad enough for it. Yet with all this that man was not content. 'Let him behold his country,' said he; 'let him die within sight of laws and liberty.' It was not Gavius, it was not one individual, I know not whom,— it was not one Roman citizen,— it was the common cause of freedom and citizenship that you exposed to that torture and nailed on that cross. But now consider the audacity of the man. Do not you think that he was indignant that he could not erect that cross for Roman citizens in the forum, in the comitium, in the very rostra? For the place in his province which was the most like those places in celebrity, and the nearest to them in point of distance, he did select. He chose that monument of his wickedness and audacity to be in the sight of Italy, in the very vestibule of Sicily, within sight of all passers-by as they sailed to and fro."

But Cicero acquired his greatest renown as an orator and statesman by detecting and crushing the conspiracy of Catiline.* This was the most glorious act of his political career; and his orations against Catiline are the most splendid monuments of his eloquence. As such they have ever been regarded. They are the most precious remains of ancient eloquence, and are among the first models of style that adorn ancient literature.

The history of the Catilinarian conspiracy has been ably written by Sallust, and it is familiar to every classical student. We need not, therefore, wait to repeat the whole account of this plot, which, had it been executed, would have involved the city of Rome in conflagration, and the whole republic in ruin. It was to have been carried into effect in this manner. Catiline was to leave Rome and join his forces, assembled in different parts of Italy, while his accomplices in the city were to burn the Capitol, and massacre the senators and citizens. Cicero, by his vigilance, having discovered their infernal design, summoned the senate to meet in the temple of Jupiter,† in the Capitol, that he might lay before it the whole circumstance of the deep-laid plot. The presence of Catiline, who had the boldness to appear in the midst of the assembly, so inflamed the orator that he immediately rose and broke out in that severe, overwhelming invective which produced such an electric effect when delivered, and which can not, at this day, be read without emotion. It was in a thundering tone of exasperated eloquence that Cicero exclaimed, as he fixed his eye upon the conspirator, "When, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the mighty guards placed on the Palatine Hill — do not the watches posted throughout the city — does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men — does not the precaution taken of assembling the senate in this most defensible place — do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before — where is it that you were — who was there that you summoned to meet you — what design was there which was adopted by you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted?

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* Cicero was chosen Consul in his forty-fourth year, B. C. 63. Catiline's conspiracy was detected and crushed in the same year.

† This temple was only used for this purpose on occasions of great danger.

"Shame on the age and on its principles! The senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives! aye, he comes even into the senate. He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every individual among us. And we, gallent men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the republic if we keep out of the way of his frenzied attacks.

"You ought, O Catiline, long ago to have been led to execution by command of the consul. That destruction which you have been long plotting against us ought to have already fallen on your own head.

"I wish, O conscript fathers, to be merciful; I wish not to appear negligent amid such danger to the state; but I do now accuse myself of remissness and culpable inactivity. A camp is pitched in Italy, at the entrance of Etruria, in hostility to the republic; the number of the enemy increases every day; and yet the general of that camp, the leader of those enemies, we see within the walls — aye, and even in the senate — planning every day some internal injury to the republic. If, O Catiline, I should now order you to be arrested, to be put to death, I should, I suppose, have to fear lest all good men should say that I had acted tardily, rather than that any one should affirm that I acted cruelly. But yet this, which ought to have been done long since, I have good reason for not doing as yet; I will put you to death, then, when there shall be not one person possible to be found so wicked, so abandoned, so like yourself, as not to allow that it has been rightly done. As long as one person exists who can dare to defend you, you shall live; but you shall live as you do now, surrounded by my many and trusty guards, so that you shall not be able to stir one finger against the republic: many eyes and ears shall still observe and watch you, as they have hitherto done, though you shall not perceive them.

"As, then, this is the case, O Catiline, continue as you have begun. Leave the city at least: the gates are open; depart. That Manlian camp of yours has been waiting too long for you as its general. And lead forth with you all your friends, or at least as many as you can; purge the city of your presence; you will deliver me from a great fear, when there is a wall between me and you. Among us you can dwell no longer.—I will not bear it, I will not permit it, I will not tolerate it.

"For what is there, O Catiline, that can now afford you any pleasure in this city? for there is no one in it, except that band of profligate conspirators of yours, who does not fear you — no one who does not hate you. What brand of domestic baseness is not stamped upon your life? What disgraceful circumstance is wanting to your infamy in your private affairs? From what licentiousness have your eyes, from what atrocity have your hands, from what iniquity has your whole body ever abstained? Is there one youth when you have once entangled him in the temptations of your corruption, to whom you have not held out a sword for audacious crime, or a torch for licentious wickedness?

"Begone from the city, O Catiline, deliver the republic from fear; depart into banishment, if that is the word you are waiting for. What now, O Catiline? Do you not perceive, do you not see the silence of these men; they permit it, they say nothing; why wait you for the authority of their words when you see their wishes in their silence?

"Wherefore, O conscript fathers, let the worthless begone, — let them separate themselves from the good, — let them collect in one place, — let them, as I have often said before, be separated from us by a wall; let them cease to plot against the consul in his own house, — to surround the tribunal of the city prætor, — to besiege the senate-house with swords, — to prepare brands and torches to burn the city; let it, in short, be written on the brow of every citizen, what are his sentiments about the republic I promise you this, O conscript fathers, that there shall be so much diligence in us the consuls, so much authority in you, so much virtue in the Roman knights, so much unanimity in all good men, that you shall see everything made plain and manifest by the departure of Catiline, — everything checked and punished."[*]

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[*] Catiline did not venture to make any reply to this speech, but he begged the senate not to be too hasty in believing everything which was said to his prejudice by one who had always been his enemy, as Cicero had; and alleged his high birth, and the stake which he had in the prosperity of the commonwealth. as arguments to make it appear improbable that he should seek to injure it: and called Cicero a stranger, and a new inhabitant of Rome. But the senate interrupted him with a general outcry, calling him traitor and parricide. Upon which, being rendered furious and desperate, he declared aloud what he had before said to Cato, that since he was circumvented and driven headlong by his enemies, he would quench the flame which his enemies were kindling around him in the common ruin. And so he rushed out of the temple.

"In point of effect, this oration must have been perfectly electric. The disclosure to the criminal himself of his most secret purposes — their flagitious nature, threatening the life of every one present — the whole course of his villainies and treasons, blazoned forth with the fire of increased eloquence — and the adjuration to him, by flying from Rome, to free his country from such a pestilence, were all wonderfully calculated to excite astonishment, admiration and horror."

This speech produced a powerful effect. It was the means of driving Catiline from Rome, and of saving the commonwealth from utter ruin. After the conspirator had fled from the city, Cicero called the people together into the forum, and delivered his second Catilinarian oration, which commences as follows:

"At length, O Romans, we have dismissed from the city, or driven out, or, when he was departing of his own accord, we have pursued with words, Lucius Catiline, mad with audacity, breathing wickedness, impiously planning mischief to his country, threatening fire and sword to you and to this city. He is gone, he has departed, he has disappeared, he has rushed out. No injury will now be prepared against these walls within the walls themselves by that monster and prodigy of wickedness. And we have, without controversy, defeated him, the sole general of this domestic war. For now that dagger will no longer hover about our sides; we shall not be afraid in the campus, in the forum, in the senate-house, — ay, and within our own private walls. He was moved from his place when he was driven from the city. Now we shall openly carry on a regular war with an enemy without hindrance. Beyond all question we ruin the man; we have defeated him splendidly when we have driven him from secret treachery into open warfare. But that he has not taken with him his sword red with blood as he intended, — that he has left us alive, — that we wrested the weapon from his hands, — that he has left the citizens safe and the city standing, what great and overwhelming grief must you think that this is to him! Now he lies prostrate, O Romans, and feels himself stricken down and abject, and often casts back his eyes towards this city, which he mourns over as snatched from his jaws, but which seems to me to rejoice at having vomited forth such a pest, and cast it out of doors."

It is well known that this conspiracy was finally suppressed by the execution of five of the principal conspirators, and by the fall of Catiline himself in battle.

For his effective and patriotic services on this occasion, Cicero received the thanks of the senate, and was universally hailed as the father and deliverer of his country.

Shortly after the suppression of Catiline's conspiracy, Cicero is supposed to have delivered that beautiful oration in defense of the poet Archias, his early preceptor, whose title to the rights and privileges of a Roman citizen was judicially contested by one Cratius, a person of obscure descent. Cicero gained the case. His speech on this occasion will be admired as long as the art of poetry is cultivated. Mr. Dunlop observes that, "This is one of the orations of Cicero on which he has succeeded in bestowing the finest polish, and it is perhaps the most pleasing of all his harangues." It contains a beautiful eulogium on poetry; and is interspersed throughout with eloquent maxims and sentences which have been quoted with admiration in all ages. At the time of the delivery of this speech, Cicero was about forty-five years of age. Eight years afterwards he pronounced the oration for Marcus Cælius.* This is a fine production, and has been warmly admired by the greatest statesmen. It was a particular favorite with the celebrated Charles James Fox, who says, in a letter to that eminent scholar and critic, Gilbert Wakefield, "I know no speech of Cicero more full of beautiful passages than this is, nor where he is more in his element."* "Middleton† has pronounced this to be the most entertaining of the orations which Cicero has left us, from the vivacity of wit and humor with which he treats the gallantries of Clodia, her commerce with Cælius, and in general the gaities and licentiousness of youth."

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* Cælius was a young Roman of considerable talents and acquirements, but of dissolute character, who had been entrusted to the care of Cicero on his first introduction to the forum. Having imprudently engaged in an intrigue

After this, Cicero was driven into exile by the intrigues of the infamous Clodius; but at the end of ten months, he was unanimously recalled by the senate and people, and was received with the greatest demonstrations of joy as he touched the shores of his native country.

The return of Cicero from banishment was similar to that of Demosthenes, in point of universal acclamation. In his oration against L. C. Piso, Cicero has himself given us a vivid picture of the joyful scene of his return. In comparing his own return with that of Piso, he says: "Mine was such, that the whole way from Brundusium to Rome I was beholding one unbroken line of the inhabitants of all Italy. For there was no district, nor municipal town, nor prefecture, nor colony, from which a deputation was not sent by the public authority to congratulate me. Why should I speak of my arrival in the different towns? why of the crowds of men who thronged out to meet me?

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with Clodia, the well-known sister of Clodius, and having afterward deserted her, she accused him of an attempt to poison her, and of having borrowed money from her in order to procure the assassination of Dio, the Alexandrian ambassador. He was defended by Cicero in a speech still extant, and obtained an acquittal.

* Correspondence of Wakefield and Fox, p. 50.

† Life of M. T. Cicero, vol. 1, p. 457. This is the best and most complete biography of the immortal orator of Rome.

why of the way in which the fathers of families with their wives and children gathered together to greet me? why of those days which were celebrated by every one on my arrival and return, as if they had been solemn festival days of the immortal gods? That one day was to me like an immortality, on which I returned to my country, and saw the senate which had come forth to meet me, and the whole Roman people; while Rome itself, torn, if I may so say, from its foundations, seemed to come forward to embrace her savior. Rome, which received me in such a manner that not only all men and all women of all classes, and ages, and orders of society, of every fortune and every rank, but that even the walls and houses of the city and temples appeared to be exulting."

The next day after Cicero's return he delivered a speech in the senate, in which he said: "Wherefore, since your authority has summoned me,—since the Roman people has recalled me,—since the republic has begged me to return,—since almost all Italy has brought me back in triumph on its shoulders, I will take care, O conscript fathers, now that those things have been restored to me, the restoration of which did not depend on myself, not to appear wanting in those qualities with which I can provide myself; I will take care, now that I have recovered those things which I had lost, never to lose my virtue and loyal attachment to you."

The next great forensic effort of Cicero was in behalf of Milo, who was brought to trial for the murder of Clodius. The orator has left a brilliant speech in his defense. This oration was regarded both by Cicero himself and by his contemporaries, as the finest effort of his genius. It is enlivened throughout by sallies of wit, sudden bursts of eloquence, deep and thrilling pathos. The whole speech is admirably constructed, and is a fine specimen of an elegant composition.

The last great orations of Cicero were pronounced against Marc Antony, who had taken the place of Julius Cæsar on his assassination, and who was looked upon by the great patriotic orator of Rome as a dangerous enemy to the liberties of his beloved country. These orations are known by the name of *Philippics*. From their resemblance to the invectives of Demosthenes against Philip of Macedon, they received this appellation.* These fourteen speeches are lasting monuments of their author's genius, patriotism, and eloquence.

"The Philippics against Antony, like those of Demosthenes, derive their chief beauty from the noble expression of just indignation, which indeed composes many of the most splendid and admired passages of ancient eloquence. They were all pronounced during the period which elapsed between the assassination of Cæsar, and the defeat of Antony at Modena."

Our limits do not permit us to quote the most brilliant and highly wrought passages in which these orations abound. But we can not pass over the peroration of the second Philippic, which contains that bold exclamation against Antony:

"Consider, I beg you, Marcus Antonius, do some time or other consider the republic; think of the family of which you are born, not of the men with whom you are living. Be reconciled to the republic. However, do you decide on your conduct. As to mine, I myself will declare what that shall be. *I defended the republic as a young man, I will not abandon it now that I am old. I scorned the sword of Catiline, I will not quail before yours.* No, I will rather cheerfully expose my own person, if the liberty of the city can be restored by my death."

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* This name was early given to them. Juvenal, who wrote within a hundred years of Cicero's time calls them "divina Philippica."

"May the indignation of the Roman people at last bring forth what it has been so long laboring with. In truth, if twenty years ago in this very temple I asserted that death could not come prematurely upon a man of consular rank, with how much more truth must I now say the same of an old man? To me, indeed, O conscript fathers, death is now even desirable, after all the honors which I have gained, and the deeds which I have done. I only pray for these two things: one, that dying I may leave the Roman people free. No greater boon than this can be granted me by the immortal gods. The other, that every one may meet with a fate suitable to his deserts and conduct towards the republic."

The peroration of the sixth Philippic, addressed to the people, in which the orator shows the impossibility of reducing Roman citizens to slavery, also deserves our attention:

"It is impossible," exclaimed Cicero, "for the Roman people to be slaves; that people whom the immortal gods have ordained should rule over all nations. Matters are now come to a crisis. We are fighting for our freedom. Either you must conquer, O Romans, which indeed you will do if you continue to act with such piety and such unanimity, or you must do anything rather than become slaves. Other nations can endure slavery. Liberty is the inalienable possession of the Roman people."

But it may truly be said that these eloquent speeches of Cicero were the last warning notes of freedom, which the Roman people ever heard. Their fetters were now already forged, and their liberty was at an end. The third triumvirate between Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, had been formed, and these ambitious men were hailing with joy the downfall of ancient freedom. The hour of proscription had now arrived, and Cicero was among the first to fall. He was included in the proscription of Antony, whose indignation he had excited, and was slain by a party of soldiers, headed by one Pompilius, whom he had formerly successfully defended in a criminal prosecution His head and hands were severed from his body, and, by order of the triumvir, publicly exhibited on the rostrum* at Rome.

Thus died Cicero in the sixty-fourth year of his age, B. C. 43.

The death of Cicero was similar to that of Demosthenes Both these great statesmen perished in the cause of freedom, and with them expired the liberties of their respective countries. But what noble examples have they left behind them for the imitation of patriotic orators and statesmen in all ages! And how often have their tongues of fire, and their voices of thunder nerved the arm of the freeborn patriot in battling for the cause of liberty! Who can tell, for instance, how much the first orators of freedom in our own country were indebted to the eloquence of these patriotic statesmen for the erection of that temple of liberty which is the glory of our beloved land? It was such eloquence that burned in the heart, flashed from the eye, and burst from the lips of Warren, Henry, Otis. Quincy, Adams, and other kindred spirits, in our revolutionary struggle; and, amid the gloom of that fearful night, pointed a suffering, desponding country to a bright and happy morn. Demosthenes and Cicero helped to kindle and keep alive the flame of liberty which has been fed by every lover of his country; of a republican government, and of free institutions. Long may these fires continue to burn with undimmed splendor, blazing vengeance and destruction on every system of oppression, and blasting to cinders "every fetter and every tyrant's accursed throne." We come now to consider the character of Cicero as an orator.

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* The rostrum was a scaffold. or elevated place in the forum. from which the orators used to address the Roman people. It received this name by being adorned with the *beaks* of the ships captured from the Antiates. Here the patriotic eloquence of Cicero had often dilated upon the glory of Rome, and burned against the enemies of his country, and of freedom.

Quintilian has admirably said of him, that his name "is only another for eloquence itself, and that he united in his manner the vehemence of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato, and the sweetness of Isocrates." It is impossible to form a proper conception of the power of that graceful, winning and impassioned eloquence of which this prince of Roman orators was a perfect master. The most glowing verbal description can but imperfectly paint the charms of Ciceronian eloquence. Its greatest force lay in the living voice — the vehement gesture — the animated and expressive countenance — the beaming eye — the impassioned flow of words — the varying tone, now low and soft as music, and now swelling into bursts of thunder — *these* were some of the grand characteristics of that matchless oratory which so often delighted and thrilled the heart of a Roman audience. "But we can not transfer to the written or printed page the tone, look and manner, the *vivida vis*, the natural and overwhelming energy, the pathos and power of tone, which thrill the hearer as with the shocks of a spiritual electricity." In order then, properly to appreciate the oratorical power of Cicero, we should have witnessed the display of his glorious eloquence, we

> "Should have seen him in the Campus Martius,—
> In the tribunal, — shaking all the tribes
> With mighty speech. His words seemed oracles,
> That pierced their bosoms: and each man would turn,
> And gaze in wonder on his neighbor's face,
> That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him:
> Then some would weep, some shout, some, deeper touch'd,
> Keep down the cry with motions of their hands,
> In fear but to have lost a syllable."

We should have seen him when he boldly faced the enemies of his country; when he raised his voice in tones of thunder against the audacious Catiline — when he broke out in that scathing, terrible invective, "Quosque tandem abutere Catilina, patientiâ nostra? Quamdiu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet? Quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia?" or when he hurled his daring exclamations against Marc Antony. We should then have seen the most powerful exhibition of indignant, denunciatory eloquence that has, perhaps, ever terrified the enemies of liberty. We should then have perceived how much true eloquence is indebted for its effectiveness, to the tone, the look, the gesture, the *whole manner* of the orator.

In Cicero were combined all the essential qualities of an accomplished orator. He was endowed with an intellect of the highest order. He possessed a warm, rich, brilliant imagination — abundance of wit — strong argumentative powers — a fine, intense sensibility — glowing zeal and lofty patriotism — a memory ready and retentive — a mellifluous, sonorous voice, well adapted to express the various passions of the human soul; and a delivery graceful, impressive and vehement.

We may here observe more particularly that Cicero, like Demosthenes, insisted strongly on the importance of proper, graceful, vehement gestures in public speaking. All the great orators of antiquity paid the closest attention to the *manner* in public address, and far excelled most modern public speakers in the vehemence of their gesture and action.*

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* "I observed before, that the Greeks and Romans aspired to a more sublime species of eloquence, than is aimed at by the moderns. Theirs was of the vehement and passionate kind, by which they endeavored to inflame the minds of their hearers, and hurry their imagination away; and, suitable to this vehemence of thought, was their vehemence of gesture and action; the 'supplosio pedis,' the 'percussio frontis et femoris,' were, as we learn from

We are convinced that most orators of the present age are not sufficiently impressed with the importance of aiming at that forcible action, that impassioned delivery which is the crowning glory of oratorical art. Cicero has forcibly remarked that "the hands are the common language of mankind;" and another distinguished Roman orator was accustomed to declare that "he was never fit to talk, till he had warmed his arm." So important is a graceful manner in public address, that Quintilian, the prince of ancient rhetoricians laid it down as a primary maxim, that "it is this alone that governs in speaking; without which the best orator is of no value, and is often defeated by one, in other respects, much his inferior." "Utterance is not confined to words. Our souls speak as significantly by looks, tones, or gestures, the subtile vehicles of our more delicate emotions, as by set words and phrases." How true is it that—

> "Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
> More learned than the ears."

In his writings, Cicero has mentioned some of the qualities which a perfect orator must possess. His views on the subject of oratory are very interesting; and may be said to contain a fine description of his own wonderful powers. We select a few of his thoughts here:

In the first place, Cicero, in his treatise, entitled The Orator, addressed to M. Brutus, dwells forcibly on the importance of *action* and *elocution* in declamation. "For,"

Cicero's writings, usual gestures among them at the bar; though now they would be reckoned extravagant any where, except upon the stage. Modern eloquence is much more cool and temperate; and in Great Britain especially, has confined itself almost wholly to the argumentative and rational. It is much of that species which the ancient critics called the 'Tenuis,' or 'Subtilis;' which aims at convincing and instructing, rather than affecting the passions, and assumes a tone not much higher than common argument and discourse." — *Dr. Blair.*

says he, "action is a sort of eloquence of the body, consisting as it does of voice and motion. Now there are as many changes of voice as there are of minds, which are above all things influenced by the voice. Therefore, that perfect orator which our oration has just been describing, will employ a certain tone of voice regulated by the way in which he wishes to appear affected himself, and by the manner also in which he desires the mind of his hearer to be influenced. And concerning this I would say more if this was the proper time for laying down rules concerning it, or if this was what you were inquiring about. I would speak also of gesture, with which expression of countenance is combined. And it is hardly possible to express of what importance these things are, and what use the orator makes of them. For even people without speaking, by the mere dignity of their action, have often produced all the effect of eloquence; and many really eloquent men, by their ungainly delivery have been thought ineloquent. So that it was not without reason that Demosthenes attributed the first, and second, and third rank to action. For if eloquence without action is nothing, but action without eloquence is of such great power, then certainly it is the most important part of speaking."

"He, then, who aims at the highest rank in eloquence, will endeavor with his voice on the stretch to speak energetically; with a low voice, gently; with a sustained voice, gravely; and with a modulated voice, in a manner calculated to excite compassion."

"For the nature of the voice is something marvelous; for all its great power is derived from three sounds only, the grave sound, the sharp sound, and the moderate sound; and from these comes all that sweet variety which is brought to perfection in songs."

"A good voice also is a thing to be desired; for it is not naturally implanted in us, but practice and use give it to us. Therefore, the consummate orator will vary and change his voice; and sometimes straining it, sometimes lowering it, he will go through every degree of tone."

"And he will use action in such a way that there shall be nothing superfluous in his gestures. His attitude will be erect and lofty; the motion of the feet rare, and very moderate; he will only move across the tribune in a very moderate manner, and even then rarely; there will be no bending of the neck, no clenching of the fingers, no rise or fall of the fingers in regular time; he will rather sway his whole body gently, and employ a manly inclination of his side, throwing out his arm in the energetic parts of his speech, and drawing it back in moderate ones. As to his countenance, which is of the greatest influence possible next to the voice, what dignity and what beauty will be derived from its expression! And when you have accomplished this, then the eyes too must be kept under strict command, that there may not appear to be any thing unsuitable, or like grimace. For as the countenance is the image of the mind, so are eyes the informers as to what is going on within it. And their hilarity or sadness will be regulated by the circumstances which are under discussion."

"The eloquent orator, then (for that is what, according to Antonius, we are looking for), is a man who speaks in the forum and in civil causes in such a manner as to prove, to delight, and to persuade. To prove, is necessary for him; to delight, is a proof of his sweetness; to persuade, is a token of victory. For that alone of all results is of the greatest weight towards gaining causes. But there are as many kinds of speaking as there are separate duties of an orator. The orator, therefore, ought to be a man of great judgment and of great ability, and he ought to be a regulator, as it were, of this threefold variety of duty. For he will judge what is necessary for every one; and he will be able to speak in whatever manner the cause requires. But the foundation of eloquence, as of all other things, is wisdom."

"The orator must be a master of civil law, which forensic debates are in daily need of. For what is more shameful than for a man to undertake the conduct of legal and civil disputes, while ignorant of the statutes and of civil law? He must be acquainted also with the history of past ages and the chronology of old time, especially, indeed, as far as our own state is concerned; but also he must know the history of despotic governments and of illustrious monarchs." "For not to know what happened before one was born, is to be a boy all one's life. For what is the life of a man unless by a recollection of bygone transactions it is united to the times of his predecessors? But the mention of antiquity and the citation of examples give authority and credit to a speech, combined with the greatest pleasure to the hearers."

"The third kind of orator is the sublime, copious, dignified, ornate speaker, in whom there is the greatest amount of grace. For he it is out of admiration for whose ornamented style and copiousness of language nations have allowed eloquence to obtain so much influence in states; but it was only this eloquence, which is borne along in an impetuous course, and with a mighty noise which all men looked up, and admired, and had no idea that they themselves could possibly attain to. It belongs to this eloquence to deal with men's minds, and to influence them in every imaginable way. This is the style which sometimes forces its way into and sometimes steals into the senses; which implants new opinions in men, and eradicates others which have been long established."

These excellent remarks of Cicero, on the art of oratory, ought to be duly considered by every one whose high calling it is to address public assemblies. We know of no better rules on this subject laid down by any ancient rhetorical writer than those which we find in the oratorical treatises of Cicero.

The idea of an accomplished orator existed in the mind of Cicero from his earliest years; and he exerted all his energies through a long and brilliant period, to attain perfection in the oratorical art.

"Ambitious from his youth of the honors attending a fine speaker, he early traveled to Greece, where he accumulated all the stores of knowledge and rules of art, which could be gathered from the rhetoricians, historians, and philosophers, of that intellectual land. While he thus extracted and imbibed the copiousness of Plato, the sweetness of Isocrates, and force of Demosthenes, he, at the same time, imbued his mind with a thorough knowledge of the laws, constitution, antiquities, and literature of his native country. Nor did he less study the peculiar temper, the jealousies, and enmities of the Roman people, both as a nation and as individuals, without a knowledge of which, his eloquence would have been unavailing in the forum or comitia, where so much was decided by favoritism and cabal. By these means he ruled the passions and deliberations of his countrymen with almost resistless sway — upheld the power of the senate — stayed the progress of tyranny — drove the audacious Catiline from Rome — directed the feelings of the state in favor of Pompey — shook the strong mind of Cæsar — and kindled a flame by which Antony had been nearly consumed. But the main secret of his success lay in the warmth and intensity of his feelings. His heart swelled with patriotism, and was dilated with the most magnificent conceptions of the glory of Rome. Though it throbbed with the fondest anticipations of posthumous fame, the momentary acclaim of a multitude was a chord to which it daily and most readily vibrated; while, at the same time, his high conceptions of oratory counteracted the bad effect which this exuberant vanity might otherwise have produced. Thus, when two speakers were employed in the same cause, though Cicero was the junior, to him was assigned the peroration, in which he surpassed all his contemporaries; and he obtained this preeminence not so much on account of his superior genius or knowledge of law, as because he was more moved and affected himself, without which he would never have moved or affected his judges."

"With powers of speaking beyond what had yet been known in his own country, and perhaps not inferior to those which had ever adorned any other, Cicero possessed, in a degree superior to all orators, of whatever age or nation, a general and discursive acquaintance with philosophy and literature, together with an admirable facility of communicating the fruits of his labors, in a manner the most copious, perspicuous, and attractive. To this extensive knowledge, by which his mind was enriched and supplied with endless topics of illustration — to the lofty ideas of eloquence, which perpetually revolved in his thoughts—to that image which ever haunted his breast, of such infinite and superhuman perfection in oratory, that even the periods of Demosthenes did not fill up the measure of his conceptions, we are chiefly indebted for those emanations of genius, which have given, as it were, an immortal tongue to the now desolate forum and ruined senate of Rome."[*]

It has been eloquently said that "Demosthenes snatched from Cicero the glory of being the *first*,— Cicero from Demosthenes that of being the *only* orator." A comparison has often been drawn between these princes of orators, by ancient and modern critics. One of the most beautiful and forcible sketches of this kind is that by the celebrated Longinus in his treatise on the sublime:

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[*] Dunlop's History of Roman Literature.

"The sublimity of the one," he remarks, "consists in his abruptness, that of the other in his diffuseness. Our countryman (Demosthenes), from the force, the fire, the mighty vehemence with which he bears down all before him, may be compared to a tempest or thunderbolt; while Cicero, like a wide-spreading conflagration, devours and rolls onward in every direction, ever maintaining its destructive energy, and nourished and supported from time to time by the fuel of various kinds with which it is continually supplied in its progress."

In comparing these two great orators of antiquity, most of the modern French critics give the palm to Cicero. The famous archbishop Fenelon, however, looks upon Demosthenes as the greatest orator. In a passage of remarkable beauty, he says: "I am not afraid to say that I think Demosthenes a greater orator than Cicero. I protest there is no man admires Cicero more than I do. He embellishes every thing he handles. He is an honor to speech; and makes that happy use of words that no one else could. He has a vast variety of wit. He is even concise and vehement when he designs to be so against Catiline, Verres, and Antony. But we may perceive some finery in his discourses. His art is wonderful; but still we discern it. While he is concerned for the safety of the republic, he does not forget that he is an orator, nor does he let others forget it."

"Demosthenes seems transported; and to have nothing in view but his country. He does not study what is beautiful, but naturally falls into it without reflecting. He is above admiration. He uses speech, as a modest man does his clothes, only to cover himself. He thunders; he lightens; he is like a torrent that hurries every thing along with it.* We can not criticise him, for he is master of our passions. We consider the things he says, and not his words. We lose sight of him: we think of Philip only, who usurps every thing. I am charmed with these two orators; but I confess that Tully's prodigious art and magnificent eloquence affect me less than the vehement simplicity of Demosthenes."

Most of the English and American critics give the preference to Demosthenes. Mr. Hume in his Essays, speaking of the charms of Ciceronian eloquence, says: "Some objections, I own, notwithstanding his vast success, may lie against some passages of the Roman orator. He is too florid and rhetorical; his figures are too striking and palpable; the divisions of his discourse are drawn chiefly from the rules of the schools; and his wit disdains not always the artifice even of a pun, a rhyme, or jingle of words. The Grecian addressed himself to an audience much less refined than the Roman senate or judges. The lowest vulgar of Athens were his sovereigns, and the arbiters of his eloquence. Yet is his manner more chaste and austere than that of the other. Could it be copied, its success would be infallible over a modern assembly.

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* A late writer, sketching the character of Scotland's greatest pulpit orator, says, with much beauty and force, while adverting to the indescribable charms of his vehement delivery which doubtless closely resembled that of the Prince of Orators: "It is this peculiar energy which distinguishes Chalmers, and which distinguishes all great orators. His mind is on fire with his subject, and transfers itself all glowing to the minds of his hearers. For the time being all are fused into one great whole, by the resistless might of his burning eloquence. In this respect Chalmers has been thought to approach, nearer than any other man of modern times, the style and tone of Demosthenes. His manner has a torrent-vehemence, a sea-like swell and sweep, a bannered tramp as of armies rushing to deadly conflict. With one hand on his manuscript, and the other jerked forward with electric energy, he thunders out his gigantic periods, as if winged with 'volleyed lightning.' The hearers are astonished,— awed,— carried away,— lifted up as on the wings of the wind, and borne 'whithersoever [illegible] listeth.'"

It is rapid harmony, exactly adjusted to the sense; it is vehement reasoning, without any appearance of art; it is disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream of argument. And of all human productions, the orations of Demosthenes present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection."*

Prof. Anthon observes: "Cicero's eloquence is like a consular triumph; he is himself the most conspicuous figure in the procession, which is swollen with the grandeur and riches of conquered provinces. Demosthenes is the terrible sweep of a vast body of cavalry. Cicero's oratory was local, fitted only to the audience; in Athens it would not have been tolerated. Demosthenes was for the whole earth, and at all times. In Rome he would have been as resistless as in Athens; and his eloquence would be as convincing now as it was in the popular assemblies of old."

Another eminent American critic, in noticing the grand characteristics of Demosthenian and Ciceronian oratory, has furnished us with the following beautiful comparison which will form an appropriate conclusion of this sketch:

"It is not a little remarkable that Roman eloquence, like that of Greece, should have been illustrated by a single name, so transcendently brilliant, that, in the effulgence which surrounds it, predecessors and contemporaries seem merged and lost. If the fame of Demosthenes rests upon a *rock*, that of his great pupil has a substratum equally solid, and still broader, for his eloquence, learning and philosophy, have charmed and instructed countless thousands, to whom the orations of the former were as but a sealed book. "Cicero," it has sometimes and not extravagantly been said, "is only another name for *eloquence*." And for what department of deep research and eloquent literature *then* open to the human mind, is not Cicero another name? Where else shall we look for such a combination of all the elements of greatness? He was at once a retorician and orator — a philosopher and statesman — a man of profound erudition, and lively wit. He lived and died a spotless patriot; and both in precept and example, was only less than a *Christian* moralist.

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* Essays, xii, vol. 1, p. 120.

These considerations must not be deemed out of place, though our object be to speak of Cicero as an *orator*. They suggest the main source of his acknowledged superiority. Others may have equaled or surpassed him, possibly, in *single* qualities, but who else ever drew the perennial streams of eloquence from a fountain so inexhaustible? He has indeed one great competitor, whose transcendent merits he has himself acknowledged and portrayed with equal candor and ability. The names of Cicero and Demosthenes have long been coupled, and must ever shine like twin stars in the sky. Yet, let us say it reverently, they 'differ in glory.' While Demosthenes is brief and compact, Cicero is almost always diffuse. With the former, ornament is rare, and of secondary consideration; with the latter, abundant and evidently valued. Both abound in thought, but in one it is prominent and angular, like the muscular frame of Hercules, while in the other it is rotund and beautiful, as the Belvidere Apollo. Each makes use of consummate art; but while one conceals, the other displays it. The style of Demosthenes is nervous, that of Cicero flowing and graceful. The latter kindles the fancy, warms the passions, awakens the admiration of his hearers; but the former, with a giant's grasp, seizes their understandings and wills, and bends them to his purpose. Both added to their powers as orators the knowledge and abilities of the statesman, as both administered for a time the government of their respective countries. In fine, to the Grecian orator we concede the superiority on great occasions, the spirit and the energy which could rouse a nation from apathy; but for him of Rome, we claim a higher praise as the orator of *all* occasions, the delight and wonder of humanity."

CHAPTER III.

LORD CHATHAM.

The latter part of the eighteenth century was the golden age of modern parliamentary, and forensic oratory. It was a period illuminated by the brilliant genius of Mirabeau and Vergniaud in France, — of Mansfield, Chatham, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and Erskine in Great Britain, — of Henry, Otis, Quincy, Warren, Hancock, Lee, Hamilton, and the Adamses in America. It was not only an age of oratorical glory, but one, pre-eminently, of literary and scientific greatness. Some of the most distinguished men that ever enlightened mankind then shone in the intellectual world. It was a period, too, forever illustrious in political history for some of the most important events that have ever occurred on our globe.

This era, which we may designate as that of George III, is so beautifully described by Mr. Alison that we are tempted to repeat a passage of his graphic description, affording a grand view of the world when the flame of eloquence shone so steadily and so brightly in Europe and America.

" The reign of George III," says that accomplished historian, " embraces, beyond all question, the most eventful and important period in the annals of mankind. In its eventful days were combined the growth of Grecian democracy with the passions of Roman ambition; the fervor of plebeian zeal with the pride of aristocratic power; the blood of Marius with the genius of Cæsar; the opening of a nobler hemisphere to the enterprise of Columbus, with the rise of a social agent as mighty as the press or the powers of steam.

"But if new elements were called into action in the social world, of surpassing strength and energy, in the course of this memorable reign, still more remarkable were the characters which rose to eminence during its continuance. The military genius, unconquerable courage, and enduring constancy of Frederick; the ardent mind, burning eloquence, and lofty patriotism of Chatham; the incorruptible integrity, sagacious intellect, and philosophic spirit of Franklin; the disinterested virtue, prophetic wisdom, and imperturbable fortitude of WASHINGTON; the masculine understanding, feminine passions, and blood-stained ambition of Catharine, would alone have been sufficient to cast a radiance over any other age of the world. But bright as were the stars of its morning light, more brilliant still was the constellation which shone forth in its meridian splendor, or cast a glow over the twilight of its evening shades. Then were to be seen the rival genius of Pitt and Fox, which, emblematic of the antagonist powers which then convulsed mankind, shook the British senate by their vehemence, and roused the spirit destined, ere long, for the dearest interests of humanity, to array the world in arms; then the great soul of Burke cast off the unworldly fetters of ambition or party, and, fraught with a giant's force and a prophet's wisdom, regained its destiny in the cause of mankind; then the arm of Nelson cast its thunderbolts on every shore, and preserved unscathed in the deep the ark of European freedom; and, ere his reign expired, the wisdom of Wellington had erected an impassable barrier to Gallic ambition, and said, even to the deluge of imperial power, 'Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' Nor were splendid genius, heroic virtue, gigantic wickedness, wanting on the opposite side of this heart-stirring conflict. Mirabeau had thrown over the morning of the French Revolution the brilliant but deceitful light of democratic genius; Danton had colored its noontide glow with the passions and the energy of tribunitian power; Carnot had exhibited the combination, rare in a corrupted age, of republican energy with private virtue; Robespierre had darkened its evening days by the blood and agony of selfish ambition; Napoleon had risen like a meteor over its midnight darkness, dazzled the world by the brightness of his genius and the luster of his deeds, and lured its votaries, by the deceitful blaze of glory, to perdition.

"In calmer pursuits in the tranquil walks of science and literature, the same age was, beyond all others, fruitful in illustrious men. Doctor Johnson, the strongest intellect and the most profound observer of the eighteenth century; Gibbon the architect of a bridge over the dark gulf which separates ancient from modern times, whose vivid genius has tinged with brilliant colors the greatest historical work in existence; Hume, whose simple but profound history will be coeval with the long and eventful thread of English story; Robertson, who first threw over the maze of human events the light of philosophic genius and the spirit of enlightened reflection; Gray, whose burning thoughts had been condensed in words of more than classic beauty; Burns, whose lofty soul spread its own pathos and dignity over the 'short and simple annals of the poor;' Smith, who called into existence a new science, fraught with the dearest interests of humanity, and nearly brought it to perfection in a single lifetime; Reid, who carried into the recesses of the human mind the torch of cool and sagacious inquiry; Stewart, who cast a luminous glance over the philosophy of mind, and warmed the inmost recesses of metaphysical inquiry by the delicacy of taste and the glow of eloquence; Watt, who added an unknown power to the resources of art, and in the regulated force of steam, discovered the means of approximating the most distant parts of the earth, and spreading in the wilderness of nature the wonders of European enterprise and the blessings of Christian civilization; these formed some of the ornaments of the period, during its earlier and more pacific times, forever memorable in the annals of scientific acquisition and literary greatness."

There is but little to interest us in the study of modern, parliamentary eloquence until we come to the time of Lord Chatham. It is true that we find some sudden bursts of genuine, patriotic eloquence in the speeches of Pym, Eliot, Vane, and other statesmen of the English Commonwealth, under Oliver Cromwell, yet we hear not the highest notes until Chatham arises and sways the British senate by the spell of his matchless oratory. Here, then, we date the era of parliamentary eloquence in the British nation; and, commencing with the name of Lord Chatham, we now proceed to contemplate some of her most illustrious orators and statesmen.

The "great and celebrated name" of Chatham will be repeated with admiration as long as the soul-stirring strains of "eloquence divine" shall continue to please the ear and charm the heart.

William Pitt, first earl of Chatham, was born at London, on the 15th of November, 1708. At an early age, he was sent to Eton, where he was distinguished for the brilliancy of his talents, and for the constancy of his application to study. While at Eton, we are told that he was the pride and boast of the school; that his preceptor valued himself on having so bright a scholar, and showed him to every one as a youth of extraordinary parts. Here he acquired that love of the classics which he ever afterwards cherished, and which, doubtless, had considerable influence in forming his character as an accomplished orator. After the usual course of study at Eton, Mr. Pitt was removed, at the age of eighteen, to the University of Oxford. Here he devoted the principal portion of his time to the study of history and the classical writers of antiquity. He now commenced the practice of writing out translations from the most celebrated orators and historians of Greece and Rome. He chose Demosthenes as his model, and, in order to acquire a terse and forcible style, he translated, several times over, a large part of his orations into English. Such a practice is highly commended by Cicero. It is the best means of obtaining an extensive command of language, and of acquiring a copious diction. "It aids the young orator far more effectually in catching the spirit of his model than any course of mere reading, however fervent or repeated. It is likewise the severest test of his command of language."

Mr. Pitt also read with the greatest pleasure, the best English classics. It is said that he perused some of Dr. Barrow's sermons so often that he knew them by heart; and that he went twice through with the folio Dictionary of Bailey. "At this time, also, he began those exercises in elocution by which he is known to have obtained his extraordinary powers of delivery. Though gifted by nature with a commanding voice and person, he spared no effort to add every thing that art could confer for his improvement as an orator. His success was commensurate with his zeal. Garrick himself was not a greater actor, in that higher sense of the term in which Demosthenes declared *action* to be the first, and second, and third thing in oratory. The labor which he bestowed on these exercises was surprisingly great. Probably no man of genius since the days of Cicero, has ever submitted to an equal amount of drudgery."

Ill health compelled Mr. Pitt to leave the University without taking a degree. For the benefit of his health he traveled in France and Italy, where he enriched his mind with a vast amount of historical and literary information. He had but one object in view, and that was a preparation for public life. "He thus acquired," says Lord Chesterfield, "a vast amount of premature and useful knowledge." Returning to England, he entered the army as a Cornet of Horse.

In 1735, at the age of twenty-six, Mr. Pitt obtained a seat in Parliament as member for Old Sarum. He immediately took a prominent part in opposition to Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister. It is said that this distinguished statesman, surrounded as he was with such power, and the support of a decided majority, never heard the voice of Pitt, in the House of Commons, without being alarmed and thunder-struck, so terrible were his invectives, and so overwhelming his eloquence.

On the 29th of April, 1736, Mr. Pitt delivered his maiden speech, on the motion of Mr. Pulteney for a congratulatory address to the King, on the marriage of the Prince of Wales. This speech was received with the greatest applause. The first sound of Mr. Pitt's voice terrified Sir Robert Walpole, who immediately exclaimed, after hearing the speech, "We must, at all events, muzzle that terrible Cornet of Horse." It is said that Walpole offered to promote Pitt in the army, provided he would give up his seat in Parliament. However this may have been, Walpole finding him unalterably attached to the Opposition, deprived him of his commission. An act so arbitrary only rendered Walpole and the court more odious than they had been, while it increased the popularity of Pitt, by creating a general sympathy in his favor. About the same time Lord Lyttleton addressed him in the following lines, which were widely circulated:

"Long had thy virtues marked thee out for fame,
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and grieved to find
So mean a post disgrace the human mind,
The servile standard from the free-born hand
He took, and bade thee *lead the Patriot Band.*"

From 1736 to 1744, Mr. Pitt was an active member of the Opposition. For nearly seven years, he strenuously exerted himself to put down Sir Robert Walpole. By the force of his genius, and the power of his eloquence, he soon became one of the most influential members of Parliament. He gained a complete ascendency over the House. All acknowledged the vast resources of his mind, and the transcendent powers of his oratory. Few dared oppose him, and none could withstand his scathing invectives. Even Murray* (afterwards Lord Mansfield), his great antagonist, whenever he came into collision with him, trembled and shrunk. A striking instance of Mr. Pitt's silencing and terrifying this distinguished statesman is on record. It well exhibits the bold, dashing eloquence of Pitt, before which even the greatest orators of the British senate were confounded. In 1754, Mr. Pitt delivered two speeches, ostensibly against Jacobitism, but really intended to crush Murray, who had just been raised from the office of Solicitor to that of Attorney General. "In both speeches," says Fox, "every word was MURRAY, yet so managed that neither he nor any body else could take public notice of it, or in any way reprehend him. I sat near Murray, who *suffered* for an hour." It was, perhaps, on this occasion, says Butler, in his Reminiscences, that Pitt used an expression which was once in every mouth. After Murray had "suffered" for a time, Pitt stopped, threw his eyes around, then fixing their whole power on Murray, exclaimed, "I must now address a few words to Mr. Attorney; they shall be few, but shall be daggers." Murray was agitated; the look was continued; the agitation increased. "Felix trembles!" exclaimed Pitt, in a tone of thunder; "*he shall hear me some other day!*" He sat down. Murray made no reply; and a languid debate showed the paralysis of the House. Such were the effects of Mr. Pitt's oratory when he wished to be severe.

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* William Murray, first Earl of Mansfield, was born at Scone Castle, near Perth, in Scotland, on the 2d of March, 1705, and died on the 20th of March, 1793, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He was one of the most powerful Parliamentary and forensic orators that ever shone in the senate or the forum. "The countenance of Lord Mansfield," says a friend and contemporary, "was uncommonly beautiful, and none could ever behold it, even in advanced years, without reverence. Nature had given him an eye of fire; and his voice, till it was affected by the years which passed over him, was perhaps unrivaled in the sweetness and variety of its tones. There was a similitude between his action and that of Mr. Garrick." — "His manner was persuasive, with enough of force and animation to secure the closest attention. His illustrations were always apposite, and sometimes striking and beautiful. His language, in his best speeches, was select and graceful; and his whole style of speaking approached as near as possible to that dignified conversation which has always been considered appropriate to the House of Lords."

Another instance of Mr. Pitt's confounding a member of Parliament, and awing the House into silence, occurred several years after, when he had become an invalid. Having finished a speech in the House of Commons, he walked out with a slow step, being severely afflicted with the gout. A silence ensued until the door was opened to let him pass into the lobby, when a member started up, saying, "Mr. Speaker, I rise to reply to the right honorable gentleman" — "Pitt, who had caught the words, turned back and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down. He then returned towards his seat, repeating, as he hobbled along, the lines of Virgil, in which the poet, conducting Æneas through the shades below, describes the terror which his presence inspired among the ghosts of the Greeks who had fought at Troy."

"Ast Danaum proceres, Agamemnoniæque phalanges
Ut vidère *virum*, fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu; pars vertere terga,
Ceu quondam petière rates; pars tollere vocem
Exiguam: *inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.**
Virgil Æn., vi., 489.

Reaching his seat, Pitt exclaimed, in a tone that terrified the whole House, "Now let me hear what the honorable gentleman has to say to me!" One who was present, being asked whether the house was not convulsed with laughter, at the ludicrous situation of the poor orator and the aptness of the lines, replied, "No, sir; we were all too much awed to laugh."

A similar anecdote is recorded of the celebrated Mirabeau,† in the debate of the National Assembly, when Neckar had proposed an extraordinary subsidy by a vote of credit, as the only escape from national bankruptcy. Mirabeau supported this, in a speech which carried the vote of the Assembly by storm. A member got up and said, "I rise to reply to M. de Mirabeau." Mirabeau glared on his opponent; and the assembly gazed with silent surprise at the man who could venture to reply to such a speech. The unlucky orator, after standing for a moment with his mouth open and his arm raised, sat down without uttering another word.

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* The Grecian chiefs, and Agamemnon's host,
When they beheld the MAN with shining arms
Amid those shades, trembled with sudden fear.
Part turned their backs in flight, as when they sought
Their ships. * * * * Part raised
A feeble outcry; but the sound commenced,
Died on their gasping lips.

† Honoré Gabriel Riquette, Compte de Mirebeau was born at Bignon, in France, on the 9th of March, 1749. He was the greatest of the French political orators. The following graphic sketch of his oratorical character, which will afford the reader some idea of his vehemence as a public speaker, is furnished by a distinguished French writer.

"Mirabeau in the tribune was the most imposing of orators: an orator so consummate, that it is harder to say what he wanted than what he possessed.

"Mirabeau had a massive and square obesity of figure, thick lips, a forehead broad, bony, prominent; arched eyebrows, an eagle eye, cheeks flat and somewhat flabby, features full of pock-holes and blotches, a voice of thunder, an enormous mass of hair, and the face of a lion.

"His manner as an orator is that of the great masters of antiquity, with an admirable energy of gesture and a vehemence of diction which perhaps they had never reached.

"Mirabeau in his premeditated discourses was admirable. But what was best in his [illegible] effusions [illegible] eloquence, [illegible]

In December, 1756, Mr. Pitt entered on the duties of Prime Minister. During his brief, but glorious administration, he was supported by the unanimous voice of the people; but the King regarded him with personal dislike; and in April, 1757, he was deprived of his office. So great

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repressed the flights in his prepared speeches, broke down all barriers in his improvisations. A sort of nervous irritability gave then to his whole frame an almost preternatural animation and life. His breast dilated with an impetuous breathing. His lion face became wrinkled and contorted. His eyes shot forth flame. He roared, he stamped, he shook the fierce mass of his hair, all whitened with foam; he trod the tribune with the supreme authority of a master, and the imperial air of a king. What an interesting spectacle to behold him, momently, erect and exalt himself under the pressure of obstacle! To see him display the pride of his commanding brow! To see him, like the ancient orator, when, with all the powers of his unchained eloquence, he was wont to sway to and fro in the forum the agitated waves of the Roman multitude! Then would he throw by the measured notes of his declamation, habitually grave and solemn. Then would escape him broken exclamations, tones of thunder, and accents of heartrending and terrible pathos. He concealed with the flesh and color of his rhetoric the sinewy arguments of his dialectics. He transported the Assembly, because he was himself transported. And yet — so extraordinary was his force — he abandoned himself to the torrent of his eloquence, without wandering from his course; he mastered others by its sovereign sway, without losing for an instant his own self-control."

As a fine specimen of his burning eloquence, we quote his beautiful eulogium on our immortal Franklin, pronounced on the 11th of June, 1790:

"Franklin is dead! Restored to the bosom of the divinity is that genius which gave freedom to America, and rayed forth torrents of light upon Europe.

was the popularity of Mr. Pitt, that immediately after his dismissal, he received addresses of thanks, expressed in the warmest language, from all parts of the kingdom. "For some weeks," says Horace Walpole, "it rained gold boxes!" In vain did the king attempt to form another administration; and Pitt was borne back to the cabinet, as it were, "on the shoulders of the people."

In June, 1757, his second administration commenced. It was, perhaps, the most brilliant one that British history has ever recorded. By the powers of his sagacious mind, and unrivaled eloquence, Mr. Pitt raised England from the brink of ruin to a high position among the nations of the world. His administration infused a new spirit into the political and military affairs of the nation. Everything was done with promptness while he held the reins of government. England was then at war with France;

The sage whom two worlds claim — the man whom the history of empires and the history of science alike contend for — occupied, it can not be denied, a lofty rank among his species. Long enough have political cabinets signalized the death of those who were great in their funeral eulogies only. Long enough has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mournings. For their benefactors only should nations assume the emblems of grief; and the representatives of nations should commend only the heroes of humanity to public veneration.

"In the fourteen states of the confederacy, Congress has ordained a mourning of two months for the death of Franklin; and America is at this moment acquitting herself of this tribute of honor to one of the Fathers of her Constitution. Would it not become us, gentlemen, to unite in this religious act; to participate in this homage, publicly rendered, at once to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who has contributed most largely to their vindication throughout the world? Antiquity would have erected altars to this great and powerful genius, who, to promote the welfare of mankind, comprehending both the heavens and the earth in the range of his thought, could at once snatch the bolt from the cloud and the scepter from tyrants. France, enlightened and free, owes at least the acknowledgment of her remembrance and regret to one of the greatest intellects that ever served the united cause of philosophy and liberty. I propose that it be now decreed that the National Assembly wear mourning, during three days, for Benjamin Franklin." Mirabeau died in 1791.

and, during his administration, she won several of the most brilliant victories that ever graced the British arms. The English were victorious in almost every quarter; in Asia, Africa, and America. Their flag waved triumphantly over the seas. It was at this time that Admiral Hawke gained his brilliant naval victory off Quiberon, and that the gallant Wolfe, whom Pitt himself had brought forward, expired in the arms of victory, at Quebec. The vigorous plans which Mr. Pitt formed for carrying on the war with France, and the great ability with which he managed the whole affairs of government, proved that he was the greatest statesman that England had produced.*

France was soon effectually humbled, and, in 1761, sought for peace. Mr. Pitt declared to his friends, when about to enter on the negotiation, that "no Peace of Utrecht should again stain the annals of England." In the meantime, France entered into a close alliance with Spain. The French minister, now changing his tone, came forward with proposals which Mr. Pitt spurned. He declared that "he would not relax one syllable from his terms, until the Tower of London was taken by storm." But Mr. Pitt could no longer carry his measures. George III had ascended the throne, and with his accession a new favorite, the Earl of Bute, rose into power. The proposal of Mr. Pitt, for immediately declaring war against Spain, was voted down by an obsequious cabinet; whereupon he instantly resigned, "in order not to remain responsible for measures which he was no longer allowed to guide." Thus ended his glorious ministry, on the 5th of October, 1761.

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* "As a statesman, his influence over the minds of the people was more universal and powerful than that of any minister whom the world has seen. He spread an enthusiasm amongst the people which never before was equaled. He persuaded the nation that it was invincible and irresistible, and he lived to prove the truth of his assertions. — *Thackeray*.

During the remainder of his life, with the exception of a brief season, he acted with the opposition. On the downfall of the Rockingham administration, Mr. Pitt was called upon to frame a new ministry. Giving the lead to Charles Townsend, he withdrew from the House of Commons, selected for himself the office of Lord Privy Seal, and passed into the Upper House, with the title of Lord Chatham. Acquiring no glory in his new administration, he resigned office, October 15th, 1768. He was grieved find that the news of this event attracted but little notice throughout England. His glorious career seemed to have terminated in obscurity. "His sun appeared to have sunk at mid-day, amid clouds and gloom. Little did any one imagine that it was again to break forth with a purer splendor, and to fill the whole horizon around with the radiance of its setting beams." His eloquence shone brightest in the evening of his days. Then it broke forth "with a fury and splendor that might have awed the world, and make kings tremble." He came forward as the advocate of liberty — as the defender of the rights of his fellow-citizens — as the enemy of tyranny — as the friend of his country, and of mankind. Lord Chatham acquired his greatest glory as an orator in advocating the cause of the American colonies against the injustice and tyranny of the mother country.

When Mr. George Grenville brought forward his obnoxious Stamp Act in 1765, Mr. Pitt was prevented by illness from attending the House of Commons, but he took the earliest opportunity of protesting against such an Act — of raising his voice in a lofty strain of eloquence for its repeal. He boldly asserted that "the British Parliament had no right to tax America, that country not being represented in the House of Commons."

On the 14th of January, 1766, Mr. Pitt delivered his celebrated speech against the Stamp Act, in which he ably discussed the right of taxing America. This speech was reported with considerable accuracy by Sir Robert Dean, aided by Lord Charlemont.

We shall presently present some of the finest passages of Chatham's eloquence. He who would teach eloquence, as Hume well observes, must do it chiefly by *examples;* and where can be found, in the whole range of English oratory, specimens of greater beauty for the imitation and admiration of the young student, than some of the fine passages of Lord Chatham's speeches?

From his speech in 1766, for the repeal of the Stamp Act, a speech which contains several sublime passages, and exhibits a fair specimen of his style of composition, we present the following extracts:

"MR. SPEAKER,—I came to town but to-day. I was a stranger to the tenor of his Majesty's speech, and the proposed address, till I heard them read in this House. Unconnected and unconsulted, I have not the means of information. I am fearful of offending through mistake, and therefore beg to be indulged with a second reading of the proposed address. [The address being read, Mr. Pitt went on.] I commend the King's speech, and approve of the address in answer, as it decides nothing, every gentleman being left at perfect liberty to take such a part concerning America as he may afterward see fit. One word only I can not approve of: an 'early,' is a word that does not belong to the notice the ministry have given to Parliament of the troubles in America. In a matter of such importance, the communication ought to have been *immediate!*

"I speak not now with respect to parties. I stand up in this place single and independent. As to the late ministry [turning himself to Mr. Grenville, who sat within one of him], every capital measure they have taken has been entirely wrong! As to the present gentlemen, to those at least whom I have in my eye [looking at the bench where General Conway sat with the lords of the treasury], I have no objection. I have never been made a sacrifice by any of them. Their characters are fair; and I am always glad when men of fair character engage in his Majesty's service. Some of them did me the honor to ask my opinion before they would engage. These will now do me the justice to own, I advised them to do it—but, notwithstanding (for I love to be explicit), *I can not give them my confidence.* Pardon me, gentlemen [bowing to the ministry], confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom. Youth is the season of credulity. By comparing events with each other, reasoning from effects to causes, methinks I plainly discover the traces of an *overruling* influence.*

"It is a long time, Mr. Speaker, since I have attended in Parliament. When the resolution was taken in this House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to be carried in my bed — so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences — I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it! It is now an act that has passed. I would speak with decency of every act of this House; but I must beg the indulgence of the House to speak of it with freedom."

In reply to Mr. Grenville who said, that, "the seditious spirit of the colonies owes its birth to the factions in this House, and that America was almost in open rebellion," Mr. Pitt exclaimed in a lofty strain of bold, impassioned eloquence, "Gentlemen, Sir, have been charged with giving birth to *sedition* in America. They have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act, and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in this House imputed as a crime. But the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty I mean to exercise. No gentlemen ought to be afraid to exercise it. It is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited. He ought to have desisted from his project. The gentleman tells us, America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted.* Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest."

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* Says Butler, in his Reminiscences, "Those who remember the air of condescending protection with which the bow was made, and the look given, when he spoke these words, will recollect how much they themselves, at the moment, were both delighted and awed; and what they themselves then conceived of the immeasurable superiority of the orator over every human being that surrounded him. In the passages which we have cited, there is nothing which an ordinary speaker might not have said; it was the *manner*, and the manner *only* which produced the effect."

"A great deal has been said without doors of the power, of the strength of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valor of your troops. I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America, out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground,— on the Stamp Act, which so many here will think a crying injustice,— I am one who will lift up my hands against it."

"In such a cause, your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the Constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace — not to sheathe the sword in its scabbard, but to sheathe it in the bowels of your countrymen? Will you quarrel with yourselves, now the whole house of Bourbon is united against you; while France disturbs your fisheries in Newfoundland, embarrasses your slave trade to Africa, and withholds from your subjects in Canada their property stipulated by treaty; while the ransom for the Manillas is denied by Spain; and its gallant conqueror basely traduced into a mean plunderer! a gentleman (Colonel Draper), whose noble and generous spirit would do honor to the proudest grandee of the country? The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper: they have been wronged; they have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for America, that she will follow the example. There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behavior to his wife, so applicable to you and your colonies, that I can not help repeating them:

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* The immortal Grattan used to pronounce this passage finer than any thing in Demosthenes.

> ' Be to her faults a little blind;
> Be to her virtues very kind.'

"Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the House what is my opinion. It is, that the Stamp Act be repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately."

Through the eloquence of Pitt, Colonel Barrè, Burke, and other kindred spirits, a bill, repealing the Stamp Act passed, after a stormy debate; but it was accompanied with a Declaratory Act, which asserted the authority of the King and Parliament in making laws that should "bind the colonies and people of America *in all cases whatsoever!*" This Act met with decided opposition from Lord Camden in the House of Lords. "My position," said he, "is this — I repeat it — I will maintain it to the last hour: *Taxation and representation are inseparable.* This position is founded on the laws of nature. It is more; it is in itself an eternal law of nature. For whatever is a man's own is absolutely his own. No man has a right to take it from him without his consent, either expressed by himself or his representative. Whoever attempts to do this, attempts an injury. Whoever does it, commits a robbery. He throws down and destroys the distinction between liberty and slavery." The Declaratory Act finally passed, and Charles Townsend, carrying out its principles the next year (1767), formed a new plan of taxing America, by imposing duties on glass, paper, pasteboard, white and red lead, painters' colors and tea, imported into the colonies. When the fatal measure was proposed, Lord Chatham was confined in the country by severe illness. Charles Townsend was thus left at the head of affairs; and it is said that he was continually goaded by Mr. Grenville on the subject of American taxation. "You are cowards! You are afraid of the Americans. You dare not tax America!" The hasty spirit of Townsend was roused by these attacks. "Fear?" said he, "Cowards? *Dare* not tax America? *I dare tax America!*" After a momentary pause, Grenville said, "Dare you tax America? I wish you would do it." Townsend replied, "I will, I will." Thus originated the measure which resulted in the achievement of American Independence. When this bill was passed, it immediately raised another storm throughout the colonies. Lord North, on coming into power, about two years after, introduced a bill repealing all the duties imposed by the act of 1767, except that on tea. This still recognized the *right* of taxation, to which the colonies would never submit. They resolved that the tea should not be landed. In Boston, on the evening of December 18th, 1773, a large company of men, disguised as Indians, went on board the British ships, lying in the harbor, broke open 342 chests of tea and emptied their contents into the water. To punish the inhabitants of Massachusetts for their opposition to such tyrannical acts, Parliament passed still more arbitrary laws, closing the port of Boston, depriving Massachusetts of her charter, and authorizing the quartering of British soldiers on the inhabitants of Boston. Such measures only tended to increase the flame of liberty, which had already been kindled in every patriotic bosom. At length the torch of war was lighted, and the thunder of cannon shook the land.

Lord Chatham, though in a very feeble state of health, came into Parliament to raise his voice once more against the oppressive laws of his country, and to urge the adoption of such measures as would bring about a speedy reconciliation between the colonies and the mother country. But it was too late; the revolution was now fairly in progress. The storm had gathered and burst on America; and the patriotic band of brothers and of freemen there, pledging to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, had resolved to fight on, through fears, through darkness, through distress, until the clouds should break away, and the genial sky of liberty smile in peace and happiness over a redeemed country — until the star spangled banner, elevated by Washington, and Franklin, and Adams, and Jefferson, and a host of other brave hearts, on the portals of our Capitol, should wave triumphantly in the air of freedom, bearing aloft this glorious inscription, "Independence now, and Independence forever!"

The disturbances which terminated in the American revolution gave rise to five of the most celebrated speeches of Lord Chatham. It is a very favorable circumstance that these speeches were reported with a considerable degree of verbal accuracy by Mr. Hugh Boyd, and Sir Philip Francis,* and that the best of them — that on a motion for an address to the Throne, containing the famous reply to Lord Suffolk, relating to the employment of the Indians in the war — was revised by Lord Chatham himself. These speeches were the last and greatest efforts of Chatham, and they afford some of the most beautiful, vehement and sublime passages that eloquence has ever produced. On the style and construction of these speeches, Prof. Goodrich, one of the most eminent of American critics, well observes: "They are the best specimens we possess of his style and diction; and it would be difficult, in the whole range of our literature, to find more perfect models for the study and imitation of the young orator. The words are admirably chosen. The sentences are not rounded or balanced periods, but are made up of short clauses, which flash themselves upon the mind with all the vividness of distinct ideas, and yet are closely connected together as tending to the same point, and uniting to form larger masses of thought. Nothing can be more easy, varied, and natural than the style of these speeches. There is no mannerism about them. They contain some of the most vehement passages in English oratory; and yet there is no appearance of effort, no straining after effect. They have this infallible mark of genius — they make every one feel, that if placed in like circumstances, he would have said exactly the same things in the same manner."

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* Sir Philip Francis is supposed by many to have been the author of the celebrated letters of Junius, which are so justly admired for their brilliant and forcible style. Among others the great historian of England, Mr. Macaulay, is firmly convinced that this distinguished statesman was Junius.

On the 27th of May, 1774, Lord Chatham delivered the first of these celebrated speeches, in the House of Lords, on the bill authorizing the quartering of British troops on the citizens of Boston. In the course of this speech he said: "My Lords, I am an old man, and would advise the noble Lords in office to adopt a more gentle mode of governing America; for the day is not far distant when America may vie with these kingdoms, not only in arms, but in arts also. It is an established fact that the principal towns in America are learned and polite, and understand the constitution of the empire as well as the noble Lords who are now in office; and, consequently, they will have a watchful eye over their liberties, to prevent the least encroachment on their hereditary rights.

"This, my Lords, though no new doctrine, has always been my received and unalterable opinion, and I will carry it to my grave, *that this country had no right under heaven to tax America.* It is contrary to all the principles of justice and civil polity, which neither the exigencies of the state, nor even an acquiescence in the taxes, could justify upon any occasion whatever. Such proceedings will never meet their wished-for success. Instead of adding to their miseries, as the bill now before you most undoubtedly does, adopt some lenient measures, which may lure them to their duty. Proceed like a kind and affectionate parent over a child whom he tenderly loves, and, instead of those harsh and severe proceedings, pass an amnesty on their youthful errors, clasp them once more in your fond and affectionate arms, and I will venture to affirm you will find them children worthy of their sire."

Notwithstanding this eloquent speech, full of warning and remonstrances, the bill was passed by a majority of 57 to 16.

On the 20th of January, 1775. Lord Chatham delivered a most eloquent speech, on a motion for an address to his Majesty, for the immediate removal of the British troops from Boston. When he arose to speak, says one who witnessed the scene, "all was silence and profound attention. Animated, and almost inspired by his subject, he seemed to feel his own unrivaled superiority. His venerable figure, dignified and graceful in decay, his language, his voice, his gesture, were such as might, at this momentous crisis, big with the fate of Britain, seem to characterize him as the guardian genius of his country." In the diary of Josiah Quincy, jr., we find the following memorandum, alluding to this speech. "Attended the debates in the House of Lords. Good fortune gave me one of the best places for hearing, and taking a few minutes. Lord Chatham rose like Marcellus. His language, voice and gesture were more pathetic than I ever saw or heard before, at the bar or senate. He seemed like an old Roman senator, rising with the dignity of age, yet speaking with the fire of youth." Lord Chatham thus commenced his speech: "My Lords, after more than six weeks' possession of the papers now before you, on a subject so momentous, at a time when the fate of this nation hangs on every hour, the ministry have at length condescended to submit to the consideration of this House, intelligence from America with which your Lordships and the public have been long and fully acquainted.

"The measures of last year, my Lords, which have produced the present alarming state of America, were founded upon misrepresentation. They were violent, precipitate, and vindictive. The nation was told that it was only a faction in Boston which opposed all lawful government; that an unwarrantable injury had been done to private property, for which the justice of Parliament was called upon to order reparation; that the least appearance of firmness would awe the Americans into submission, and upon only passing the Rubicon we should be 'sine clade victor.'*

"I wish, my Lords, not to lose a day in the urgent, pressing crisis. An hour now lost in allaying ferments in America may produce years of calamity. For my own part, I will not desert, for a moment, the conduct of this weighty business, from the first to the last. Unless nailed to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitted attention. I will knock at the door of this sleeping and confounded ministry, and will rouse them to a sense of their danger.

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* Victorious without slaughter.

"When I urge this measure of recalling the troops from Boston, I urge it on this pressing principle, that it is necessarily preparatory to the restoration of your peace and the establishment of your prosperity. It will then appear that you are disposed to treat amicably and equitably; and to consider, revise and repeal, if it should be found necessary (as I affirm it will), those violent acts and declarations which have disseminated confusion throughout your empire.

"Resistance to your acts was necessary as it was just; and your vain declarations of the omnipotence of Parliament, and your imperious doctrines of the necessity of submission, will be found equally impotent to convince or to enslave your fellow-subjects in America, who feel that tyranny, whether *ambitioned* by an individual part of the Legislature, or the bodies who compose it, is equally intolerable to British subjects.

"This resistance to your arbitrary system of taxation might have been foreseen. It was obvious from the nature of things, and of mankind; and, above all, from the whiggish spirit flourishing in that country. This glorious whig spirit animates three millions in America, who prefer poverty with liberty, to gilded chains and sordid affluence; and who will die in defense of their rights as men, as freemen. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every whig in England? ''Tis liberty to liberty engaged,' that they will defend themselves, their families, and their country. In this great cause they are immovably allied: it is the alliance of God and nature, — immutable, eternal, — fixed as the firmament of heaven.

"But it is not repealing this act of Parliament, it is not repealing a piece of parchment, that can restore America to our bosom. You must repeal her fears and her resentments, and you may then hope for her love and gratitude. But now, insulted with an armed force posted at Boston, irritated with a hostile army before her eyes, her concessions, if you *could* force them, would be suspicious and insecure; they will be 'irato animo' [with an angry spirit]; they will not be the sound, honorable passions of freemen; they will be the dictates of fear and extortions of force. But it is more than evident that you can not force them, united as they are, to your unworthy terms of submission. It is impossible. And when I hear General Gage censured for inactivity, I must retort with indignation on those whose intemperate measures and improvident counsels have betrayed him into his present situation. His situation reminds me, my Lords, of the answer of a French general in the civil wars of France — Monsieur Condé, opposed to Monsieur Turenne. He was asked how it happened that he did not take his adversary prisoner, as he was often very near him. 'J'ai peur,' replied Condé, very honestly, 'j'ai peur qu'il ne me prenne;' *I'm afraid he'll take me.*

"When your Lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America — when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you can not but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation — and it has been my favorite study — I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-states of the world — that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your Lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts.[*] They must be repealed. You *will* repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will, in the end, repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed.[†] Avoid, then, this humiliating, disgraceful necessity.

"Every motive, therefore, of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston, by a repeal of your acts of Parliament, and by demonstration of amicable dispositions toward your colonies. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend, to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measures; — foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread, — France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors.

"To conclude, my Lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the King, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown, but I will affirm, *that they will make the crown not worth his wearing*. I will not say that the King is betrayed, but I will pronounce *that the kingdom is undone!*"

After a long debate, the motion was lost by a vote of 68 to 18. Dr. Franklin, who was present at the debate, and listened to Chatham's speech, said that "he had seen, in the course of his life, sometimes eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; in the present instance, he saw both united, and both, as he thought, in the highest degree possible."

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[*] The Boston Port Bill, and the act taking away the charter of Massachusetts.

[†] This prediction of Lord Chatham was verified. After three years' fruitless war, a repeal of these acts was sent out to propitiate the colonists, but it was too late.

On the 30th of May, 1777, Lord Chatham made another powerful speech in favor of America. For more than two years the great statesman had been prevented by his infirmities from taking his seat in Parliament. But he was anxious to make one effort more for ending the war with America, and came into the House of Lords, swathed in flannel, and supported on crutches, to move an address to the King, recommending that speedy and effectual measures be taken to put an end to hostilities in America.

"My Lords," said he, "this is a flying moment; perhaps but six weeks left to arrest the dangers that surround us. The gathering storm may break; it has already opened, and in part burst;" and again, "You may ravage — you can not conquer — it is impossible — you can not conquer the Americans. You talk, my Lords, of your numerous friends among them to annihilate the Congress, and of your powerful forces to disperse their army. *I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch!*"

The greatest effort of Lord Chatham, was his speech on a motion for an address to the Throne, delivered in the House of Lords, November 18, 1777. He was now sinking under the weight of years and disease — his sun was casting its last rays — the shades of night were gathering around him, yet the splendor of his oratory shone with purer luster than it perhaps ever did before; his venerable form became animated by all the fire of youth, — his language, his tone, his gesture, his *whole manner*, were such as might have awed the world, and made tyrants tremble on their thrones. "It would, indeed, be difficult," says Prof. Goodrich, "to find in the whole range of parliamentary history, a more splendid blaze of genius, at once rapid, vigorous, and sublime."

As the orator proceeded with his speech he broke forth into the following lofty strain of eloquence: "You can not, I venture to say it, *you can not conquer America.* Your armies in the last war effected every thing that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general [Lord Amherst], now a noble Lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, *you can not conquer America.* What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps *total loss* of the Northern force,* the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. *He was obliged* to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; — traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent — doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! *If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never — never — never!"*

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* Under General Burgoyne. This prediction of the *total loss* of General Burgoyne's army was too faithfully verified. While advancing from Canada to support the operations of General Howe, who was marching on Philadelphia, he was compelled by the Americans, under General Gates, to surrender his whole army, by a convention concluded at Saratoga, October 16, 1777. The intelligence of this defeat did not reach England until the beginning of December.

Lord Suffolk, in the course of this debate, attempted to defend the employment of Indians in the American war. He contended that, besides its *policy* and *necessity*, the measure was also allowable on *principle;* for that "it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that *God and nature put into our hands!"* This unnatural remark roused Lord Chatham, and drew from his lips some of the severest passages, and sublimest bursts of eloquence that can be found in the English language

"I am astonished!" exclaimed Lord Chatham, as he rose, "shocked! to hear such principles confessed — to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country; — principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

"My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention, but I can not repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the Throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. 'That God and nature put into our hands!' I know not what ideas that Lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature, to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife — to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating — literally, my Lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honor; they shock me as a lover of honorable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church — I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned Judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.* In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion — *the Protestant religion* — of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us — to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send for the infidel savage — against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country,— to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and names with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war,—*hell-hounds, I say, of savage war!* Spain armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty;— we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

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* "The tapestry of the House of Lords represented the English fleet led by the ship of the lord admiral, Effingham Howard (ancestor of Suffolk), to engage the Spanish Armada."

"My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honor, our Constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration;— let them purify this House, and this country, from this sin.

"My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles!"

On the 7th of April, 1778, Lord Chatham made his appearance, for the last time, in the House of Lords. It is a day memorable for the occurrence of one of the most affecting scenes ever witnessed in Parliament — a day when the great master of modern oratory was overwhelmed by the effort of his own powerful eloquence.

Lord Chatham was ignorant of the real state of feeling in America. He imagined that the colonies might be brought back to their former allegiance to the British government. He did not wish to see the extensive dominion of old England rent in twain, and the Independence of

America recognized He could not endure these thoughts. He therefore heard "with unspeakable concern" that the Duke of Richmond intended, on the 7th of April, to move an address to the king, advising him to effect a conciliation with America, involving her independence. Such a measure he thought was disastrous and ruinous to the prosperity and happiness of England. He determined to take a bold stand against it, and accordingly, was carried to the House of Lords, to raise his voice against the dismemberment of the empire. "He was led into the House of Peers by his son, the Honorable William Pitt, and his son-in-law, Lord Mahon. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, and covered up to the knees in flannel. Within his large wig, little more of his countenance was seen than his aquiline nose, and his penetrating eye, which retained all its native fire. He looked like a dying man, yet never was seen a figure of more dignity. He appeared like a being of a superior species. The Lords stood up and made a lane for him to pass to his seat, while, with a gracefulness of deportment for which he was so eminently distinguished, he bowed to them as he proceeded. Having taken his seat, he listened with profound attention to the Duke of Richmond's speech." When Lord Weymouth had finished his reply in behalf of the ministry, Lord Chatham rose with slowness and great difficulty, and delivered the following speech. "Supported by his two relations, he lifted his hand from the crutch on which he leaned, raised it up, and, casting his eyes toward heaven, commenced as follows:"

"I THANK God that I have been enabled to come here to-day — to perform my duty, and speak on a subject which is so deeply impressed on my mind. I am old and infirm. I have one foot — *more* than one foot — in the grave. I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country — perhaps never again to speak in this House."

["The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the House," said an eye witness, "were here most affecting: had any one dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard."]

"As he proceeded, Lord Chatham spoke at first in a low tone, with all the weakness of one who is laboring under severe indisposition. Gradually, however, as he warmed with the subject, his voice became louder and more distinct, his intonations grew more commanding, and his whole manner was solemn and impressive in the highest degree."

"My Lords," he exclaimed, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive, to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy! Pressed down as I am by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my Lords, while I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the offspring of the royal house of Brunswick, the heirs of the Princess Sophia, of their fairest inheritance. Shall we tarnish the luster of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions? Shall this great nation, that has survived, whole and entire, the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, the Norman conquest — that has stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? Surely, my Lords, this nation is no longer what it was! Shall a people that seventeen years ago was the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, *Take all we have, only give us peace?* It is impossible."

"In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and the former can not be preserved with honor, why is not the latter commenced without delay? I am not, I confess, well-informed as to the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. But, my Lords, any state is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and, if we must fall, let us fall like men!"

When Lord Chatham had taken his seat Lord Temple said to him, "You have forgotten to mention what we have been talking about. Shall I get up?" "No," replied Lord Chatham "*I* will do it by-and-by."

After the Duke of Richmond had concluded his speech, Lord Chatham made a strenuous attempt to rise; but after repeated efforts, to regain an erect position, he suddenly pressed his hand to his heart, and fell down in convulsions. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, Lord Stanford and other peers, caught him in their arms; and his son, the celebrated William Pitt, then a youth of seventeen, sprang forward to support him.* The debate was immediately adjourned. Lord Chatham was conveyed in a state of insensibility from the House to his country residence at Hayes, where he lingered a few days, and expired on the 11th of May, 1778, aged seventy years.

As Demosthenes and Cicero are allowed to have been the greatest orators of which antiquity can boast, so Lord Chatham has generally been regarded as the most brilliant and powerful senatorial orator of modern times. Certainly, no political speaker, since the days of the Grecian and Roman masters, ever controlled a popular assembly

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* "It is this moment which Copley has chosen for his picture of the death of Lord Chatham." "History," says an able writer, "has no nobler scene to show than that which now occupied the House of Lords. The unswerving patriot, whose long life had been devoted to his country, had striven to the last. The aristocracy of the land stood around, and even the brother of the sovereign thought himself honored in being one of his supporters; party enmities were remembered no more; every other feeling was lost in admiration of the great spirit which seemed to be passing away from among them."

Seventy years afterwards, a similar scene was witnessed in the halls of the American Capitol, when the venerable JOHN QUINCY ADAMS experienced the with such absolute sway as Lord Chatham did, by the force of his oratory. His eloquence was irresistible. The fire of his eye, the majesty of his countenance, and the thunder of his voice, awed an assembly into silence, or struck them with terror.

It is to be regretted that so little of the history and eloquence of this great orator and statesman, has been transmitted to our times. An able English critic of the present age observes: "There is hardly any man in modern times, with the exception, perhaps, of Lord Somers, who fills so large a space in our history, and of whom we know so little, as Lord Chatham; and yet he is the person to whom every one would at once point, if desired to name the most successful statesman and most brilliant orator that this country ever produced. It is singular how much of Lord Chatham, who flourished within the memory of the present generation, still rests upon vague tradition. As a statesman, indeed, he is known to us by the events which history has recorded to have happened under his administration. Yet even of his share in bringing these about, little has been preserved of detail. So, fragments of his speeches have been handed down to us, but these bear so very small a proportion to the prodigious fame which his eloquence has left behind it, that far more is manifestly lost than has reached us; while of his written

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stroke which soon terminated his earthly career. That touching scene will never be forgotten by those who were its eye-witnesses. On the 21st of February, 1848, Mr. Adams entered the hall of the House of Representatives for the last time. Like Chatham, he was found faithful at his post, serving his country, when his spirit "plumed its pinions to soar to other worlds." "*This is the last of earth!*" said the dying statesman, in faltering accents, "I AM CONTENT!" What an impressive subject for contemplation — *the death of Lord Chatham, and John Quincy Adams!*

For a faithful and interesting sketch of the life and public services of the great American statesman, the reader is referred to his biography by the Hon. William H. Seward.

compositions, but a few letters have hitherto been given to the world."

An American reviewer states with equal beauty and correctness, that, in the British nation. "The era of *Parliamentary Eloquence* can be dated back no farther than the time of the elder Pitt. Regular reporting indeed did not begin until after his day. All that we have of his speeches, we owe to the occasional and necessarily meager sketches of members and spectators. Still the eloquence of Chatham formed an epoch in the annals of the art. No one familiar with the public and private memoirs of that period can doubt that he was the most effective *speaker* of modern times. But what was the secret of that efficiency? We contemplate with vain regret the scantiness of his remains, and the few materials we have for satisfying our curiosity. Yet even in these we find passages which give us a vivid sense of his ability; passages of more than Demosthenian fire, which must live as long as the language in which they were uttered. Still there is nothing to justify us in the belief that his speeches ever exhibited that broad, luminous, philosophical range of thought, which we find often in Cicero, and almost always in Burke. There can be no doubt that he was greatly indebted to his manner. In his exterior he lacked nothing which nature could give. We are told that he was in look and action, both graceful and dignified; but that dignity was the predominant feature His countenance was wonderfully expressive. His eye, when directed in anger, or scorn, had a penetrating and insufferable brightness, which most men found as difficult to meet, as they would to have gazed at the cloudless sun. His voice had great sweetness, power and variety of intonation, and was employed through its whole range, from the lowest whisper, distictly audible, to its highest point of loudness and key, when it filled and electrified the House. His diction was simple and select, and he spared no pains to chasten and enrich it. Add now, to these advantages, his energy and weight of character, the universal impression of his immense talents, produced by his vigorous and successful administration, even more than by his oratorical efforts; and we may have some faint conceptions of what Chatham was, and shall wonder less, that 'rebuked by the presence of higher qualities,' pride and wealth, and rank, and power, quailed beneath the lightnings of his eye, and the thunders of his voice.

To our countrymen the fame of Chatham has always been dear. They had contributed to the triumphs and felt the benefits of his ministerial career. And when, at length, other counsels prevailed; when those colonies which he had fostered with a father's care, became the objects of step-motherly oppression; his mighty voice was still raised in their behalf. He was indeed a great and fortunate name; and we scarcely know that other which we would put in its place, in those beautiful and well-known words of his pious countryman:

> 'Tis praise enough
> To fill the ambition of a common man
> That Chatham's language was his mother tongue.' "

So little is known, at this day, of the eloquence of Lord Chatham, that it would be impossible to present a critical analysis of his character as an orator. We shall merely mention some of the characteristics of that oratory, which for its wonderful *effects* has, perhaps, surpassed any that has been displayed since the palmy days of Greece or Rome.

"All other modern orators, and almost all ancient ones, seem dwarfed by comparison with him. Perhaps Mirabeau among the moderns comes nearest to him. Demades among the ancients possibly equaled him. I, of course, always except Demosthenes, the perfect, the unapproachable in every branch of eloquence."

The testimony of his contemporaries will give us some faint conceptions of Lord Chatham's oratory; and one of the most animated descriptions of this kind, which we present, is from the pen of Mr. Boyd, a gentleman of high literary attainments, who had often listened to the impassioned eloquence of the great English statesman, and who could best describe its wonderful characteristics. It was written in 1779,—one year after the death of the orator; and is as follows:

"Of all the characteristic features, by which his oratory was distinguishd, none was more eminent than the bold purity and classical force of phraseology.

"Those who have been witness to the wonders of his eloquence — who have listened to the music of his voice, or trembled at its majesty — who have seen the persuasive gracefulness of his action, or have felt its force;—those who have caught the flame of eloquence from his eye — who have rejoiced at the glories of his countenance — or shrunk from his frowns — will remember the resistless power with which he impressed conviction. In these sketches of his original genius, they will read what they have heretofore heard; and their memory will give due action to the picture, by refiguring to their minds what they have with admiration seen. But to those who never heard nor saw this accomplished orator, the utmost effort of imagination will be necessary to form a just idea of that combination of excellence, which gave perfection to his eloquence,—his elevated aspect, commanding the awe and mute attention of all who beheld him; whilst a certain grace in his manner, conscious of all the dignities of his situation, and of the solemn scene he acted in, as well as his own exalted character, seemed to acknowledge and repay the respect he received:—his venerable form, bowed with infirmity of age; but animated by a mind which nothing could subdue:—his spirit shining through him;

arming his eye with lightning, and clothing his lips with thunder;* or, if milder topics offered, harmonizing his countenance in smiles, and his voice in softness;—for the compass of his powers was infinite. As no idea was too vast, no imagination too sublime, for the grandeur and majesty of his manners; so no fancy was too playful, nor any allusion too comic for the ease and gaiety with which he could accommodate to the occasion. But the character of his oratory was dignity; this presided throughout; giving force, because securing respect, even to his sallies of pleasantry. This elevated the most familiar language, and gave novelty and grace to the most familiar allusions; so that in his hand, even the crutch became a weapon of oratory."

Rev. Francis Thackeray, in his excellent life of Chatham, says, when drawing his character, "The claims of Cicero and Demosthenes as orators, are not, upon the whole, I think, superior to those of Lord Chatham. Promptitude is, perhaps, as essential to eloquence as to wit. In this respect the Briton has a right to precedence. The labor bestowed by Demosthenes upon his orations is become proverbial, and the exquisite polish of Cicero's speeches are proofs of the time devoted to their composition. But Lord Chatham was ever ready for debate, and some of the grandest efforts of his eloquence were called forth by the circumstances of the moment. Nor were the occasions which offered themselves to Lord Chatham so favorable to the display of eloquence as those in which the most splendid speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero originated. No opportunity during the life of Lord Chatham was so much calculated to excite the powers of an orator as that which Philip and Catiline respectively afforded to Demosthenes and Cicero.

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* A distinguished writer of our day beautifully remarks: "If there be one attribute of man supreme in dignity and worth, it is that of oratory. The illusions of the eye, combined with the enchanting power of music, constitute an influence less potent upon the imagination and will, than the spirit-stirring appeals of 'eloquence divine.' Other charms are mostly drawn from the external world, but this emanates from the unseen spirit within; its splendors gleam through animated clay and proclaim the superior majesty of immortal mind."—*Magoon*.

"Lord Chatham's eloquence was peculiar, distinct, and unrivaled. Occasionally wild and extravagant, it was at all times bold, nervous, and impassioned. Many speakers have surpassed him in smoothness of expression, correctness of language, and subtilty of argument, but none, perhaps, ever obtained such an ascendency over his hearers. He possessed a species of oratory by which he was wont to strike his adversaries dumb, and against which no arguments could avail."

The most wonderful quality of Lord Chatham's eloquence was the *fascinating manner* in which it was displayed. In his delivery, force and majesty were combined. They were its prevailing characteristics. In this respect, Lord Chatham exhibited in the highest degree the principles of true eloquence; the leading qualities of which are *force* and *dignity*. Much of the force of his eloquence arose from the fire of his eye and the majesty of his features. When he arose to speak, his venerable countenance was animated by an expression of dignity and greatness that inspired respect, reverence, and admiration in the hearts of all.*

A sudden glance of the eye greatly assists an orator in adding force and animation to his eloquence. The eye of Lord Chatham was his most wonderful feature. Its fiery glare was too powerful for his antagonists to bear. By a single glance of scorn or contempt, which beamed from that eye, they were often overwhelmed with terror, and thrown into confusion in the midst of their own speeches.[*]

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* As to his person, nature had stamped more forcibly on no man the impression of an orator. His figure was tall and manly, and the ordinary spectator was struck with the grace and dignity of his look and deportment."—*Thackeray.*

A clear, deep, full and melodious voice, is an invaluable quality for an orator. Such a voice had Lord Chatham. "It was both full and clear. His lowest whisper was distinctly heard; his middle notes were sweet and beautifully varied; and, when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the House was completely filled with the volume of sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate; then he had spirit-stirring notes which were perfectly irresistible." No orator, perhaps, ever had a better control of his voice than Lord Chatham. He could vary it instantaneously, when necessary to produce a striking effect. He could do this apparently without the least effort. He would often suddenly rise from the lowest whispers to the loudest tones. His voice was both musical and sonorous; and to its proper exercise — its varied notes — its melodious sound — its majestic thunder — was owing, in a great measure, his success in oratory.

[†] The following oratorical sketch by the celebrated John Wilkes, who was contemporary with Chatham, and a member of the English Parliament, is worthy of our notice here:

"Lord Chatham was born an orator, and from nature possessed every outward requisite to bespeak respect, and even awe. A manly figure, with the eagle eye of the famous Condé, fixed your attention, and almost commanded reverence the moment he appeared; and the keen lightning of his eye spoke the high respect of his soul before his lips had pronounced a syllable. There was a kind of fascination in his look when he eyed any one askance. Nothing could withstand the force of that contagion. The fluent Murray[1] has faltered, and even Fox[2] shrunk back appalled from an adversary 'fraught with fire unquenchable,' if I may borrow the expression of our great Milton. He had not the correctness of language so striking in the great Roman orator, but he had the *verba ardentia*, the bold, glowing words."

[1] Lord Mansfield.

[2] Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland.

The action of Lord Chatham, like that of the great Athenian orator, was perfectly suited to the nature of the sublimest eloquence. It was forcible and animated,— graceful and vehement, — on many occasions, as Lord Orford observes, worthy of Garrick himself. By means of his action alone, he produced some of the most astonishing effects.

The force of Lord Chatham's eloquence arose partly from a lively imagination and partly from a sympathetic soul. A vigorous and lofty imagination is among the prominent characteristics of an accomplished orator. The imagination of Chatham was of this cast; and it contributed in a high degree to form his character as the greatest of modern orators.

"It is this faculty which exalts *force* into the truest and most sublime eloquence. In this respect, Chatham approached more nearly than any speaker of modern times, to the great master of Athenian art." Burke had more imagination, but, wild and irregular, it was almost constantly on the wing, "circling around the subject, as if to display the grace of its movements, or the beauty of its plumage;" while that of Chatham "flew an eagle flight, forth and right on." It struck directly at its object.

The intellect of Lord Chatham as well as his eloquence, was of the very highest order. His capacious mind embraced the widest range of thought, comprehended the most complicated subject almost at a single glance, grasped it with the greatest vigor, and held it with unrelenting firmness

In his grandest exclamations, Lord Chatham was actuated by *sympathy*. In this manner he achieved some of his greatest oratorical triumphs. By the spell of his matchless eloquence poured from a sympathizing soul, glowing with its subject, he exercised an uncontrollable sway over a popular assembly.* Says Hazlitt, "The principle by which the Earl of Chatham exerted his influence over others, was *sympathy*. He himself evidently had a strong passion of his subject, a thorough conviction, an intense interest; and this communicated itself from his *manner*, — from the tones of his voice, — from his commanding attitudes, and eager gestures, instinctively and unavoidably, to his hearers."

"The range of his powers as a speaker was uncommonly wide. He was equally qualified to conciliate and subdue. When he saw fit, no man could be more plausible and ingratiating; no one had ever a more winning address, or was more adroit in obviating objections and allaying prejudice. When he changed his tone, and chose rather to subdue, he had the sharpest and most massy weapons at command — wit, humor, irony, overwhelming ridicule and contempt. His *forte* was the terrible; and he employed with equal ease the indirect mode of attack with which he so often tortured Lord Mansfield, and the open, withering invective with which he trampled down Lord Suffolk.

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* We subjoin a glowing description of Chatham's eloquence by the second Lord Lyttleton.

"The two principal orators of the present age (and one of them, perhaps, a greater than has been produced in any age), are, the Earls of Mansfield and Chatham. The former is a great man; Ciceronian, but, I should think inferior to Cicero: the latter is a greater man; Demosthenian, but superior to Demosthenes. The first formed himself on the model of the great Roman orator; he studied, translated, rehearsed, and acted his orations: the second disdained imitation, and was himself a model of eloquence, of which no idea can be formed, but by those who have seen and heard him. His words have sometimes frozen my young blood into stagnation, and sometimes made it pace with such a hurry through my veins, that I could scarce support it. He, however, embellished his ideas by classical amusements, and occasionally read the sermons of Barrow, which he considered as a mine of nervous expressions; but, not content to correct and instruct imagination by the works of mortal men, he borrowed his noblest images from the language of inspiration." — *Letters*, p. 172.

His burst of astonishment and horror at the proposal of the latter to let loose the Indians on the settlers of America, is without a parallel in our language for severity and force."*

"His invective," says Lord Brougham, "was unsparing and hard to be endured, although he was a less eminent master of sarcasm than his son, and rather overwhelmed his antagonist with the burst of words and vehement indignation, than wounded him by the edge of ridicule, or tortured him with the gall of bitter scorn, or fixed his arrow in the wound by the barb of epigram. These things seemed, as it were, to betoken too much labor and too much art — more labor than was consistent with absolute scorn — more art than could stand with heartfelt rage, or entire contempt inspired by the occasion, at the moment, and on the spot. But his great passages — those by which he has come down to us — those which gave his eloquence its peculiar character, and to which its dazzling success was owing, were as sudden and unexpected as they were natural. Every one was taken by surprise when they rolled forth — every one felt them to be so natural, that he could hardly understand why he had not thought of them himself, although into no one's imagination had they ever entered. If the quality of being natural without being obvious is a pretty correct description of felicitous expression, or what is called fine writing, it is a yet more accurate representation of fine passages, or felicitous *hits* in speaking. In these all popular assemblies take boundless delight; by these above all others are the minds of an audience at pleasure moved or controlled. They form the grand charm of Lord Chatham's oratory; they were the distinguishing excellence of his great predecessor, and gave him at will to wield the fierce democracy of Athens, and to fulmine over Greece."

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* The following is a graphic sketch of Chatham by Henry Grattan:

"Chatham was a man of great genius, great flight of mind. His imagination was astonishing. I heard him several times when I was at the Temple — on the American war, on the King's speech in 1770, and on the privileges of Parliament. He was very great and *very odd*. *He spoke in a style of conversation*, not, however, what I expected: it was not a speech, for he never came with a prepared harangue. His style was not regular oratory, like Cicero or Demosthenes, but it was very fine and very elevated. He appeared more like a grave character advising than mingling in the debate. His gesture was always graceful; he was an incomparable actor. *Had it not been so, it would have appeared ridiculous.* His address to the tapestry and to Lord Effingham's memory required a fine actor, and he was that actor."

It is said that on many occasions, the sentences of Chatham were delivered with such remarkable emphasis that a thrill of astonishment was produced throughout the House, accompanied by breathless silence.

His eloquence was of the very highest order — bold, nervous, vehement, impassioned — it rolled onward like an impetuous torrent, "peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom — not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled, sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray [Lord Mansfield], he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation; nor was he, like Townsend, forever on the rack of exertion, but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed."

Lord Chatham was an extemporaneous speaker. His memory was strong and retentive. His mind was richly stored with information on every subject, and he was always ready for debate. In this respect he excelled Demosthenes and Cicero, whose orations were prepared with immense labor, previous to their delivery. Unlike the ancient orators, Chatham often "poured out his thoughts and feelings just as they rose in his mind."

Promptitude is essential to success in debate or declamation. Here Lord Chatham equaled, if not surpassed all other orators. Some of his grandest efforts were called forth by the occurrence of unexpected circumstances, or a sudden glance of the eye. In his reply to Lord Suffolk, he caught a single glance at the tapestry which adorned the walls, around him, and one "flash of his genius gave us the most magnificent passage in our eloquence. His highest power lay in these sudden bursts of passion."*

A distinguished eye-witness of some of his oratorical displays thus writes: "When without forethought, or any other preparation than those talents which nature had supplied and education cultivated, Chatham rose — stirred to anger by some sudden subterfuge of corruption or device of tyranny — then was heard an eloquence never surpassed either in ancient or in modern times. It was the highest power of expression ministering to the highest power of thought."

The same writer adds: "That he was the most powerful orator that ever illustrated and ruled the senate of this empire — that for nearly half a century, he was not merely the arbiter of the destinies of his own country, but the foremost man in all the world — that he had an unparalleled grandeur and affluence of intellectual powers, softened and brightened by all the minor accomplishments — that his ambition was noble — his views instinctively elevated — his patriotism all but excessive — that in all the domestic relations of life he was exemplary and amiable —a fine scholar, a finished gentleman, a sincere Christian — one whom his private friends and servants loved as a good man, and all the world admired as a great one — these are the praises which his contemporaries awarded, and which posterity has, with little diminution, confirmed."

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* "'Sudden bursts which seemed to be the effect of inspiration — short sentences which came like lightning, dazzling, burning, striking down every thing before them — sentences which spoken at critical moments, decided the fate of great questions — sentences which at once became proverbs — sentences which everybody still knows by heart' — in these chiefly lay the oratorical power of Mirabeau and Chatham, Patrick Henry and James Otis."

We have noticed several of those sublime passages. which occur in the speeches of Chatham. We mention one more — perhaps the finest specimen of his eloquence that has come down to us. When Lord Bute was compelled to increase the revenues of Britain in order to obtain means for carrying on the war with France, he introduced a bill subjecting cider to an excise. "An Excise Bill has always been odious to the English. It brings with it the right of search. It lays open the private dwelling, which every Englishman has been taught to regard as his 'castle.' 'You give to the dipping-rod,' said one, arguing against such a law, 'what you deny to the scepter!' Mr. Pitt laid hold of this feeling, and opposed the bill with his utmost strength." His speech was not reported. All that remains of it, is a single passage, which will go down to the most distant posterity. "*The poorest man*," exclaimed Mr. Pitt, "*may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail — its roof may shake — the wind may blow through it — the storm may enter — the rain may enter — but the King of England can not enter! — all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!*"*

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* It was by the repetition of this passage, applied to the spiritual independence of the Church, that Dr. Chalmers produced such an electric effect in one of his London Lectures, in defense of Religious Establishments. When the eloquent man came to these words, being in a sitting attitude, he sprang unconsciously to his feet, and delivered them with such overwhelming power, that, when he uttered the words "the King can not — the King dare not" — the entire audience imitated his movement and rose to their feet."

"The words, the King can not — the King dare not," says an eye-witness, were uttered in accents of prophetic vehemence, that must still ring in the ears of all who heard them, and were responded to by a whirlwind of enthusiasm, which was probably never exceeded in the history of eloquence."

"Upon the whole," we may say in the glowing words of Grattan, "there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority;—something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through its history."

We shall close this brief and imperfect sketch of the immortal Lord Chatham with the following lines of Cowper:

> "Not so — the virtue still adorns our age
> Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
> In him Demosthenes was heard again,
> Liberty taught him her Athenian strain,
> She cloth'd him with authority and awe,
> Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
> His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
> And all his country beaming in his face,
> He stood, as some inimitable hand
> Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
> No sycophant or slave, that dar'd oppose
> Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose,
> And ev'ry venal stickler for the yoke
> Felt himself crush'd at the first word he spoke."

CHAPTER IV.

EDMUND BURKE.

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, on the 1st of January, 1730. Of his early history very little is known, except that he was of a delicate and consumptive habit, and, while at school, gave no peculiar promise of his future greatness. It is said, however, that, during his youthful years, he exhibited his extraordinary powers of memory, and the exuberance of his fancy.

In 1744, at the age of fourteen, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he remained six years, pursuing a regular course of severe study. When he left the University his mind was well stored with knowledge. As to his course of reading during his college life, we have the following account: "He had mastered most of the great writers of antiquity Demosthenes was his favorite orator, though he was led in after life, by the bent of his genius, to form himself on the model of Cicero, whom he more resembled in magnificence and copiousness of thought. He delighted in Plutarch. He read most of the great poets of antiquity; and was peculiarly fond of Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius, a large part of whose writings he committed to memory. In English he read the essays of Lord Bacon again and again with increasing admiration, and pronounced them 'the greatest works of that great man.' Shakespeare was his daily study. But his highest reverence was reserved for Milton, 'whose richness of language, boundless learning, and scriptural grandeur of conception,' were the first and last themes of his applause. The philosophical tendency of his mind began now to display itself with great distinctness, and became, from this period, the master principle of his genius. 'Rerum cognoscere *causas*,' seems ever to have been his delight, and soon became the object of all his studies and reflections. He had an exquisite sensibility to the beauties of nature, of art, and of elegant composition, but he could never rest here. 'Whence this enjoyment?' On what principle does it depend?' 'How might it be carried to a still higher point?' these are the questions which seem almost from boyhood to have occurred instinctively to his mind. His attempts at philosophical criticism commenced in college, and led to his producing one of the most beautiful works of this kind to be found in any language. In like manner, history to him, even at this early period, was not a mere chronicle of events, a picture of battles and sieges, or of life and manners; to make it *history*, it must bind events together by the causes which produced them. The science of politics and government was in his mind the science of man; not a system of arbitrary regulations, or a thing of policy and intrigue, but founded on a knowledge of those principles, feelings, and even prejudices, which unite a people together in one community — 'ties,' as he beautifully expresses it, 'which though light as air, are strong as links of iron.' Such were the habits of thought to which his mind was tending even from his college days, and they made him pre-eminently the great PHILOSOPHICAL ORATOR of our language."

In 1750, Mr. Burke commenced the study of law; but he was never particularly interested in legal studies, and soon afterwards abandoned them for his favorite pursuits — those of literature and philosophy.

In 1756, appeared his first avowed work, entitled the Vindication of Natural Society. This work aims at the overthrow of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical principles. It exposes the unsoundness of the infidel's reasonings and the fallacy of his arguments. Applying to civil society the mode of reasoning against religion adopted by Bolingbroke, he undertook in the closest imitation of his Lordship's style to expose "the crimes and wretchedness which have prevailed under every form of government, and thus to show that society is itself an evil, and the savage state the only one favorable to virtue and happiness."

It is very gratifying to find so great a statesman as Burke, in the beginning of his political career, advocating the cause of Christianity. He was a firm believer in the sublime doctrines of the gospel; and knew perfectly well that a general promulgation and universal reception of these doctrines were the best means of producing peace, order, and happiness in civil society — of advancing the cause of education, and of elevating the character of a nation. He saw that, if the principles of Bolingbroke were carried out in civil society, no government could exist; but anarchy, bloodshed and death would be the direful consequences. Impressed with these important truths, he boldly came forward as the advocate of religion and morality; and his name will ever be held in grateful remembrance by all those who love the blessed doctrines of the Bible.

Before the close of 1756, Mr. Burke published his celebrated Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. The composition of this work is a master-piece; it displays a wonderful depth of philosophical investigation,— immense excursions of genius,— transcendent powers of fancy — rich veins of thought,— and surpassing elegance of diction.

Such a profound philosophical work, coming from the pen of so young a man, excited a lively interest among the friends of literature, and at once raised its author to a high position in the literary world. Wherever he went, Mr. Burke was greeted with applause as the author of the Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful; and his acquaintance was sought by the most distinguished literary men of the age — such as Goldsmith, Lord Lyttleton, Murphy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hume, Johnson, and many others. In conversation, Burke excelled almost every other man in ease and freedom of expression, the display of boundless stores of knowledge, and the force and beauty of his language.

Dr. Johnson, the Colossus of English literature, always spoke of him in terms of the highest regard. "Burke," said he, "is an extraordinary man. His stream of talk is perpetual; and he does not talk from any desire of distinction, but because his mind is full." "He is the *only* man," said he, at a later period, when Burke was at the zenith of his reputation, "whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take him up where you please, he is ready to meet you." "No man of sense," he said, "could meet Burke by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England." A striking confirmation of this remark occurred some years after, when Mr. Burke was passing through Litchfield, the birth-place of Johnson. Wishing to see the Cathedral during the change of horses, he stepped into the building, and was met by one of the clergy of the place, who kindly offered to point out the principal objects of curiosity. "A conversation ensued; but, in a few moments, the clergyman's pride of local information was completely subdued by the copious and minute knowledge displayed by the stranger. Whatever topic the objects before them suggested, whether the theme was architecture or antiquities, some obscure passage in ecclesiastical history, or some question respecting the life of a saint, he touched it as with a sun-beam. His information appeared universal; his mind, clear intellect, without one particle of ignorance. A few minutes after their separation, the clergyman was met hurrying through the street. 'I have had,' said he, 'quite an adventure. I have been conversing for this half hour past with a man of the most extraordinay powers of mind and extent of information which it has ever been my fortune to meet with; and I am now going to the inn, to ascertain, if possible, who this stranger is.'"

The laborious application which the composition of the Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful required, considerably injured Mr. Burke's health. He was compelled to seek repose at Bath. Here, he was invited by Dr. Nugent, an eminent physician, to his house. The consequence of this visit was not only the recovery of Mr. Burke's health, but a strong attachment between him and the amiable and accomplished daughter of Dr. Nugent. A union for life was soon formed. They were married in 1757. This happy union, Mr. Burke always regarded as the chief blessing of his life. So sweet were the enjoyments of domestic life to him, that, as he often said, every care vanished the moment he entered beneath his own roof.

In the same year, 1757, Mr. Burke published, in two octavo volumes, An Account of the European Settlements in America — a work of which he was the principal, though not the sole author. It was perhaps prepared in conjunction with his two brothers. The extensive knowledge of the early history of the British colonies which Mr. Burke acquired by his researches on this subject, was of great advantage to him, nine years after, when he first rose before the approaching storm of the American revolution, and shook the walls of the British senate-house with an eloquence that astonished even the greatest speakers of the age.

He had closely studied the character of the American people, he knew that it was impossible to impose servitude on such a nation, animated, as they were, by an indomitable love of liberty. He was, moreover, a friend of the Americans. He loved their cause, heartily espoused it, and always remained true to it. When the storm actually burst on our beloved country, he came forward as the advocate of an oppressed nation, as the champion of freedom — came forward "with those rich stores of knowledge, and those fine trains of reasoning, conceived in the truest spirit of philosophy, which astonished and delighted, though they failed to convince, the Parliament of Great Britain."

In 1765, Mr. Burke fully entered on his political career. The administration of Lord Rockingham was now formed, and, through the kindness of the new minister, Mr. Burke obtained the office of private secretary, with a seat in Parliament, as member for Wendover. He came into Parliament at a very eventful period in English history — when one of the most important questions that ever engaged the attention of the British nation was to be discussed. American Taxation was the all-absorbing topic of the day; and it afforded Mr. Burke, and the other orators of Parliament, a fine field for displaying the higher powers of eloquence.

At the opening of the session, January, 1766, Mr. Burke came forward in a maiden speech of great power and eloquence, on the Stamp Act. This first effort was crowned with complete success. It immediately placed him among the greatest orators of the age. Thus his parliamentary and oratorical reputation burst at once into full splendor. Dr. Johnson has said of Burke, that probably no man at his first appearance ever obtained so much reputation before. Lord Chatham, who followed Burke in the debate, and delivered his celebrated speech on the right of taxing America, spoke of him in the highest terms of commendation. "He commenced by saying, that the young member had proved a very able advocate. He had himself intended to enter at length into the details, but he had been anticipated with such ingenuity and eloquence, that there was but little left for him to say. He congratulated him on his success, and his friends on the value of the acquisition they had made."—"Such an encomium, from the greatest of English orators, gave him at once a high reputation in the House and in the country. To a mind like Mr Burke's, it afforded an ample recompense for all his labors. '*Laudari a laudato viro*,'* is perhaps the highest gratification of genius."

The three great subjects which successively engaged the attention and occupied the labors of Mr. Burke's political life were those relating to America, India, and France. His parliamentary career may then be divided into three periods. The first, extends from 1766, when he took his seat in Parliament, to the end of the American war in 1782. This was the most brilliant period of his senatorial life. Next to Lord Chatham, he was then regarded as the most eloquent speaker in Parliament. His fame, as a debater, was not yet eclipsed by the rising genius of Fox. He stood for many years without a rival in the House of Commons. Like Chatham, he derived his greatest glory as an orator from the American war, during which, he was the acknowledged leader of the Rockingham Whigs in the House.

On the 19th of April, 1774, Mr. Burke delivered his celebrated speech on American Taxation. It was the first speech which he committed to writing and gave to the world. The following interesting incidents connected with the delivery of this speech have come down to us:

"The evening was far advanced before he rose to address the House. The opening of the debate was dull, and many of the members had withdrawn into the adjoining apartments or places of refreshment. But the first few sentences of his stinging exordium awakened universal attention. The report of what was going on spread in every quarter; and the members came crowding back, till the hall was filled to the utmost, and resounded throughout the speech with the loudest expressions of applause. Highly as they had estimated Mr. Burke's talents, the House were completely taken by surprise. Lord John Townsend exclaimed aloud, at the close of one of those powerful passages in which the speech abounds, 'Heavens! what a man this is! Where could he acquire such transcendent powers!'"

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* Praise from the praised.

The eloquence which Mr. Burke displayed on this occasion filled every heart with admiration; "and the applause so lavishly bestowed upon this speech was highly merited No one had ever been delivered in the Parliament of Great Britain so full at once of deep research, cogent reasoning, cutting sarcasm, graphic description, profound political wisdom, and fervid declamation. Lord Chatham alone had surpassed it in glowing and impassioned eloquence."

Of this splendid speech — one of the finest specimens of parliamentary oratory in the English language, we select the following passage containing the admirable sketch of Lord Chatham and his third administration, framed in 1766:

"I have done," said Mr. Burke, "with the third period of your policy — that of your repeal; and the return of your ancient system, and your ancient tranquility and concord. Sir, this period was not as long as it was happy Another scene was opened, and other actors appeared on the stage. The state, in the condition I have described it, was delivered into the hands of Lord Chatham — a great and celebrated name — a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called

> Clarum et venerabile nomen,
> Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.*

"Sir, the venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind, and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. Let those who have betrayed him by their adulation, insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure, I may have leave to lament. For a wise man, he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims. I speak with the freedom of history, and, I hope, without offense. One or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself; and, for that reason, among others, perhaps, fatal to this country; measures, the effects of which, I am afraid, are forever incurable. He made an administration so chequered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and Republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards, stared at each other, and, were obliged to ask, 'Sir, your name? Sir, you have the advantage of me — Mr. Such-a-one — I beg a thousand pardons.' I venture to say, it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed."*

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* A name illustrious and revered by nations,
And rich in blessings for our country's good.

"Sir, in consequence of this arrangement, having put so much the larger portion of his enemies and opposers in power, the confusion was such, that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly the contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand upon. When he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a minister.

"When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, who, with the names of various departments of ministry, were admitted to seem as if they acted under him, with a modesty that becomes all men, and with a confidence in him which was justified, even in its extravagance, by his superior abilities, had never, in any instance, presumed upon an opinion of their own. Deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gust, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel were the most directly opposite to his opinions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and most powerful of the set, they easily prevailed, so as to seize upon the vacant, unoccupied and derelict minds of his friends; and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy. As if it were to insult as well as to betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when everything was publicly transacted, and with great parade in his name, they made an act declaring it highly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and, for his hour, became lord of the ascendant.

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* Supposed to allude to the Right Honorable Lord North, and George Cooke, Esq., who were made joint paymasters in the summer of 1766, on the removal of the Rockingham administration.

"This light, too, is passed and set forever. You understand, to be sure, that I speak of Charles Townsend, officially the reproducer of this fatal scheme, whom I can not even now remember without some degree of sensibility. In truth, sir, he was the delight and ornament of this House, and the charm of every society which he honored with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock as some have had who flourished formerly, of knowledge, long treasured up, he knew better by far, than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skillfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the House just between wind and water; and, not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious or more earnest than the preconceived opinions and present temper of his hearers required, to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the House; and he seemed to guide, because he was always sure to follow it.

"I beg pardon, sir, if, when I speak of this and other great men, I appear to digress in saying something of their characters. In this eventful history of the revolutions of America, the characters of such men are of much importance. *Great men are the guide-posts and land-marks in the state.* The credit of such men at court, or in the nation, is the sole cause of all the public measures. It would be an invidious thing (most foreign, I trust, to what you think my disposition) to remark the errors into which the authority of great names has brought the nation, without doing justice at the same time to the great qualities whence that authority rose. The subject is instructive to those who wish to form themselves on whatever of excellence has gone before them. There are many young members in the House (such of late has been the rapid succession of public men) who never saw that prodigy, Charles Townsend, nor, of course, know what a ferment he was able to excite in everything, by the violent ebullition of his mixed virtues and failings. For failings he had, undoubtedly. Many of us remember them. We are this day considering the effect of them. But he had no failings which were not owing to a noble cause — to an ardent, generous, perhaps an immoderate passion for fame — a passion which is the instinct of all great souls. He worshiped that goddess wheresoever she appeared; but he paid his particular devotions to her in her favorite habitation, in her chosen temple, the House of Commons."

Such is a specimen of the style of this speech, which is pronounced by a judicious critic of England to be equal in beauty to any speech Mr. Burke ever composed; and in nerve and force,— in all the essentials of powerful eloquence,— to surpass most of them.

"The moment Mr. Burke closed, his friends crowded around his seat, and urged him to commit his speech to writing, and give it immediately to the world, as a protest against the headlong measures which threatened the dismemberment of the empire. He did so, and on five other occasions he repeated the task; thus leaving us *six* speeches as representatives of several hundreds, many of which are said to have been equal, if not superior in eloquence to those which were thus preserved. One especially, delivered about four years after, on the employment of the Indians in the war, was spoken of by his friends as the most powerful appeal which he ever made. Colonel Barré, in the fervor of his excitement, declared that, if it could be written out, he would nail it on every church door in the kingdom. Sir George Savile said, 'He who did not hear that speech, has failed to witness the greatest triumph of eloquence within my memory.' Governor Johnstone said on the floor of the House, 'It was fortunate for the noble Lords [North and Germaine] that spectators had been excluded during that debate, for if any had been present, they would have excited the people to tear the noble Lords in pieces in their way home.'"

On the 20th of February, 1775, Lord North brought forward his insidious scheme, professedly for the purpose of "conciliating the differences with America," but really intended "to divide the colonies among themselves, by exempting from taxation those who, through their General Assemblies, should contribute their proportion to the common defense." Such is the substance of a plan which was intended to crush America by internal dissensions. But Lord North was ignorant of the glorious spirit which actuated the whole body of the American people, in resisting the chains of tyranny and oppression, forged by the British Senate, and which led them, like the brave sons of Lacedæmon, to choose death rather than life, if they could not inhale the pure air of liberty. With the public spirit, national character, and history of the American colonists, Mr. Burke was better acquainted than any man in Great Britain; and on the 22d of March, 1775, he came forward in one of the most powerful speeches he ever delivered, exhibiting in vivid colors the flourishing condition of America — her growing population, agriculture, commerce, and education; showing the utter impossibility of repressing the firm and intractable spirit of the Americans, and that concession on the part of the English government was absolutely necessary in order to effect conciliation He proposed "*to admit the Americans to an equal interest in the British constitution and place them at once on the footing of other Englishmen.*"

This celebrated speech on Conciliation with America should be closely studied by every orator—by every citizen and lover of our country. It is perhaps the most elaborate of Mr. Burke's speeches, and displays an admirable richness of imagery, and beauty of style, as well as a wonderful extent and variety of useful information.

Sir James Mackintosh has pronounced it " the most faultless of Mr. Burke's productions;" and Prof. Goodrich remarks that " it will be read probably more than any of his other speeches, for the richness of its style and the lasting character of the instruction it conveys. Both of Mr Burke's speeches on America, are full of materials for the orator and the statesmen. After all that has been written on the origin of our Revolution, there is nowhere else to be found so admirable a summation of the causes which produced it. They both deserved to be studied with the utmost diligence by every American scholar."

In the speech on Conciliation with America we have a fine amplification on American agriculture and fisheries:

"I pass, therefore," said Mr. Burke "to the colonies in another point of view — their agriculture. This they have prosecuted with such a spirit, that, besides feeding plentifully their own growing multitude, their annual export of grain, comprehending rice, has, some years ago, exceeded a million in value. Of their last harvest I am persuaded they will export much more. At the beginning of the century, some of these colonies imported corn from the mother country. For some time past the old world has been fed from the new. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating famine, if this child of your old age, with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent.

"As to the wealth which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy; and yet, the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis' Straits — while we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold — that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen Serpent of the south.* Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries, No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people — a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things — when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection — when I reflect upon these effects — when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt, and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty."

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* The Hydrus, or Water Serpent, is a small constellation lying very far to the south, within the antartic circle.

The orator's allusion to education in America, in those days, is interesting: "Permit me, sir," continued Mr. Burke, "to add another circumstance in our colonies, which contributes no mean part toward the growth and effect of this untractable spirit — I mean their *education.* In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful; and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to Congress were lawyers. But all who read, and most do read, endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller, that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the Plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table. He states, that all the people in his government are lawyers, or smatterers in law; and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicane, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. The smartness of debate will say, that this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honorable and learned friend [Mr., afterward Lord Thurlow] on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadversion, will disdain that ground. He has heard, as well as I, that when great honors and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the state. it is a formidable adversary to government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious. *Abeunt studia in mores.** This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defense, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance. Here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance; and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze."

The peroration of this speech is uncommonly fine: "My hold of the colonies," added Mr. Burke, "is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties, which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation; the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship Freedom, they will turn their faces toward you.* The more they multiply, the more friends you will have. The more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have any where. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain; they may have it from Prussia; but, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true Act of Navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. *It is the spirit of the English Constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.*"

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* Studies pass into habits.

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* "This is one of those beautiful allusions to the Scriptures with which Mr. Burke so often adorns his pages. The practice among the Jews of worshiping toward the temple in all their dispersions, was founded on the prayer of Solomon at its dedication: 'If thy people go out to battle, or withersoever thou shalt send them, and *shall pray unto the Lord toward the city which thou hast chosen, and toward the House that I have built for thy name*, then hear thou in heaven their prayer and their supplication, and maintain their cause.'—1st Kings, ix, 44–5. Accordingly, 'When Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; *and his windows being open toward Jerusalem*, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.'—Dan., vi., 10."

On the 6th of September, 1780, Mr. Burke delivered his celebrated speech previous to the election at Bristol. Sir Samuel Romilly speaks of this effort as "perhaps the best piece of oratory in our language;" and Prof. Goodrich commends it to the young orator as well worthy of his study and imitation: "This is," says he, "in many respects, the best speech of Mr. Burke for the study and imitation of a young orator. It is more simple and direct than any of his other speeches. It was addressed to merchants and business-men; and while it abounds quite as much as any of his productions in the rich fruits of political wisdom, and has occasionally very bold and striking images, it is less ambitious in style, and less profluent in illustration, than his more elaborate efforts in the House of Commons."

It was on this occasion that Mr. Burke gave utterance to one of those touching reflections, which has been always admired for the beauty of its imagery, and for the instructive lesson which he furnishes. The circumstances which led Mr. Burke to make the reflection which follows, were these: "One of his competitors, Mr. Coombe, overcome by the excitement and agitation of the canvass, had died the preceding night. Such an event was indeed 'an awful lesson against being too much troubled about any of the objects of ordinary ambition.' Well might Mr. Burke say, in taking leave, 'The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, while his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us, *what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.*'"*

Notwithstanding those eloquent remonstrances of Burke against the violent and oppressive measures of Parliament, relating to America, an infatuated King and Ministry were determined to enforce their arbitrary laws with the sword. The war of the Revolution had already commenced. The streets of Lexington and Concord had been stained with blood. A shout of victory went up from Bunker Hill; and the whole country flew to arms.

Mr. Burke continued to oppose the American war. On a second scheme of conciliation, which he brought forward, he delivered a speech which is said to have been a wonderful effort of oratory. One of his most eloquent and powerful Philippics against the prosecution of the war, was delivered on the 27th of November, 1781 No full or accurate report of it was ever made; one passage, containing a very striking figure — that of shearing the wolf, will ever be remembered:

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* Who can read this without being reminded of the striking words of Inspiration. "Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." I Chron. xxix, 15. "Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away."—Psalm cxliv, 4. "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."—Job, xiv, 2.

Similar to the serious expression of Mr. Burke was the language of Patrick Henry on one of the proudest days of his life, when he was triumphantly elected as a member of the State Legislature. As he was receiving the homage and applause of political friends amidst an enthusiastic crowd, a Baptist preacher asked the people aloud why they thus followed Mr. Henry about. "Mr. Henry," said he, "is not a god." "No," responded Mr. Henry, *deeply* affected. "No, indeed, my friend; *I am but a poor worm of the dust — as fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over your fields, and is remembered no more!*"

"The noble Lord," said Mr. Burke, "tells us that we went to war for the maintenance of *rights:* the King's speech says, we will *go on* for the maintenance of our rights. Oh, invaluable rights, that have cost Great Britain thirteen provinces, four islands, a hundred thousand men, and seventy millions of money! Oh, inestimable rights, that have taken from us our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home; that have taken from us our trade, our manufactures, our commerce; that have reduced us from the most flourishing empire in the world, to be one of the most miserable and abject powers on the face of the globe! All this we did because we had a *right* to tax America! Miserable and infatuated ministers! Wretched and undone country! not to know that right signifies nothing without might — that the claim, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle! We had a right to tax America! Such is the reasoning by which the noble Lord justifies his conduct. Similar was the reasoning of him who was resolved to *shear the wolf!* What! shear a wolf? Have you considered the difficulty, the resistance, the danger? No! says the madman, I have considered nothing but the *right!* Man has a right of dominion over the inferior animals. A wolf has wool; animals that have wool are to be shorn; therefore I will shear the wolf."*

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* "Well might Mr. Burke employ such language; for the news had reached London only two days before, that Lord Cornwallis had capitulated at Yorktown with the loss of his entire army. When the intelligence was carried to Lord North, he received it, says an eye-witness, 'as he would have taken a

The second period of Mr. Burke's political life, which extends from the close of the Revolutionary war in 1782, to the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, is memorable for including the impeachment and trial of Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India.

At the close of the American war the attention of Parliament was turned to India. Dreadful were the cruelties inflicted upon the natives of that unhappy land through the agency of British rulers. The country was ravaged,—the miserable inhabitants given up to the sword,—husbands, wives, and children were torn from each other, and slaughtered without mercy.* Governor Hastings was regarded by Burke and many others as the author of many of the cruelties practiced in India.

The principal object of these atrocities was the extortion of money from the wealthy inhabitants of India. Millions of pounds were thus unjustly extorted to replenish the treasury of the East India Company, while thousands of lives were inhumanly sacrificed in the attempt to obtain this wealth. No wonder then that Burke, who had devoted ten years to the investigation of English atrocities in India, and knew who was the responsible author of them, resolved on the impeachment of Warren Hastings Preparatory to this step, he delivered several brilliant speeches on the state of India, the greatest of which was that on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, in 1785.

Never perhaps was a speech delivered under more unfavorable circumstances. "The theme was unpromising, and he rose to speak under every possible disadvantage. It was late at night, or rather early in the morning, and the house was so exhausted by the previous debates, and

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ball into his breast!' He threw open his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced the room, 'It is all over! it is all over!'"

* On this subject the reader will find it interesting to consult Mill's History of British India.

so weary of the whole subject, that they seemed almost to a man determined not to hear him. He proceeded, however, amid much noise and interruption, and poured out his feelings for nearly five hours, with an ardor and impetuosity which he had never before equaled. In this speech we have the most surprising exhibition to be found in any of Mr. Burke's productions, of the compass and variety of thought which he was able to crowd into a single effort. In rhetorical address, vivid painting, lofty declamation, bitter sarcasm, and withering invective, it surpasses all his former speeches."

Lord Brougham has pronounced this speech "by far the first of all Mr. Burke's orations." The most eloquent passage that he ever produced is universally allowed to be his vivid and forcible description of Hyder Ali sweeping over the Carnatic with fire and sword. Hyder Ali was a celebrated Indian sovereign who, at the head of an army of ninety thousand men, invaded the territories of the East India Company in 1790, and shook the British power there to its foundation. Here we have the eloquent passage:

"When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. While the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and, amid the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities, but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine."*

On the 10th day of May, 1787, Mr. Burke, attended by the members of the House of Commons, went to the bar of the House of Lords, and impeached Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors.

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* "The reader will find it interesting to compare this passage with the most eloquent one in Mr. Fox's speeches, beginning 'And all this without an intelligible motive;' and also with Demosthenes' description (about the middle of his Oration for the Crown) of the terror and confusion at Athens, when the news arrived that Elateia had been seized by Philip."

The conduct of the trial was committed to a body of managers, the principal of whom were Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, and Sir Philip Francis. The trial of Warren Hastings was one of the greatest that the world has ever witnessed. Never, perhaps, was there ever such magnificent bursts of impassioned eloquence, vivid descriptions, withering invectives, cutting sarcasms, and lofty declamations, as those which electrified and shook Westminster Hall, when the united voices of those great orators were raised in tones of thunder against the governor of India.

"Never did eloquence so delight the ear as on this occasion. The greatest orators of an age of oratorical splendor exerted themselves to the utmost. Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, followed each other in apparently endless succession, and, to use the striking language of Mr. Erskine, 'shook the walls of Westminster Hall with anathemas of superhuman eloquence.' Mr. Burke never spoke with such transcendent effect as on this memorable occasion."

On the 13th of February, 1788, this celebrated trial commenced in Westminster Hall, in the presence of a vast assemblage, amid the most august and imposing scenes.

"After two days spent in the preliminary ceremonies, Mr. Burke opened the case in a speech which lasted four days, and was designed to give the members of the court a view of the character and condition of the people of India; the origin of the power exercised by the East India Company; the situation of the natives under the government of the English; the miseries they had endured through the agency of Mr. Hastings; and the motives by which he was influenced in his multiplied acts of cruelty and oppression. This speech has, perhaps, been truly characterized as the greatest intellectual effort ever made before the Parliament of Great Britain. A writer adverse to the impeachment has remarked that 'Mr. Burke astonished even those who were most intimately acquainted with him, by the vast extent of his reading, the variety of his resources, the minuteness of his information, and the lucid order in which he arranged the whole for the support of his subject, and to make a deep impression on the minds of his auditory.' On the third day, when he described the cruelties inflicted upon the natives by Debi Sing, one of Mr. Hastings' agents, a convulsive shudder ran throughout the whole assembly. 'In this part of his speech,' says the reporter, 'his descriptions were more vivid, more harrowing, more horrific, than human utterance, on either fact or fancy, perhaps ever formed before.' Mr. Burke himself was so much overpowered at one time that he dropped his head upon his hands, and was unable for some minutes to proceed; while 'the bosoms of his auditors became convulsed with passion, and those of more delicate organs or a weaker frame swooned away.' Even Mr. Hastings himself, who, not having ordered these inflictions, had always claimed that he was not involved in their guilt, was utterly overwhelmed In describing the scene afterward, he said, 'For half an hour I looked up at the orator in a revery of wonder, and actually felt myself to be the most culpable man on earth.' 'But at length' (in reference to the grounds just mentioned), 'I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness that consoled me under all I heard and all I suffered.'"

Such is the nature of genuine eloquence, that it alternately overpowers the soul with astonishment, wraps it in the deepest sorrow, transports it with joy, and bears it away in a pleasing ecstasy. The effect of this speech was electric. The stern Lord Thurlow, who was melted during its delivery, remarked some time afterwards, that "their Lordships all knew the effect upon the auditors, many of whom had not to that moment, and perhaps never would, recover from the shock it had occasioned."

The beautiful and impressive peroration of this great speech must not be omitted; we select the following passages:

"In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

"My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

"Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

"My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

"Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty."

"My Lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity--a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all government, since the person who was the Master of Nature, chose to appear himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression; knowing that He who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made himself 'the servant of all.'

"My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

"I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

"I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

"I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britian, whose national character he has dishonored.

"I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

"I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

"I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life."*

The trial of Warren Hastings extended through seven years. On the 16th of July, 1794, Mr. Burke delivered his closing speech in behalf of the managers.

"It was in the darkest season of the French Revolution, a few days before the fall of Robespierre, when the British empire was agitated with conflicting passions, and fears were entertained by many of secret conspiracies to overthrow the government. To these things he referred at the close of his peroration, which has a grandeur and sublimity becoming the conclusion of such a trial."

"My Lords," said he, "I have done! The part of the Commons is concluded! With a trembling hand, we consign the product of these long, *long* labors to your charge. *Take it!* TAKE IT! It is a sacred trust! Never before was a cause of such magnitude submitted to any human tribunal!

"My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world, to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarications; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in tho long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes, the vices, the exorbitant wealth, the enormous and overpowering influence, of Eastern corruption.

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* Nothing more impressive or imposing than this peroration is to be found in judicial oratory. and the effect of the whole speech was so powerful upon the auditory, that it was only after some time and repeated efforts that Mr. Fox could obtain a hearing.

"A business which has so long occupied the councils and tribunals of Great Britain, can not possibly be hurried over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions that break the traditionary chain of human memory, and alter the very face of nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My Lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it. The meanest of us will, by means of it, become more or less *the concern of posterity.*

"My Lords, your House yet stands; it stands a great edifice; but, let me say, it stands in the midst of ruins — in the midst of ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be on the verge of some great mutation. There is one thing, and one thing only, that defies mutation — that which existed before the world itself. I mean JUSTICE; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves, and with regard to others; and which will stand after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when he comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well spent life

"My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships. There is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we are not involved. And if it should so happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amid the prelates, the nobles, the magistrates who supported their thrones, may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony! * * *

"My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But if you stand — and stand I trust you will, together with the fortunes of this ancient monarchy; together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom — may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power! May you stand, not as a substitute for virtue; may you stand, and long stand, the terror of tyrants; may you stand, the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand, a sacred temple for the perpetual residence of inviolable JUSTICE!"

Mr. Hastings was at length acquitted by the House of Lords; but this does not prove that he was innocent of those crimes laid to his charge, or that the cruelties which Mr. Burke so eloquently described were not inflicted upon the natives of India. The voice of history confirms the astounding statements of the orator. No one will now dispute them. They stand open before the world in all their horrors; and that Warren Hastings was the responsible author of the most of these atrocities, we think is also very clear.

The third stage of Mr. Burke's eventful career, is memorable for the commencement of one of the greatest revolutions that ever shook the world in modern times—the French Revolution of 1789. From the very first, Mr. Burke regarded this revolution with jealousy and alarm. It called forth some of the most brilliant efforts of his genius in the last years of his life.

In 1790 Mr. Burke published his most remarkable work, entitled Reflections on the Revolution in France. Perhaps no political treatise in the English language has ever awakened so lively an interest. In England alone thirty thousand copies were sold in less than a year after its publication. It was translated into French, and extensively circulated through Europe. In many respects this work surpasses all that Mr. Burke ever wrote,—as a literary effort it eclipses the fame of his earlier publications.

"In a literary view," says Prof. Goodrich, "there can be but one opinion of this work. Though desultory in its character, and sometimes careless or prolix in style, it contains more richness of thought, splendor of imagination, and beauty of diction, than any volume of the same size in our language." Robert Hall has truly said, "Mr. Burke's imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation, and every walk of art. His eulogium on the queen of France is a master-piece of pathetic composition, so select in its images, so fraught with tenderness, and so rich with colors 'dipt in heaven,' that he who can read it without rapture may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility."

The celebrated eulogium on the beautiful but ill-fated Maria Antoinette will ever be admired:

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years," said Mr. Burke, "since I saw the queen of France, the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delighted vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate, without motion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness."

On the French Revolution, Burke and Fox were divided in sentiment. While the former, as has been stated, opposed the principles of the revolutionists, the latter hailed them with delight. In the course of one of his speeches, Mr. Burke declared that "he would abandon his best friends, and join with his worst enemies, to oppose French principles." A few evenings after, in a debate, Mr. Fox praised the new constitution of France in the following terms: "I for one admire the new constitution, considered altogether, *as the most glorious fabric ever raised by human integrity since the creation of man.*"

This difference of opinion on such an important subject, finally led to a breach of friendship between these two great statesmen. It was one of the most painful events in the lives of Burke and Fox, who had so long been friends. The affecting scene which occurred in the House of Commons, when the bonds of their friendship were forever dissolved, is thus described by Chateaubriand, who was an eye-witness:

"In 1791 I was present at the memorable sitting of the House of Commons, when Burke renounced his political connection with Fox. The question related to the French revolution, which Burke attacked, and Fox defended. Never did the two speakers, who had till then been friends, display such eloquence. The whole House was affected, and tears trickled down Fox's cheeks when Burke concluded his reply in these words:—

'The right honorable gentleman, in the speech which he has just made, has treated me in every sentence with uncommon harshness. He has brought down the whole strength and heavy artillery of his judgment, eloquence, and abilities upon me, to crush me at once by a censure upon my whole life, conduct and opinions. Notwithstanding this great and serious, though on my part unmerited, attack and attempt to crush me, I will not be dismayed. I am not yet afraid to state my sentiments in this House or any where else, and I will tell all the world that the constitution is in danger. It certainly is an indiscretion at any period, but especially at my time of life, to provoke enemies, or to give my friends occasion to desert me; yet, if my firm and steady adherence to the British constitution places me in such a dilemma, I will risk all; and, as public duty and public prudence teach me, with my last words exclaim, Fly from the French Constitution!'

Mr. Fox here whispered 'that there was no loss of friends.' 'Yes,' exclaimed Burke, 'there is a loss of friends: I know the price of my conduct. I have done my duty at the price of my friend. Our friendship is at an end. Before I sit down, let me earnestly warn the two right honorable gentlemen* who are the great rivals in this House, whether they hereafter move in the political hemisphere as two flaming meteors, or walk together like brothers hand in hand, to preserve and cherish the British constitution, to guard against innovation, and to save it from the danger of those new theories."*

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* Fox and Pitt.

After Mr. Burke had concluded his speech, Mr. Fox rose, bathed in tears; it was for some minutes before he was able to proceed. As soon as he could speak, he pressed upon Mr. Burke the claims of a friendship of twenty-five years' duration; but it was all to no purpose. The breach was irreparable; they never met again as friends.†

The most painful affliction which ever lay in the earthly pathway of Mr. Burke was that occasioned by the loss of his only son, — "the hope of his age, the stay of his life, the only comfort of his declining and now joyless years." Richard Burke was a young man of great abilities, and possessed a high moral principle; but in the very midst of life and buoyant hopes, he was cut down by disease Consumption had laid its iron grasp upon him, and he wasted away till on the 2d of May, 1794, when he expired, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. The scene which immediately preceded his departure is too affecting and mournful to be passed over:

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* Sketches of English Literature, vol. ii, page 275.

† The latter period of Mr. Burke's life was not so happy as the former. The number of his enemies had greatly increased; and they endeavored by all the means in their power to obscure the brightness of his political career. In the heat of debate Mr. Burke often lost his temper and thus became exposed to the cutting sarcasm and withering contempt of his antagonist. Several of his opponents adopted a course of systematic insult for the purpose of putting him down. "'Muzzling the lion' was the term applied to such treatment of the greatest genius of the age. When he arose to speak, he was usually assailed with coughing, ironical cheers, affected laughter, and other tokens of dislike. Such things, of course, he could not ordinarily notice; though he did, in one instance, stop to remark, that 'he could teach a pack of hounds to yelp with more melody and equal comprehension.' George Selwyn used to tell a story with much effect, of a country member who exclaimed, as Mr. Burke rose to speak with a paper in his hand, 'I hope the gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and bore us with a speech into the bargain! Mr. Burke was so much overcome, or rather suffocated with rage, that he was incapable of utterance, and rushed out of the House. 'Never before,' said Selwyn, 'did I see the fable realized, of a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass.'"

" The last moments of young Burke present one of those striking cases in which nature seems to rally all her powers at the approach of dissolution, as the taper often burns brightest in the act of going out. His parents were waiting his departure in an adjoining room (for they were unable to bear the sight), when he rose from his bed, dressed himself completely, and leaning on his nurse, entered the apartment where they were sitting. 'Speak to me, my dear father,' said he, as he saw them bowed to the earth under the poignancy of their grief. 'I am in no terror; I feel myself better and in spirits; yet my heart flutters, I know not why! Pray talk to me — of religion — of morality — of indifferent subjects.' Then turning, he exclaimed, 'What noise is that? Does it rain? Oh no, it is the rustling of the wind in the trees;' and broke out at once, with a clear, sweet voice, in that beautiful passage (the favorite lines of his father), from the Morning Hymn in Milton:

> HIS praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
> Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
> With every plant in sign of worship wave!

He began again, and again repeated them with the same tenderness and fervor, bowing his head as in the act of worship, and then 'sunk into the arms of his parents as in a profound and sweet sleep.' It would be too painful to dwell on the scenes that followed, until the father laid all that remained to him of his child beneath the Beaconsfield church, adjoining his estate."

Mr. Burke lived only three years after the death of his son. This affliction, doubtless, tended to prostrate his energies and hasten his own dissolution, which took place on the 9th of July, 1797, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He died in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. He hoped to obtain the divine mercy, as he declared, through the intercession of a blessed Redeemer, "which," to use his own words, "he had long sought with unfeigned humiliation, and to which he looked with a trembling hope."

It is said that Mr. Burke spent the greater part of the last two days of his life in reading Wilberforce's Practical View; that he derived much comfort from it, and said that if he lived he would thank Wilberforce for having sent such a book into the world.

The following touching lines on the death of Mr. Burke, were from the pen of an old friend:

> " 'Tis o'er: — that lamp is quench'd in endless night,
> Which Nature kindled at her purest flame;
> By science fann'd,— if science could enhance.
> A genius from which science caught new rays;
> No, 'tis not quench'd; the spark ethereal lives,
> And it shall blaze along the track of time,
> While we, who joy'd beneath the radient beam,
> Shall mix unheeded with our kindred clay.
>
> That star is set, on earth to shine no more,
> On which admiring nations wond'ring gaz'd;
> That pow'rful stream of eloquence is dry,
> Which with commanding force o'erwhelm'ed the mind.
> Oh! mourn for this, that from a barren world
> Such excellence is fled! But, public care
> Apart, in pensive solitude retired,
> Lamenting friendship drops the silent tear.
>
> There tender recollection calls to mind
> The sweet benevolence which mark'd that mien;
> That mien which unadmiring who could view!
> 'Tis hers, with soft regret and pleasing pain,
> To trace the social and domestic scene,
> Where, ever shining, most of all he shone.
> She saw the lib'ral hand, the healing balms

Dispense unboasting; and to haggard eyes,
Bedimm'd with poverty, and pain, and care,
The vivid rays of health, and hope restore.
Th' unvarying friendship, and the candid mind,
Prompt to forgive, and ready to atone,
Were his.—And Oh! how close the tender ties
Of father, husband, brother, bound his heart!'

One of the greatest men of the eighteenth century was Edmund Burke. On the page of history, his name will shine with the purest luster to the latest posterity. Mankind will ever contemplate with admiration the character of this mighty Orator, Statesman and Philosopher, whose name is enrolled in the records of immortality, side by side with Cicero and Bacon. The amplitude of his mind — the exuberance of his fancy — the comprehensiveness of his understanding — the subtilty of his intellect — the grandeur and variety of his expression — the magnificence of his language — the richness and splendor of his eloquence,— and above all, the boundless stores of knowledge which he possessed, will always create delight and wonder in the mind.

To assist us in forming a proper estimate of hir oratorical character we must have recourse to the descriptive sketches of his cotemporaries, whose united opinion will corroborate what we unhesitatingly affirm, that in many respects Edmund Burke was the most consummate orator, the wisest statesman, and the most powerful debater the world has ever seen.

"The variety and extent of his powers in debate was greater than that of any other orator in ancient or modern times. No one ever poured forth such a flood of thought — so many orignal combinations of inventive genius; so much knowledge of man and the working of political systems: so many just remarks on the relation of government to the manners, the spirit, and even the prejudices of a people; so many wise maxims as to a change in constitutions and laws; so many beautiful effusions of lofty and generous sentiment; such exuberant stores of illustration, ornament, and apt allusion; all intermingled with the liveliest sallies of wit or the boldest flights of a sublime imagination."

No one can contemplate Mr. Burke without admiring the vast extent of his knowledge, the beauty of his imagery, the richness, variety, and splendor of his eloquence. In what follows we have the leading traits of his character as an orator noticed.

Sir N. W. Wraxall, a parliamentary cotemporary, thus writes of Burke: "Nature had bestowed on him a boundless imagination, aided by a memory of equal strength and tenacity. His fancy was so vivid, that it seemed to light up by its own powers, and to burn without consuming the aliment on which it fed: sometimes bearing him away into ideal scenes created by his own exuberant mind, but from which he, sooner or later, returned to the subject of debate; descending from his most aerial flights by a gentle and imperceptible gradation, till he again touched the ground. Learning waited on him like a handmaid, presenting to his choice, all that antiquity has culled or invented, most elucidatory of the topic under discussion. He always seemed to be oppressed under the load and variety of his intellectual treasures. Every power of oratory was wielded by him in turn: for, he could be during the same evening, often within the space of a few minutes, pathetic and humorous; acrimonious and conciliating; now giving loose to his indignation or severity; and then, almost in the same breath, calling to his assistance, wit and ridicule. It would be endless to cite instances of this versatility of disposition, and of the rapidity of his transitions,

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe,'

that I have, myself, witnessed."*

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* Historical Memoirs, p. 203.

"The political knowledge of Mr. Burke might be considered almost as an Encyclopædia; every man who approached him received instruction from his stores. He irradiated every sphere in which he moved. What he was in public, he was in private; like the star which now precedes and now follows the sun, he was equally brilliant whether he

'Flamed in the forehead of the morning sky,'

or led on with a milder luster the modest hosts of evening."

"Let me," says Dr. Parr, "speak what my mind prompts of the eloquence of Burke — of Burke, by whose sweetness Athens herself would have been soothed, with whose amplitude and exuberance she would have been enraptured, and on whose lips that prolific mother of genius and science would have adored, confessed, the Goddess of Persuasion." "Who is there," adds the same learned critic, "among men of eloquence or learning more profoundly versed in every branch of science? Who is there that has cultivated philosophy, the parent of all that is illustrious in literature or exploit, with more felicitous success? Who is there that can transfer so happily the result of laborious and intricate research to the most familiar and popular topics? Who is there that possesses so extensive yet so accurate an acquaintance with every transaction recent or remote? Who is there that can deviate from his subject for the purposes of delight with such engaging ease, and insensibly conduct his readers from the severity of reasoning to the festivity of wit? Who is there that can melt them if the occasion requires with such resistless power to grief or pity? Who is there that combines the charm of inimitable grace and urbanity with such magnificent and boundless expansion?"

In what high terms of praise and admiration do his cotemporaries speak of him as an orator! On viewing Ballitore, the scene of his early acquisitions in knowledge, one writes: "The admiration, nay astonishment, with which I so often listened to Mr. Burke gave an interest to every spot connected with his memory, and forcibly brought to my recollection the profundity and extent of his knowledge, while the energy, warmth, and beauty of his imagery captured the heart and made the judgment tributary to his will As an orator he surpassed all his cotemporaries, and was perhaps never exceeded."

"As an orator," adds another, "notwithstanding some defects, he stands almost unrivaled. No man was better calculated to arouse the dormant passions, to call forth the glowing affections of the human heart, and to 'harrow up' the inmost recesses of the soul. Venality and meanness stood appalled in his presence; he who was dead to the feelings of his own conscience was still alive to his animated reproaches; and corruption for awhile became alarmed at the terrors of his countenance."

One of his biographers states, that in the more mechanical part of oratory — delivery, his manner was usually bold, less graceful than powerful, his enunciation vehement, and unchecked by any embarrassment, his periods flowing and harmonious, his language always forcible, sometimes choice, but when strongly excited by the subject, acrimonious or sarcastic, his epithets numerous, and occasionally strong or coarse, his invective furious, and sometimes overpowering.*

As an interesting sketch of Mr. Burke's manner and power in debate, drawn by an eye-witness, we introduce the graphic description of the Duke de Levis of France. The occasion, it is stated, was on the French Revolution:

"The man whom I had the greatest desire to hear was the celebrated Mr. Burke, author of the Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, and often himself sublime. At length he rose, but in beholding him I could scarcely recover from my surprise. I had so frequently heard his eloquence compared to that of Demosthenes and Cicero, that my imagination, associating him with those great names, had represented him to me in a noble and imposing garb. I certainly did not expect to find him in the British Parliament dressed in the ancient toga; nor was I prepared to see him in a tight brown coat, which seemed to impede every movement, and, above all, the little bob-wig with curls. * * * In the mean time he moved into the middle of the House, contrary to the usual practice, for the members speak standing and uncovered, not leaving their places. But Mr. Burke, with the most natural air imaginable, with seeming humility, and with folded arms, began his speech in so low a tone of voice that I could scarcely hear him. Soon after, however, becoming animated by degrees, he described religion attacked, the bonds of subordination broken, civil society threatened to its foundations; and in order to show that England could depend only upon herself, he pictured in glowing colors the political state of Europe; the spirit of ambition and folly which pervaded the greater part of her governments; the culpable apathy of some, the weakness of all. When in the course of this grand sketch he mentioned Spain, that immense monarchy, which appeared to have fallen into a total lethargy, 'What can we expect, said he, ' from her? — mighty indeed, but unwieldy — vast in bulk, but inert in spirit — a whale stranded upon the sea-shore of Europe." The whole House was silent; all eyes were upon him, and this silence was interrupted only by the loud cries of Hear! hear! a kind of accompaniment which the friends of the speaking member adopt in order to direct attention to the most brilliant passages of his speech. But these cheerings were superfluous on the present occasion; every mind was fixed; the sentiments he expressed spread themselves with rapidity; every one shared his emotion, whether he represented the ministers of religion proscribed, inhumanly persecuted and banished, imploring the Almighty in a foreign land to forgive their ungrateful country; or when he depicted in the most affecting manner the misfortunes of the Royal Family, and the humiliation of the daughter of the Cæsars. Every eye was bathed in tears at the recital of these sad calamities supported with such heroic fortitude. Mr. Burke, then, by an easy transition, passed on to the exposition of those absurd attempts of inexperienced men to establish a chimerical liberty; nor did he spare the petulant vanity of upstarts in their pretended love for equality. The truth of these striking and animated pictures made the whole House pass in an instant from the tenderest emotions of feeling to bursts of laughter; never was the electric power of eloquence more imperiously felt; this extraordinary man seemed to raise and quell the passions of his auditors with as much ease, and as rapidly, as a skillful musician passes into the various modulations of his harpsichord. I have witnessed many, too many political assemblages and striking scenes where eloquence performed a noble part, but the whole of them appear insipid when compared with this amazing effort."

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* Prior's Life of Burke, vol. ii, p. 427.

After sketching the oratorical character of the elder Pitt, an American reviewer thus vividly portrays that of Burke:

"Ere the orb of Pitt went down another luminary had risen, which was destined at length to fill the skies and brighten earth with its prolific radiance. That Edmund Burke is by far the greatest name in the annals of modern eloquence, and in some important respects in those of *all* eloquence, is a position which few probably will controvert.

Had the claims of Burke rested only on that sort of merit which we have just conceded to Lord Chatham; had he left no other, or no more enduring memorials of his mind than Chatham left, his reputation would scarcely have survived to our time. He certainly was not remarkable for his powers of delivery. It was not by a commanding person, a flashing eye, or voice of thunder, that he gained his triumphs. Neither was *his* the gladiatorial skill of a great debater. In most of these particulars he was indeed respectable; but they are not the foundation of his fame;—a fame which, though long since severed from all these artificial aids, has continued to grow and to spread.

> 'The blaze of eloquence
> Set with its sun; but still it left behind
> The enduring produce of immortal mind.'

To great natural endowments this distinguished man added the stores of a profound and varied erudition. His imagination was brilliant and excursive. His taste was intuitively quick and correct. But the learning of Burke was not, like that of many, an inert and cumbrous load. It was something which he always carried with ease, and wielded with dexterity. At one time it was the rattling quiver of Apollo, from which he drew many a feathered shaft; at another, it was a battle-axe in his hands which would cleave the toughest skull.*

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* On reviewing the character of Edmund Burke, one asks with admiration: "Where shall we find among orators or statesmen so much depth and originality of thought, fullness of information, variety of diction, vigor of expression, bold and sublime imagery; so much of grandeur and energy of eloquence, or of beautiful and impressive writing?"

"His style," says Henry Rogers, "is equal to all the exigencies of thought, and transforms itself with every change of sentiment and emotion. It now puts on the decent simplicity, the unadorned grace suited to artless narration or didactive severity, and now arrays itself in all the pomp and gorgeousness of expression, to do justice to some splendid illustration or some sublime and elevated sentiment. At one time it flows on in gentle murmurs through scenes of exquisite and tranquil beauty, like the stream of summer; at another, rolls on with the majestic flood of a full and mighty river, or pours out in foam and cataract, its terrible flood of waters."—*Biographical and Critical Introduction to the works of Burke*, Eng. ed., vol. i. p. 47.

Equally remarkable was the character of his imagination. This power with him was no wild spirit, playing fantastic tricks only to amuse and dazzle; but the handmaid of reason — a creature as useful as she was beautiful. The ornament with which his diction abounds, rarely fails to illustrate and to strengthen his argument. It is this which gives vivacity and richness to his style, without impairing its strength; a trait by which he is distinguished, and which he never sacrificed to less effective qualities. This property in Burke has not the severe simplicity of the Grecian master, nor the grace and flow of the great Roman model. It is rather a medium between the two; inferior in some respects, and in some superior to both. But the *distinguishing* excellence of Burke consists, undoubtedly, in the profound and comprehensive views which he brings to the discussion of his subjects. He seemed to be gifted with a deeper insight into the nature and tendencies of measures and events, than is allotted to common men. In his speeches and writings we are constantly meeting with general principles. Political science in his hands is no longer narrow and technical — a doctrine of mere expedients — for literature and philosophy, the testimony of experience and the teachings of common sense, all conspire to enhance its dignity, and to enforce its lessons.

Burke was the orator and teacher, not of a day - not of a single nation, or his own age merely. His political and practical wisdom was based on the immutable foundation of truth and right. He had read, with intuitive eye and tenacious memory, the page of human nature, the book of Providence, and the library of universal history. To these sterling qualities of mind, he added unquestioned honesty of purpose, and a philanthropic heart. Who could be better fitted, or entitled to become the instructor of his race? And such he has become. To his works, as to an exhaustless storehouse of principles and reasoning, do the statesmen of England and America resort. And thither will they no doubt resort, until a greater than Burke shall appear among the Commons of Britain or in the halls of Congress."

We can not conclude the sketch of this wonderful man, without adding the magnificent eulogies of Sheridan and Grattan:

"To whom," said Sheridan, "I look up with homage, whose genius is commensurate to his philanthropy, whose memory will stretch itself beyond the fleeting objects of any little, partial, temporary shuffling, through the whole range of human knowledge and honorable aspirations after human good, as large as the system which forms life, as lasting as those objects which adorn it;" "A gentleman whose abilities, happily for the glory of the age in which we live, are not entrusted to the perishable eloquence of the day, but will live to be the admiration of that hour when all of us shall be mute, and most of us forgotten."

"His immortality," says Grattan, "is that which is common to Cicero or to Bacon—that which can never be interrupted while there exists the beauty of order or the love of virtue, and which can fear no death except what barbarity may impose upon the globe."

CHAPTER IV.

HENRY GRATTAN.

Henry Grattan was born at Dublin on the 3d of July, 1746. At the age of seventeen he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he soon became distinguished for the brilliancy of his imagination, for his diligence as a student, for the impetuosity of his feelings, and for the energy of his character. Graduating in 1767, with a high literary reputation, he repaired to London, and commenced the study of the law. He had been there but a short time, pursuing his literary and professional studies, when politics began to engage his attention. He attended the debates in Parliament, and became an enthusiastic admirer of the greatest orator of the day. It was then that Lord Chatham, in the zenith of his fame, was sending forth those inimitable bolts of eloquence, which electrified and shook the British senate. The wonderful oratory of this great man made a powerful impression on the glowing mind of young Grattan, who listened with indescribable pleasure to those grand bursts of declamation which rolled from the lips of the orator. Bold, nervous, and fiery, the eloquence of Chatham was perfectly suited to the nature of the impetuous young Irishman; upon whom it acted "with such fascination, as seemed completely to form his destiny." He now determined to become an orator and chose Lord Chatham as his model. "Every thing was forgotten in the one great object of cultivating his powers as a public speaker. To emulate and express, through the peculiar forms of his own genius, the lofty conceptions of the great English orator, was from this time the object of his continual study and most fervent aspirations."*

Returning to Ireland in 1772, Mr. Grattan became a member of the Irish Parliament, in 1775.†

The one great object which he had in view, during his brilliant political career, was the complete independence of his country. Ireland had been long treated by the English like a conquered nation. During the reign of George the First, an act was passed, asserting "that Ireland was a subordinate and dependent kingdom;—that the Kings, Lords, and Commons of England had power to make laws to bind Ireland;—that the Irish House of Lords had no jurisdiction, and that all proceedings before that court were void." Mr. Grattan determined that the Parliament of his country should be free if it was in his power to break the chains thrown around her. He resolved to effect the repeal of this arbitrary act Accord-

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* "Even in those early days, Grattan was preparing sedulously for his future destination. He had taken a residence near Windsor Forest, and there it was his custom to rove about moonlight, addressing the trees as if they were an audience. His landlady took such manifestations much to heart. 'What a sad thing it was,' she would say, 'to see the poor young gentleman all day talking to somebody he calls Mr. Speaker, when there's no speaker in the house except himself!' Her mind was clearly made up upon the subject."—*Curran and his Contemporaries*, p. 86.

† Contemporary with Mr. Grattan, and a warm friend of his, was the famous Peter Burrowes another orator of Ireland, noted, above all, for his absent-mindedness. "He was," says Charles Phillips, "a most singular personage, uniting to an intellect the most profound, the most childlike simplicity. Though walking on the earth, he seldom saw or heard any thing round him. As he rolled his portly figure through the streets, his hands in his breeches pockets, and his eyes glaring on his oldest friend as if he had never seen him, it was plain to all men that Peter was in the moon. It is recorded of him, that, on circuit, a brother barrister found him at breakfast-time standing by the fire with an egg in his hand and his watch in the saucepan!"

The following is another example of this nature: "A murder, which caused much excitement, had been committed, and Mr. Burrowes had to state the case ingly on the 19th of April, 1780, he made his memorable motion for a Declaration of Irish Right, which denied the authority of the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland. In taking this bold step, Mr. Grattan was cheered on by the whole body of the Irish nation. The speech which he delivered on that occasion in support of his motion "was the most splendid piece of eloquence that had ever been heard in Ireland." It was always regarded by the orator himself as the greatest triumph of his eloquence. "As a specimen of condensed and fervid argumentation," says Prof. Goodrich, "it indicates a high order of talent; while in brilliancy of style, pungency of application, and impassioned vehemence of spirit, it has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. The conclusion, especially, is one of the most magnificent passages in our eloquence." In the boldest tone, Mr. Grattan thus finished his speech:

"I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land, and their violation; by the instructions of eighteen counties; by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment — tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland; declare the liberty of the land! I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment; nor, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be to break your chain and contemplate your glory I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland

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for the prosecution. In one hand — having a heavy cold — he held a box of lozenges, and in the other the small pistol bullet by which the man met his death. Ever and anon, between the pauses in his address, he kept supplying himself with a lozenge, until at last, in the very middle of a sentence, his bosom heaving and his eyes starting, a perfect picture of horror, Peter bellowed out, 'Oh — h — h — gentlemen — by the heaven above me — *I've swallowed the bullet*.'"

has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time at hand; the spirit is gone forth; the Declaration of Right is planted; and though great men should fall off yet the cause shall live; and though he who utters this should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the humble organ who conveys it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him."*

Mr. Grattan's motion did not pass at that time; but, notwithstanding his temporary defeat, he never, for a moment, faltered;—he ever kept his eye fixed on Parliamentary emancipation. Nothing short of this could satisfy the spirit of liberty that glowed within his patriotic bosom. The same spirit pervaded Ireland; the nation rose in arms and demanded their liberty. Mr. Grattan availed himself of this general enthusiasm; and mainly by his efforts carried the Irish Revolution of 1782, thus achieving a victory "which," to use the words of Lord Brougham, "stands at the head of all the triumphs ever won by a patriot for his country in modern times; he had effected an important revolution in the government without violence of any kind, and had broken chains of the most degrading kind by which the injustice and usurpation of three centuries had bowed her down."

It was on the 16th of April, 1782, while his countrymen were armed, ready for open rebellion, that Mr. Grattan repeated his motion in the Irish House of Commons for a Declaration of Irish Right. His speech on that occasion was universally admired for its "boldness, sublimity, and compass of thought." The unwearied efforts of the orator were at length crowned with complete success. The grievances of Ireland were redressed, a bill repealing the act of George the First was soon after passed; and Mr. Grattan was congratulated by shouting thousands on his success, and hailed throughout Ireland as the deliverer of his country. "Her chains fell off as at the bidding of an enchanter. Her commerce free, and her independence recognized, Ireland took her place among the nations, unfettered, save by gratitude to him, her child — her more than champion, her deliverer — who, with fire-touched lips and lion heart, achieved her liberty. Captive to him she was, and willingly. If it be a grand and noble spectacle to see the sovereign of a state rewarding service, whether rendered on flood or field, or in the more peaceful labors of the forum or the senate — as assuredly it is — how much more grand, how much more touching is it to see a nation on its knees, offering a heart-homage to the patriotism that had redeemed it!"

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* "The reader will be interested to observe the *rhythmus* of the last three paragraphs; so slow and dignified in its movement; so weighty as it falls on the ear; so perfectly adapted to the sentiments expressed in this magnificent passage. The effect will be heightened by comparing it with the rapid and iambic movement of the passage containing Mr. Erskine's description of the Indian chief."—*Goodrich.*

The services of Mr. Grattan were remunerated by a grant of £100,000 from the Parliament of Ireland. His noble heart, beating only for his country's happiness and glory, at first led him to decline the reception of this high expression of gratitude; but by the interposition of his friends, he was, subsequently, induced to accept one-half the amount granted.

Shortly after this victory, Mr. Grattan was led into a personal quarrel with Mr. Flood, a rival member of Parliament. The animosity had arisen to such a height that Mr. Flood stigmatized his opponent as "a *mendicant* patriot, subsisting on the public accounts — who, bought by his country for a sum of money, had sold his country for prompt payment." He also sneered at Mr. Grattan "aping the style of Lord Chatham." Grattan immediately replied in an overwhelming invective, "depicting the character and political life of his opponent, and ingeniously darkening every shade that rested on his reputation."

"It is not the slander of an evil tongue," said Mr. Grattan, "that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man, who has not a bad character, can ever say that I deceived. No country can call me a cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence. I will begin with his character in his political cradle, and I will follow him to the last stage of political dissolution.

"With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty, and voted, moreover, for an address to send four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers 'armed negotiators,' and stood with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America,—of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind. Thus defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, commerce, and toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him, and say:

"Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible. You began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue; after a rank and clamorous opposition, you became, on a sudden, *silent;* you were silent for seven years; you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money! You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry. You, Sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles,– you, Sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden;—you, Sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America,—and you, Sir, voted four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty!* But you found, at last, that the Court had bought, but would not trust you. Mortified at the discovery, you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; and observing, with regard to Prince and People, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your Sovereign by betraying the Government, as you had sold the People. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you, the constitutionalist may say to you, the American may say to you,—and I, I now say, and say to your beard, Sir,—*you are not an honest man!*"

The invectives of Mr. Grattan, like those of Lord Chatham, were terrible. One of the most scathing pieces of this kind which he ever pronounced, was that against Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer, delivered during the debate on the union of Ireland with England, February 14, 1800. It led to a duel between Grattan and Corry, in which the latter was wounded in the arm. The occasion of Mr. Grattan's satirical speech was a remark from Mr. Corry that his opponent instead of having a voice in the councils of his country, should have been standing as a culprit at her Bar. As this is one of the most powerful invectives to be found in the English language we quote it at length:

"Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word that he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House; but I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary; but before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt any thing which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

"The right honorable gentleman has called me 'an unimpeached traitor.' I ask, why not 'traitor,' unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dare not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him a villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him a fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and the freedom of debate, to the uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a *blow*. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true; but I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

"I have returned not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm — I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt — they are seditious — and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial; I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy the whole phalanx. Let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defense of the liberties of my country.

"The right honorable gentleman has said that this was not my place — that, instead of having a voice in the councils of my country, I should now stand a culprit at her bar — at the bar of a court of criminal judicature, to answer for my treasons. The Irish people have not so read my history; but let that pass; if I am what he said I am, the people are not therefore to forfeit their Constitution. In point of argument, therefore, the attack is bad — in point of taste or feeling, if he had either, it is worse — in point of fact, it is false, utterly and absolutely false—as rancorous a falsehood as the most malignant motives could suggest to the prompt sympathy of a shameless and a venal defense. The right honorable gentleman has suggested examples which I should have shunned, and examples which I should have followed. I shall never follow his, and I have ever avoided it. I shall never be ambitious to purchase public scorn by private infamy — the lighter characters of the model have as little chance of weaning me from the habits of a life spent, if not exhausted, in the cause of my native land. Am I to renounce those habits now forever, and at the beck of whom? I should rather say of what — half a minister — half a monkey — a 'prentice politician, and a master coxcomb. He has told you that what he said of me here, he would say anywhere. I believe he would say thus of me in any place where he thought himself safe in saying it. Nothing can limit his calumnies but his fears — in Parliament he has calumniated me to-night, in the King's courts he would calumniate me to-morrow; but had he said or dared to insinuate one-half as much elsewhere, the indignant spirit of an honest man would have answered the vile and venal slanderer with — a blow."

Mr Grattan was always vehemently opposed to the union of Ireland with England. To prevent it in 1800, when the question was strongly discussed, he delivered a speech of unrivaled power in argumentation and invective, from which the following eloquent passage is taken:

"The ministers of the Crown will, or may, perhaps, at length find that it is not so easy, by abilities, however great, and by power and corruption, however irresistible, to put down forever an ancient and respectable Nation. Liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country. The cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty. Loyalty is a noble, a judicious, and a capacious principle; but in these countries, loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty.

"The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty. Yet I do not give up the country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty:

> 'Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
> And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.'

"While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind; I will remain anchored here, with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall!"

His countrymen were so much divided that the efforts of Mr. Grattan were unavailing. In vain did he exert his oratorical powers on this subject.

In 1805, Mr. Grattan became a member of the British Parliament, where he stood proudly eminent among the leading orators and statesmen of the age. "His debut in the Imperial Parliament," says Charles Phillips, "was a bold and hazardous experiment. He had told Flood, and somewhat prophetically, 'that an oak of the forest was too old to be transplanted at fifty;' and yet here he was himself! whether he would take root was the question; and for some moments very questionable it was When he rose, every voice in that crowded House was hushed — the great rivals, Pitt and Fox, riveted their eyes on him — he strode forth and gesticulated — the hush became ominous — not a cheer was heard — men looked in one another's faces, and then at the phenomenon before them, as if doubting his identity; at last, and on a sudden, the indication of the master-spirit came. Pitt was the first generously to recognize it; he smote his thigh hastily with his hand — it was an impulse when he was pleased — his followers saw it, and knew it, and with a universal burst they hailed the advent and the triumph of the stranger."

Soon after he had become a member of the Imperial Legislature, he delivered the speech on the Catholic question, which contains that highly figurative expression — one of the finest passages of such eloquence that can be found in our language. Referring to the rise and fall of the parliamentary independence of his country, he said,—"The Parliament of Ireland! of that assembly I have a parental recollection. *I sat by her cradle — I followed her hearse!*"*

Although a Protestant, Mr. Grattan was a bold and zealous advocate of the claims of the Catholics, and to their entire emancipation, his parliamentary exertions were principally confined during his political career.

The earthly course of this great orator and patriot was terminated at London, on the 14th of May, 1820. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, with the highest honors of a grateful nation.

Charles Phillips thus describes the personal appearance of Mr. Grattan: "He was short in stature, and unprepossessing in appearance. His arms were disproportionably long. His walk was a stride. With a person swaying like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought, and each thought provoked an attendant gesticulation. Such was the outward and visible form of one whom the passenger would stop to stare at as a droll, and the philosopher to contemplate as a study. How strange it seems that a mind so replete with grace and symmetry, and power and splendor, should have been allotted such a dwelling for its residence. Yet so it was; and so also was it one of his highest attributes, that his genius, by its 'excessive light,' blinded the hearer to his physical imperfections. It was the victory of mind over matter. The man was forgotten in the orator."

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* Rufus Choate might have had this striking passage in his mind when he uttered the following touching sentiment. Speaking of the fidelity of his native state to the Constitution, he says, "Massachusetts will ever be true to the Constitution. *She sat among the most affectionate at its cradle; she will follow, the saddest of the procession of sorrow, the hearse.*"

In closing the historical sketch of this great man we would present the outlines of his character as an orator. "The style of his speaking," says his son, "was strikingly remarkable,— bold, figurative, and impassioned;—always adapted to the time and circumstance, and peculiarly well suited to the taste and temper of the audience that he had to address. In the latter part of his career, his arguments were more closely arranged; there was less ornament, but more fact and reasoning; less to dazzle the sight, and more to convince the understanding."

It will be remembered that Mr. Grattan endeavored to form his manner of speaking after the style of Lord Chatham. In many respects his eloquence resembled that of the great English statesman. Like him, he excelled in the highest characteristics of oratory — in vehemence of action — condensation of style — rapidity of thought — closeness of argumentation — striking figures — grand metaphors — beautiful rhythmus — luminous statements — vivid descriptions — touching pathos — lofty declamation — bitter sarcasm, and fierce invective. His language, like that of Chatham, is remarkable for its terseness, expressiveness, and energy. His periods are made up of short clauses which flash upon the mind with uncommon vividness. Passing over the minutiæ of his discourse, he seized the principal points in debate and presented them in the strongest light. The intensity of feeling by which his mental operations were governed gave rise to this characteristic of eloquence, which distinguishes the most powerful orators. Aiming directly at his object, he generally struck the decisive blow in a few words.

"Deep emotion strikes directly at its object. It struggles to get free from all secondary ideas — all mere accessories. Hence the simplicity, and even bareness of thought, which we usually find in the great passages of Chatham and Demosthenes. The whole turns often on a single phrase, a word, an allusion. They put forward a few great objects, sharply defined, and standing boldly out in the glowing atmosphere of emotion. They pour their burning thoughts instantaneously upon the mind, as a person might catch the rays of the sun in a concave mirror, and turn them on their object with a sudden and consuming power."

The eloquence of Mr. Grattan may be compared to a deep and rapid stream, now sweeping in smoothness and beauty through "verdant vales and flowery meads," and now dashing abruptly over some lofty precipice, delighting and astonishing the beholder by its majestic fall and tremendous roar.

"Among the orators, as among the statesmen of his age, Mr. Grattan occupies a place in the foremost rank; and it was the age of the Pitts, the Foxes, and the Sheridans. His eloquence was of a very high order, all but of the very highest, and it was eminently original. In the constant stream of a diction replete with epigram and point — a stream on which floated gracefully, because naturally, flowers of various hues,— was poured forth the closest reasoning, the most luminous statement, the most persuasive display of all the motives that could influence, and of all the details that could enlighten his audience Often a different strain was heard, and it was declamatory and vehement — or pity was to be moved, and its pathos was as touching as it was simple — or above all, an adversary sunk in baseness, or covered with crimes, was to be punished or to be destroyed, and a storm of the most terrible invective raged, with all the blights of sarcasm, and the thunders of abuse."*

In a splendid critique on the genius of Grattan, Prof. Goodrich observes, "The speeches of Mr. Grattan afford unequivocal proof, not only of a powerful intellect, but of high and original genius. There was nothing commonplace in his thoughts, his images, or his sentiments. Every thing came fresh from his mind, with the vividness of a new creation. His most striking characteristic was, condensation and rapidity of thought. 'Semper instans sibi,' pressing continually upon himself, he never dwelt upon an idea, however important; he rarely presented it under more than one aspect; he hardly ever stopped to fill out the intermediate steps of his argument. His forte was reasoning, but it was 'logic on fire;' and he seemed ever to delight in flashing his ideas on the mind with a sudden, startling abruptness. Hence, a distinguished writer has spoken of his eloquence as a 'combination of *cloud*, *whirlwind*, and *flame*'— a striking representation of the occasional obscurity and the rapid force and brilliancy of his style. But his incessant effort to be strong made him sometimes unnatural. He seems to be continually straining after effect. He wanted that calmness and self-possession which mark the highest order of minds, and show their consciousness of great strength. When he had mastered his subject, his subject mastered him. His great efforts have too much the air of harangues. They sound more like the battle speeches of Tacitus than the orations of Demosthenes.

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* Brougham's Historical Sketches of Statesmen, vol. i, p. 235.

"His style was elaborated with great care. It abounds in metaphors, which are always striking, and often grand. It is full of antithesis and epigrammatic turns, which give it uncommon point and brilliancy, but have too often an appearance of labor and affectation. His language is select. His periods are easy and fluent — made up of short clauses, with but few or brief qualifications, all uniting in the expression of some one leading thought. His rhythmus is often uncommonly fine. In the peroration of his great speech of April 19th, 1780, we have one of the best specimens in our language of that admirable adaptation of the sound to the sense which distinguished the ancient orators.

"Though Mr. Grattan is not a safe model in every respect, there are certain purposes for which his speeches may be studied with great advantage. Nothing can be better suited to break up a dull monotony of style — to give raciness and point — to teach a young speaker the value of that terse and expressive language which is to the orator, especially, the finest instrument of thought."

We have the delivery of Mr. Grattan vividly described by Charles Phillips: "The chief difficulty in this great speaker's way was the first five minutes. During his exordium laughter was imminent. He bent his body almost to the ground, swung his arms over his head, up and down and around him, and added to the grotesqueness of his manner a hesitating tone and drawling emphasis. Still there was an earnestness about him that at first besought, and, as he warmed, enforced, nay, commanded attention. The elevation of his mind, the grandeur of his diction, the majesty of his declamation, the splendor of his imagery, and the soundness of his logic, displayed in turn the ascendancy of a genius whose sway was irresistible. He was fine and judicious in his panegyric; but his forte — that which seemed to conjure up and concentrate all his faculties — was the overwhelming, withering severity of his invective. It was like the torrent-lava; brilliant, inevitable, fatal. It required such qualifications to overcome the peculiarity of his appearance, and the disadvantages of his manner. Truly indeed might it be said of him, as he said of Chatham, 'he was very great and *very odd*.' For a time the eye dissented from the verdict of the mind; but at last his genius carried all before it, and, as in the oracle of old, the contortions vanished as the inspiration became manifest."

The character of Mr. Grattan was irreproachable. It was remarked by Sir James Mackintosh, that he was as eminent in his observance of all the duties of private life, as he was heroic in the discharge of his public ones. He may be said to have lived only for his country, and died in advocating her cause. Wilberforce declared that he never knew a man whose patriotism and love for his country seemed so completely to extinguish all private interests, and to induce him to look invariably and exclusively to the public good.

Of Grattan it may then truly be said: "No government ever dismayed him; the world could not bribe him; he thought only of Ireland; lived for no other object; dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his manly courage, and all the splendor of his astonishing eloquence."

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Charles James Fox was born on the 24th of January, 1749. He was the second son of Lord Holland, the great antagonist of Lord Chatham. Lord Holland, who was a man of dissolute habits, resolved to lead his son in the same ruinous pathway, and yet to make him an orator and a statesman. Young Charles, though much indulged by his father, gave great promise of future eminence in literature and oratory. He early manifested those wonderful powers of memory, and that frankness, intrepidity, and brilliant wit for which he was ever afterwards distinguished. At a private school, where he was sent from childhood, he made rapid progress in the acquisition of classical literature. "Here he laid the foundation of that intimate acquaintance with the classics, for which he was distinguished beyond most men of his age. He can hardly be said to have *studied* Latin or Greek after he was sixteen years old. So thoroughly was he grounded in these languages from boyhood, that he read them throughout life as much as he read English, and could turn to the great authors of antiquity at any moment, not as a mental effort, but for the recreation and delight he found in their pages.

This was especially true of the Greek writers, which were then less studied in England than at present. He took up Demosthenes as he did the speeches of Lord Chatham, and dwelt with the same zest on the Greek tragedians as on the plays of Shakespeare. As an orator, he was much indebted to his study of the Greek writers for the simplicity of his taste, his severe abstinence from every thing like mere ornament, the terseness of his style, the point and stringency of his reasonings, and the all-pervading cast of *intellect* which distinguishes his speeches, even in his most vehement bursts of impassioned feeling."

After remaining four years at Eaton, where he maintained the highest rank as a scholar, he was removed to Oxford. Here he devoted the most of his time to severe mental application. He, however, pursued a course of study entirely suited to his own taste. He had but little relish for mathematical or political science. "His studies were confined almost entirely to the classics and history; he paid but little attention to the mathematics, a neglect which he afterwards lamented as injurious to his mental training; and perhaps for this reason he never felt the slightest interest, at this or any other subsequent period, in those abstract inquiries which are designed to settle the foundations of morals and political science. His tastes were too exclusively literary. With those habits of self-indulgence so unhappily created in childhood, he rarely did any thing but what he *liked* — he read poetry, eloquence, history, and elegant literature, because he loved them, and read but little else." Throughout life the classics were his constant companions. He corresponded with several of the most eminent literary men of the age, on the nicest questions of Greek and Latin criticism.

Leaving the University at the age of seventeen, Mr Fox traveled two years on the Continent, where he made great proficiency in Italian and French literature.

In November, 1768, he took his seat in Parliament as a warm supporter of the Duke of Grafton's ministry, and delivered his maiden speech on the 15th of April, 1769. When Lord North's administration commenced in 1770, Mr. Fox was appointed a junior Lord of the Admiralty. In the House, he now began to display those extraordinary powers of eloquence for which he was distinguished beyond almost every other statesman of his time. We shall soon have occasion to speak of the nature of his oratory.

There is one dark shade resting on the character of Fox — his unhappy passion for gambling. So entirely was he under the influence of this passion, that, to a friend who asked him what was the greatest happiness in life, he replied, "To play and win;"— being asked what was the next greatest, he replied, "To play and lose." It is said that, in the early part of his political career, he often lost from five to ten thousand pounds at a single sitting.

It is gratifying, however, to find Mr. Fox, subsequently forming more correct habits,— changing his political principles, and becoming an ardent champion in the cause of liberty throughout the world. When American taxation became the absorbing topic of the day, he entered at once with his whole soul into the cause of the Colonies, and was the first man in the House, who came forward and took the bold ground of denying the *right* of Parliament to tax the Americans without their consent. He became associated with Burke, Dunning, Barré, and the other leaders of that noble band in Parliament, whose sole aim was to overturn the administration of Lord North, and to advance the cause of freedom in our oppressed country. Mr. Fox was among those lovers of liberty — of popular governments — of free institutions,—who rejoiced at the resistance and triumphs of America over British arms. In a speech in 1780, showing the results of the American war, he expressed such feelings in the following beautiful, glowing language:

"We are charged with expressing joy at the triumphs of America. True it is that, in a former session, I proclaimed it as my sincere opinion, that if the Ministry had succeeded in their first scheme on the liberties of America. the liberties of this country would have been at an end. Thinking this, as I did, in the sincerity of an honest heart, I rejoiced at the resistance which the Ministry had met to their attempt. That great and glorious statesman, the late Earl of Chatham, feeling for the liberties of his native country, thanked God that America had resisted. But, it seems, 'all the calamities of the country are to be ascribed to the wishes, and the joy, and the speeches, of Opposition.' O, miserable and unfortunate ministry! O, blind and incapable men! whose measures are framed with so little foresight, and executed with so little firmness, that they not only crumble to pieces, but bring on the ruin of their country, merely because one rash, weak, or wicked man, in the House of Commons, makes a speech against them!

"But who is he who arraigns gentlemen on this side of the House with causing, by their inflammatory speeches, the misfortunes of their country? The accusation comes from one whose inflammatory harangues have led the Nation, step by step, from violence to violence, in that inhuman, unfeeling system of blood and massacre, which every honest man must detest, which every good man must abhor, and every wise man condemn! And this man imputes the guilt of such measures to those who had all along foretold the consequences; who had prayed, entreated and supplicated, not only for America, but for the credit of the Nation and its eventful welfare, to arrest the hand of Power, meditating slaughter, and directed by injustice!

"What was the consequence of the sanguinary measures recommended in those bloody, inflammatory speeches? Though Boston was to be starved, though Hancock and Adams were proscribed, yet at the feet of these very men the Parliament of Great Britain was obliged to kneel, flatter, and cringe; and, as it had the cruelty at one time to denounce vengeance against these men, so it had the meanness afterwards to implore their forgiveness. Shall he who called the Americans 'Hancock and his crew,' — shall he presume to reprehend any set of men for inflammatory speeches? It is this accursed American war that has led us, step by step, into all our present misfortunes and national disgraces. What was the cause of our wasting forty millions of money, and sixty thousand lives? The American war! What was it that produced the French rescript and a French war? The American war! What was it that produced the Spanish manifesto and Spanish war? The American war! What was it that armed forty-two thousand men in Ireland with the arguments carried on the points of forty thousand bayonets? The American war! For what are we about to incur an additional debt of twelve or fourteen millions? This accursed, cruel, diabolical American war!"

At a later period, when the French Revolution was convulsing the world, and the Americans were solicited by the Revolutionists to espouse their cause, Mr. Fox, in high eulogistic terms, spoke of the foreign policy of Washington, who was then President of the United States:

"How infinitely superior," said he, "must appear the spirit and principles of General Washington, in his late address to Congress, compared with the policy of modern European courts! Illustrious man! — deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind! Grateful to France for the assistance received from her, in that great contest which secured the independence of America, he yet did not choose to give up the system of neutrality in her favor. Having once laid down the line of conduct most proper to be pursued, not all the insults and provocations of the French minister, Genet, could at all put him out of his way, or bend him from his purpose. It must, indeed, create astonishment, that, placed in circumstances so critical and filling a station so conspicuous, the character of Washington should never once have been called in question;— that he should, in no one instance, have been accused either of improper insolence, or of mean submission, in his transactions with foreign Nations. It has been reserved for him to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career. The breath of censure has not dared to impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of envy to raise its maglignant glance to the elevation of his virtues. Such has been the transcendant merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious man!

"How did he act when insulted by Genet? Did he consider it as necessary to avenge himself for the misconduct or madness of an individual, by involving a whole continent in the horrors of war? No; he contented himself with procuring satisfaction for the insult, by causing Genet to be recalled; and thus, at once, consulted his own dignity and the interests of his country. Happy Americans! while the whirlwind flies over one quarter of the globe, and spreads everywhere desolation, you remain protected from its baneful effects by your own virtues, and the wisdom of your Government. Separated from Europe by an immense ocean, you feel not the effect of those prejudices and passions which convert the boasted seats of civilization into scenes of horror and bloodshed. You profit by the folly and madness of the contending Nations, and afford, in your more congenial clime, an asylum to those blessings and virtues which they wantonly contemn or wickedly exclude from their bosom! Cultivating the arts of peace under the influence of freedom, you advance, by rapid strides, to opulence and distinction; and if, by any accident, you should be compelled to take part in the present unhappy contest,—if you should find it necessary to avenge insult, or repel injury,—the world will bear witness to the equity of your sentiments, and the moderation of your views; and the success of your arms will, no doubt, be proportioned to the justice of your cause!"

We have already remarked that the political principles of Mr. Fox underwent a thorough change—that he imbibed the genuine spirit of liberty; hence, he became one of the most popular statesmen that ever lived. His great object was, as he expressively asserted, "to widen the basis of freedom—to infuse and circulate the spirit of liberty." This was the pure, inexhaustible fountain at which he deeply drank, and from which his political principles ever afterwards emanated. "As an orator, especially," to use the language of an eminent critic, "he drew from this source the most inspiring strains of his eloquence. No English speaker, not even Lord Chatham himself, dwelt so often on this theme; no one had his generous sensibilities more completely roused; no one felt more strongly the need of a growing infusion of this spirit into the English government, as the great means of its strength and renovation."

It is to those free principles which actuated the mind of Fox that we are indebted for one of the finest strokes of his genius—that admirable passage in his great speech on Parliamentary Reform, delivered in 1797, in which he speaks of the vigor of democratic governments;—of the energy imparted to the Republics of Antiquity by the glorious Spirit of Liberty:

"When we turn to the ancient democracies of Greece, when we see them in all the splendor of arts and of arms, when we see to what an elevation they carried the powers of man, it can not be denied that, however, vicious on the score of ingratitude or injustice, they were, at least, the pregnant source of national strength, and that in particular they brought forth this strength in a peculiar manner in the moment of difficulty and distress. When we look at the democracies of the ancient world, we are compelled to acknowledge their oppression of their dependencies, their horrible acts of injustice and of ingratitude to their own citizens; but they compel us also to admiration by their vigor, their constancy, their spirit, and their exertions in every great emergency in which they were called upon to act. We are compelled to own that this gives a power of which no other form of government is capable. Why? Because it incorporates every man with the state, because it arouses every thing that belongs to the soul as well as to the body of man; because it makes every individual feel that he is fighting for himself, and not for another; that it is his own cause, his own safety, his own concern, his own dignity on the face of the earth, and his own interest on that identical soil which he has to maintain; and accordingly we find that whatever may be objected to them on account of the turbulency of the passions which they engendered, their short duration, and their disgusting vices, they have exacted from the common suffrage of mankind the palm of strength and vigor. Who that reads the Persian war — what boy, whose heart is warmed by the grand, sublime actions which the democratic spirit produced, does not find in this principle the key to all the wonders which were achieved at Thermopylæ and elsewhere, and of which the recent and marvelous acts of the French people are pregnant examples? He sees that the principle of liberty only could create the sublime and irresistible emotion; and it is in vain to deny, from the striking illustration that our own times have given, that the principle is eternal, and that it belongs to the heart of man."

In another passage of uncommon beauty, showing that

Liberty is strength, he sets forth the same principle in the strongest light — in the boldest terms. Speaking on the State of Ireland, in 1797, he says :—“ Liberty is order. Liberty is strength. Look round the world, and admire, as you must, the instructive spectacle. You will see that liberty not only is power and order, but that it is power and order predominant and invincible,— that it derides all other sources of strength. And shall the preposterous imagination be fostered, that men bred in liberty — the first of human kind who asserted the glorious distinction of forming for themselves their social compact — can be condemned to silence upon their rights? Is it to be conceived that men, who have enjoyed, for such a length of days, the light and happiness of freedom, can be restrained, and shut up again in the gloom of ignorance and degradation? As well, Sir, might you try, by a miserable dam, to shut up the flowing of a rapid river! The rolling and impetuous tide would burst through every impediment that man might throw in its way; and the only consequence of the impotent attempt would be, that, having collected new force by its temporary suspension, enforcing itself through new channels, it would spread devastation and ruin on every side. *The progress of liberty is like the progress of the stream.* Kept within its bounds, it is sure to fertilize the country through which it runs; but no power can arrest it in its passage; and short-sighted, as well as wicked, must be the heart of the projector that would strive to divert its course.”

At the end of Lord North’s administration, Mr. Fox was the acknowledged leader of the Whig party in the House. The most brilliant period in his public life was during the American war, towards the end of the North administration, when liberty, the noblest of political themes, offered a wide field for a display of the highest powers of oratory. This period was also, as has been remarked, the glory of Mr. Burke's career.

The eloquent voices of Fox and Burke were then united in one glorious cause — the upholding of that sacred fabric of liberty which had been reared by a little band of freemen, on American soil.

On the downfall of Lord North's administration, Mr. Fox was in the zenith of his fame. He had risen, as Mr. Burke says, by slow degrees to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw

When Lord Rockingham succeeded Lord North as Prime Minister, in 1782, Mr. Fox was appointed Secretary of State. At the end of thirteen weeks the Rockingham ministry was terminated by the death of his Lordship, when, Lord Shelburne succeeding, and bringing in William Pitt as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Fox, who considered himself ill-treated, instantly resigned. From this time, Fox and Pitt, who had formerly been of one mind on the great questions of the American war and parliamentary reform became antagonists through life, in the greatest intellectual combat the world had witnessed since the day when Demosthenes and Æschines contested for the palm of eloquence. Each displayed such astonishing powers of oratory that it is difficult to settle the question of their comparative greatness.

The Shelburne administration lasted scarcely eight months. It was overthrown by the famous coalition between Mr. Fox and Lord North.

The great measure of the Coalition ministry was the celebrated East India Bill of Mr. Fox, providing for the removal of abuses in the government of that country. Mr. Pitt who now led the Opposition, attacked this Bill with consummate eloquence and ability. But in defending it, Fox and Burke shook the walls of the Senate

House with the loftiest declamation. At the end of a long and vehement debate, in which Powis, Dundas and Pitt took strong ground against the bill, Mr. Fox rose to speak, after two o'clock in the morning, December 1, 1783, and commanded the attention of the House for nearly three hours, pouring forth his feelings in one impetuous torrent of fervid eloquence. This splendid speech of Fox on his East India Bill was one of his greatest efforts. As a specimen of "bold, indignant retort upon his antagonists, it has a high order of merit." In his preliminary remarks on the connection of the Bill with the cause of liberty, he says with much beauty and force: "The honorable gentleman" (Mr. Powis) "charges me with abandoning that cause, which, he says, in terms of flattery, I had once so successfully asserted. I tell him in reply, that if he were to search the history of my life, he would find that the period of it in which I struggled most for the real, substantial cause of liberty is this very moment that I am addressing you. Freedom, according to my conception of it, consists in the safe and sacred possession of a man's property, governed by laws defined and certain; with many personal privileges, natural, civil, and religious, which he can not surrender without ruin to himself, and of which to be deprived by any other power is despotism. This bill, instead of subverting, is destined to stabilitate these principles; instead of narrowing the basis of freedom, it tends to enlarge it; instead of suppressing, its object is *to infuse and circulate the spirit of liberty.*

"What is the most odious species of tyranny? Precisely that which this bill is meant to annihilate. That a handful of men, free themselves, should exercise the most base and abominable despotism over millions of their fellow-creatures; that innocence should be the victim of oppression; that industry should toil for rapine; that the harmless laborer should sweat, not for his own benefit, but for the luxury and rapacity of tyrannic depredation; in a word, that thirty millions of men, gifted by Providence with the ordinary endowments of humanity, should groan under a system of despotism, unmatched in all the histories of the world?* What is the end of all government? Certainly the happiness of the governed. Others may hold different opinions; but this is mine, and I proclaim it. What, then, are we to think of a government, whose good fortune is supposed to spring from the calamities of its subjects, whose aggrandizement grows out of the miseries of mankind? This is the kind of government exercised under the East India Company upon the natives of Hindostan; and the subversion of that infamous government is the main object of the bill in question."

He concluded his speech in the boldest language: "I shall now, sir, conclude my speech with a few words upon the opinion of the right honorable gentleman [Mr. Pitt]. He says 'he will stake his character upon the danger of this bill.' I meet him in his own phrase, and oppose him, character to character. I risk my all upon the excellence of this bill. I risk upon it whatever is most dear to me, whatever men most value, the character of integrity, of talents, of honor, of present reputation and future fame. These, and whatever else is precious to me, I stake upon the constitutional safety, the enlarged policy, the equity, and the wisdom of this measure; and have no fear in saying (whatever may be the fate of its authors) that this bill will produce to this country every blessing of commerce and revenue; and that by extending a generous and humane government over those millions whom the inscrutable destinations of Providence have placed under us in the remotest regions of the earth, it will consecrate the name of England among the noblest of nations."

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* We have here one of Mr. Fox's peculiarities, on which much of his force depends, viz., terse and rapid enumeration — the crowding of many particulars into one striking mass of thought. His enumerations, however, are not made, like those of most men, for rhetorical effect; they are *condensed arguments*, as will be seen by analyzing this passage.—*Goodrich.*

The Bill finally passed the Commons by a vote of 217 to 103, but when it reached the House of Lords it was defeated by the influence of the King. On the 18th of December, 1783, the Coalition ministry was dismissed, and the celebrated William Pitt came in as Prime Minister at the age of *twenty-four*.

In vain did Mr. Fox exert his powerful eloquence to overthrow his illustrious rival. Mr. Pitt held the office of Prime Minister between sixteen and seventeen years. During this long period the great statesmen were opposed to each other on the most important questions that came up for discussion.[*] Their clashing eloquence (to borrow a beautiful figure from Ossian, when describing the hostile approach of two heroes) may be compared to the rapid course of two deep streams, pouring towards each other from high rocks, and meeting, mixing, and roaring on the plain. For more than twenty years this oratorical warfare was continued with unabated ardor.

In 1786, Mr. Fox was appointed one of the managers of the impeachment against Warren Hastings. In sustaining the charge which was assigned him — that, relating to the oppressive treatment of Cheyte Sing, Rajah of Benares — he displayed such singular eloquence that it awakened universal admiration of his extraordinary powers as a parliamentary orator.

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[*] During a season of Mr. Fox's unpopularity in 1784, when the elections went against his friends,— when more than a hundred and sixty lost their seats in Parliament — the following is an account of the violent contest in Westminster: "In Westminster, which Mr. Fox and Sir Cecil Wray had represented in the preceding Parliament, the struggle was the most violent ever known — Wray in opposition to his old associate. At the end of eleven days, Mr. Fox was in a minority of three hundred and eighteen, and his defeat seemed inevitable, when relief came from a quarter never before heard of in a political canvass. Georgianna, Duchess of Devonshire, a woman of extraordinary beauty and the highest mental accomplishments, took the field in his behalf. She literally became the canvasser of Mr. Fox. She went from house to house soliciting votes; she sent her private carriage to bring mechanics and others of the lowest class to the polls; she appeared at the hustings

In espousing the cause of the French Revolution, Mr. Fox lost the friendship of Mr. Burke. The painful relation of their separation is given in the sketch of that statesman.

Mr. Pitt had now gained such an ascendency in the House, that Mr. Fox, having no motive or desire to continue his attendance in Parliament, withdrew from the arena of debate, for nearly five years, and devoted himself to literary pursuits in retirement. Here he pursued the study of the classics with renewed ardor. It was at this time that he corresponded with Gilbert Wakefield on Greek criticism, and also commenced his work on the English Revolution of 1688. This period has been truly called the golden season of his life.

In a few years Mr. Fox was again brought into collision with Mr. Pitt in one of the fiercest intellectual conflicts on record. When Bonaparte became first Consul of France in 1799, he immediately made overtures of peace to the

herself in company with Mr. Fox; and on one occasion, when a young butcher turned the laugh upon her by offering his vote for a *kiss*, in the enthusiasm of the moment she took him at his word, and paid him on the spot! With such an ally, Mr. Fox's fortunes soon began to mend, and at the termination of forty days, when the polls were closed, he had a majority over Sir Cecil Wray of two hundred and thirty-five votes. This triumph was celebrated by a splendid procession of Mr. Fox's friends, most of them bearing *fox tails*, which gave rise to one of Mr. Pitt's best sarcasms. Some one having expressed his wonder how the people could procure such an immense number of foxes' tails; 'That is by no means surprising,' said Pitt; 'this has been a good sporting year, and more *foxes* have been destroyed than in any former season. I think, upon an average, there has at least one Fox been run down in every borough of the kingdom!'"

King of England. These proposals were insultingly rejected by Mr. Pitt. A motion was made by Mr. Dundas, approving the course taken by the Ministry. Mr. Fox, who was strongly opposed to the prosecution of the war, determined, if possible, to defeat this motion by a powerful effort of eloquence. On the 3d of February, 1800, the subject came before the House. After Whitbread, Canning, and Erskine had expressed their sentiments, Mr. Pitt rose and delivered the most elaborate oration he ever pronounced in Parliament. After speaking nearly five hours he concluded at four o'clock in the morning, when Mr. Fox, "who was always most powerful in reply, instantly rose and answered him in a speech of nearly the same length, meeting him on all the main topics, with a force of argument, a dexterity in wresting Mr. Pitt's weapons out of his hands and turning them against himself, a keenness of retort, a graphic power of description, and an impetuous flow of eloquence, to which we find no parallel in any of his published speeches." This was, perhaps, the sublimest oratorical contest ever witnessed in the House of Commons. Not since the trial of Warren Hastings had such lofty declamation been displayed; "and never were these two great orators brought into more direct competition, or the distintive features of their eloquence exhibited in finer contrast."

The great speech of Mr. Fox on the Rejection of Bonaparte's overtures for peace, is the ablest of his senatorial orations;—it was so considered by most who heard it. The peroration, which we quote, contains the most eloquent passage he ever produced. It is a bold strain of mingled argument, irony, and invective:

"Where then, sir," exclaimed Mr. Fox, "is this war, which on every side is pregnant with such horrors, to be carried? Where is it to stop? Not till we establish the house of Bourbon! And this you cherish the hope of doing, because you have had a successful campaign. Why, sir, before this you have had a successful campaign. The situation of the allies, with all they have gained, is surely not to be compared now to what it was when you had taken Valenciennes, Quesnoy, Condé, &c., which induced some gentlemen in this House to prepare themselves for a march to Paris. With all that you have gained, you surely will not say that the prospect is brighter now than it was then. What have you gained but the recovery of a part of what you before lost? One campaign is successful to you; another to them; and in this way, animated by the vindictive passions of revenge, hatred, and rancor, which are infinitely more flagitious, even, than those of ambition and the thirst of power, you may go on forever; as, with such black incentives, I see no end to human misery.

"And all this without an intelligible motive. All this because you may gain a better peace a year or two hence! So that we are called upon to go on merely as a speculation. We must keep Bonaparte for some time longer at war, as a state of probation. Gracious God, sir! is war a state of probation? Is peace a rash system? Is it dangerous for nations to live in amity with each other? Are your vigilance, your policy, your common powers of observation, to be extinguished by putting an end to the horrors of war? Can not this state of probation be as well undergone without adding to the catalogue of human sufferings? 'But we must *pause!*' What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out — her best blood be spilled — her treasure wasted — that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves, oh! that you would put yourselves in the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite! In former wars a man might, at least, have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and of death must inflict. If a man had been present at the battle of Blenheim, for instance, and had inquired the motive of the battle, there was not a soldier engaged who could not have satisfied his curiosity, and even, perhaps, allayed his feelings. They were fighting, they knew, to repress the uncontrolled ambition of the Grand Monarch. But if a man were present now at a field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting — 'Fighting!' would be the answer; 'they are not fighting; they are *pausing!*' 'Why is that man expiring? Why is that other writhing with agony? What means this implacable fury?' The answer must be, 'You are quite wrong, sir, you deceive yourself — they are not fighting — do not disturb them — they are merely *pausing!* This man is not expiring with agony — that man is not dead — he is only *pausing!* Lord help you, sir! they are not angry with one another; they have now no cause to quarrel; but their country thinks that there should be a *pause.* All that you see, sir, is nothing like fighting — there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it whatever: it is nothing more than a *political pause!* It is merely to try an experiment — to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore; and in the mean time we have agreed to a *pause*, in pure friendship!' And is this the way, sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world — to destroy order — to trample on religion — to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation all around you."

On the peace of Amiens in 1802, Mr. Fox visited Paris, where he was treated with the greatest respect by Bonaparte.

An anecdote is related by M. Thiers, that, when Fox was in Paris during the cessation of hostilities, as he was one day passing in company with the First Consul and his suite along an apartment of the Louvre, in which there was a terrestial globe of extraordinary size and exactness, one of the followers of Bonaparte turned the globe round, and sarcastically remarked that England filled but a small space in the world. "Yes," replied Fox indignantly, "that island of the Englishmen is a small one. There they are born, and in that island their wish is to die." "But," added he, advancing to the globe and stretching his arms round the two oceans and the two Indias, "but while the Englishmen live, they fill the whole world, and clasp it in the circle of their power."

On the death of Mr. Pitt in January, 1806, Mr. Fox became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but did not long survive his great antagonist. On the 13th of September of the same year, Charles James Fox breathed his last, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. On the 10th of October, he was borne to his final resting-place in Westminster Abbey, amidst the highest honors of the nation. His grave is directly adjoining Lord Chatham's, and within a few feet of the grave of his illustrious rival, William Pitt.

> "The mighty chiefs sleep side by side,
> Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
> 'Twill trickle on his rival's bier;
> O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
> And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
> The solemn echo seems to cry —
> 'Here let their discord with them die.'
> Speak not for those a separate doom,
> Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb.
> But search the land of living men,
> Where wilt thou find their like again?"

Mr. Wilberforce, alluding to Fox on his death-bed, thus writes in his diary, June 27th, 1806:—"Poor fellow, how melancholy his case! he has not one religious friend, or one who knows any thing about it. How wonderful God's providences! How poor a master the world! He no sooner grasps his long-sought object than it shows itself a bubble, and he is forced to give it up;" and after his death he adds:—"So poor Fox is gone at last. I am more affected by it than I thought I should be. How speedily has he followed his great rival!" Mr. Pitt had breathed his last only a few months before.

Here we see the end of sublunary greatness. The grave is the home of the hero, the statesman, and the orator, as well as the poor, despised, and illiterate of earth. "*This*" in the expiring words of John Quincy Adams, "*This is the end of earth.*"

What a solemn lesson is here taught politicians and statesmen. Let a voice from the graves of Pitt and Fox remind them of their mortality, and amid the ardor of political contests proclaim aloud in their ears, in the impressive language of Burke — "*What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.*" Political elevation, oratorical glory and professional fame grow dim and perish forever in that "inevitable hour" when the immortal spirit takes its flight from the shores of time to the realms of eternity. And how short is the pathway from the cradle to the mansions of the dead! Though we may have a tongue that speaks with the eloquence of a Fox or a Pitt — though we may soar aloft to the proudest summit of human power and eminence — though we may tread the path of glory on the field of battle; and like an Alexander or a Cæsar, ride triumphantly over the fragments of broken thrones, and amid the universal crash of empires, yet the closing scene will soon arrive, when the feeble tenement of clay shall moulder, leaving its only epitaph upon the crumbling marble.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Much has been said and written on the character of Mr. Fox as an orator. That he holds the first rank among modern parliamentary speakers is conceded by all — that in some respects, he approached nearer than any other man, the style and manner of Demosthenes is allowed by some.

It is not, however, in the published speeches of Mr. Fox that we find full evidences of those high oratorical powers which he is said to have possessed. It is to the living speaker in the strength and glory of his days, that we must turn, if we would behold the proudest triumphs of his vehement eloquence. We must contemplate him in the British Senate, standing in the proud consciousness of his own intellectual strength and superiority, like Demosthenes, Chatham, or Mirabeau, pouring out with impassioned feeling, that eloquence which shook the strongholds of oppression to their center.

The leading characteristics of Mr. Fox's oratory were vehemence and simplicity. In these respects he closely resembled Demosthenes, whose manner was so vehement and whose style was so simple.

When Mr. Fox became deeply engaged in his subject, his sentences were delivered with an earnestness, a pathos, an impetuosity, a sweetness and power of tone that thrilled and subdued every heart. When his sensibility was completely roused, and his passions kindled into an inextinguishable flame, impetuous torrents of eloquence burst from his lips, bearing down all opposition. The deep and rapid stream of his oratory, may be compared to a "free and abounding river, sweeping in beauty through the open champaign, gathering volume and strength from tributary streams, glancing through green meadows and dark woodlands, rushing through forests and mountains, and finally plunging, with resistless force and majesty, into the open sea!" His feelings were always poured out with all the simplicity of a child.

"I have seen his countenance," said Mr. Goodwin, "lighten up with more than mortal ardor and goodness; I have been present when his voice was suffocated with tears." In all this, his powerful understanding went out the whole length of his emotions, so that there was nothing strained or unnatural in his most vehement bursts of passion. "His feeling," says Coleridge, "was all intellect, and his intellect was all feeling." "Never," adds Professor Goodrich, "was there a finer summing up; it shows us at a glance the whole secret of his power. To this he added the most perfect sincerity and artlessness of manner. His very faults conspired to heighten the conviction of his honesty. His broken sentences, the choking of his voice, his ungainly gestures, his sudden starts of passion, the absolute scream with which he delivered his vehement passages, all showed him to be deeply moved and in earnest, so that it may be doubted whether a more perfect delivery would not have weakened the impression he made."

Vehemence and simplicity are the two most prominent traits in the character of all truly great orators. Simplicity in writing,* and vehemence in delivery are the first of oratorical excellencies. Let it then be the constant aim of the young orator, who is aspiring to eminence in the art, to write with *simplicity* and to speak with *vehe-*

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* "Beautiful and thrilling speeches may fall and perish at once; while the simple majesty of thought, expressed in the simplest language,— such as the imperishable monuments of Demosthenes,— will live as long as time shall live."—*Jno. Todd.*

mence. It was this that armed the oratory of Fox with such astonishing power, and sent it to the heart with such *overwhelming* energy. His mind was on fire with his subject, and by the irresistible charms and force of true eloquence, he enchanted his hearers, and transferred those radiant, burning thoughts which were kindled in his own bosom to their captivated minds.

The nature of such eloquence can not be properly appreciated or described except by those who have been swayed by its power; hence, as Lord Brougham well observes, the eloquence of Mr. Fox was such, that to comprehend it, you must have heard the orator himself.

"When he got fairly into his subject, was heartily warmed with it, he poured forth words and periods of fire that smote you, and deprived you of all power to reflect and rescue yourself, while he went on to seize the faculties of the listener, and carry them captive along with him withersoever he might please to rush."

"To speak of him justly as an orator," says Sir James Mackintosh, "would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed, and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity and vehemence which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes."

In contradiction to this last sentence, Lord Brougham remarks: "There never was a greater mistake, than the fancying a close resemblance between his eloquence and that of Demosthenes; although an excellent judge (Sir James Mackintosh) fell into it when he pronounced him 'the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes.' That he resembled his immortal predecessor in despising all useless ornament, and all declamation for declamation's sake, is true enough; but it applies to every good speaker as well as to those two signal ornaments of ancient and modern rhetoric. That he resembled him in keeping more close to the subject in hand, than many good and even great speakers have often done, may also be affirmed; yet this is far too vague and remote a likeness to justify the proposition in question; and it is only a difference in degree, and not a specific distinction between him and others. That his eloquence was fervid, rapid, copious, carrying along with it the minds of the audience, not suffering them to dwell upon the speaker or the speech, but engrossing their whole attention, and keeping it fixed on the question, is equally certain, and is the only real resemblance which the comparison affords. But then the points of difference are as numerous as they are important, and they strike indeed upon the most cursory glance. The one was full of repetitions, recurring again and again to the same topic, nay to the same view of it, till he had made his impression complete; the other never came back upon a ground which he had utterly wasted and withered up by the tide of fire he had rolled over it. The one dwelt at length, and with many words on his topics; the other performed the whole at a blow, sometimes with a word, always with the smallest number of words possible. The one frequently was digressive, even narrative and copious in illustration; in the other no deviation from his course was ever to be perceived; no disporting on the borders of his way, more than any lingering upon it; but carried rapidly forward, and without swerving to the right or to the left, like the engines flying along a railway, and like them driving every thing out of sight that obstructed his resistless course."

Professor Goodrich, in his work on British Eloquence, give a most admirable summary of the oratorical character of Fox. After quoting the conflicting remarks of Mackintosh and Brougham, he adds:

" When two such men differ on a point like this, we may safely say that both are in the right and in the wrong. As to certain qualities, Fox was the very reverse of the great Athenian; as to others, they had much in common. In whatever relates to the forms of oratory — symmetry, dignity, grace, the working up of thought and language to their most perfect expression — Mr. Fox was not only inferior to Demosthenes, but wholly unlike him, having no rhetoric and no ideality; while, at the same time, in the structure of his understanding, the modes of its operation, the soul and spirit which breathes throughout his eloquence, there was a striking resemblance. This will appear as we dwell for a moment on his leading peculiarities.

(1.) He had a luminous simplicity, which gave his speeches the most absolute unity of impression, however irregular might be their arrangement. No man ever kept the great points of his case more steadily and vividly before the minds of his audience.

(2.) He took every thing in the concrete. If he discussed principles, it was always in direct connection with the subject before him. Usually, however, he did not even discuss a subject — he grappled with an antagonist. Nothing gives such life and interest to a speech, or so delights an audience, as a direct contest of man with man.

(3.) He struck instantly at the heart of his subject. He was eager to meet his opponent at once on the real points at issue; and the moment of his greatest power was when he stated the argument against himself, with more force than his adversary or any other man could give it, and then seized it with the hand of a giant, tore it in pieces, and trampled it under foot.

(4.) His mode of enforcing a subject on the minds of his audience was to come back again and again to the strong points of his case. Mr. Pitt *amplified* when he wished to impress; Mr Fox *repeated*. Demosthenes also repeated, but he had more adroitness in varying the mode of doing it. 'Idem haud iisdem verbis.'

(5.) He had rarely any preconceived method or arrangement of his thoughts. This was one of his greatest faults, in which he differed most from the Athenian artist. If it had not been for the unity of impression and feeling mentioned above, his strength would have been wasted in disconnected efforts.

(6.) Reasoning was his forte and his passion. But he was not a regular reasoner. In his eagerness to press forward, he threw away every thing he could part with, and compacted the rest into a single mass. Facts, principles, analogies, were all wrought together like the strands of a cable, and intermingled with wit, ridicule, or impassioned feeling. His arguments were usually personal in their nature, *ad hominem*, &c., and were brought home to his antagonist with stinging severity and force.

(7.) He abounded in *hits* — those abrupt and startling turns of thought which rouse an audience, and give them more delight than the loftiest strains of eloquence.

(8.) He was equally distinguished for his *side blows*, for keen and pungent remarks flashed out upon his antagonist in passing, as he pressed on with his argument.

(9.) He was often dramatic, personating the character of his opponents or others, and carrying on a dialogue between them, which added greatly to the liveliness and force of his oratory.

(10.) He had astonishing dexterity in evading difficulties, and turning to his own advantage every thing that occured in debate.

In nearly all these qualities he had a close resemblance to Demosthenes.

In his language, Mr. Fox studied simplicity, strength and boldness. 'Give me an elegant Latin and a homely Saxon word,' said he, 'and I will always choose the latter.' Another of his sayings was this: 'Did the speech read well when reported? If so, it was a bad one.' These two remarks give us the secret of his style as an orator.

The life of Mr. Fox has this lesson for young men, that early habits of recklessness and vice can hardly fail to destroy the influence of the most splendid abilities, and the most humane and generous dispositions. Though thirty-eight years in public life, he was in office only eighteen months"

CHAPTER VII.

LORD ERSKINE.

Thomas Erskine was born at Edinburgh on the 10th day of January, 1750. He received the rudiments of his education at the High School of Edinburgh, and the University of St. Andrew's. On account of the poverty of his father, he did not enjoy the advantages of an early classical education. Of Latin he knew but little, and of Greek his knowledge did not extend far beyond the alphabet. But in the literature of his native tongue he was well instructed. In his boyhood, Erskine had his aspirations after literary celebrity; even then he cultivated a taste for oratorical glory. His youthful dreams, however, were not soon accomplished In consequence of the slender patrimony of his father, young Erskine was compelled to seek his fortune in the wide world. At the age of fourteen, he embarked on the ocean as a midshipman in the navy. In this situation he spent four years, visiting among many other countries the West Indies and the coast of North America. It was during one of these voyages to America that he witnessed, as he stepped on shore, that meeting of an Indian Chief with the governor of a British colony, which he afterwards so graphically described in the finest of his speeches, "and made the starting-point of one of the noblest bursts of eloquence in our language."

At the end of four years Mr. Erskine returned to England, and was married in 1770, at the age of twenty. He now pursued with the greatest ardor the study of English literature. In addition to an extensive course of prose reading, he devoted considerable time to the study of Milton and Shakspeare, a large portion of whose writings he committed to memory. This may account for the grandeur of his style. "Here he acquired that fine choice of words, that rich and varied imagery, that sense of harmony in the structure of his sentences, that boldness of thought and magnificence of expression, for which he was afterward so much distinguished. It may also be remarked, that there are passages in both these writers which are the exact counterpart of the finest eloquence of the ancients. The speeches, in the second book of the Paradise Lost, have all the condensed energy and burning force of expression which belong to the great Athenian orator. The speech of Brutus, in Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, has all the stern majesty of Roman eloquence. That of Anthony over the dead body of Cæsar is a matchless exhibition of the art and dexterity of insinuation which characterized the genius of the Greeks. It is not in regard to poetry alone that we may say of these great masters,

> 'Hither, as to a fountain,
> Other suns repair, and in their urns
> Draw golden light.'

"In respect to eloquence, also, to use the words of Johnson, slightly varied, he who would excel in this noblest of arts must give his days and nights to the study of Milton and Shakspeare."

In 1775, Mr. Erskine entered on the study of law, and in three years after, was called to the bar. He soon acquired a splendid forensic reputation in defense of Captain Bailie, who, on his removal from the superintendence of Greenwich hospital by Lord Sandwich, had published an appeal to the public, charging several enormous abuses in the management of the institution on his Lordship, for which he was prosecuted on the charge of a libel by Sandwich. In the management of this case Mr. Erskine completely astonished the older members of the bar and the immense throng that filled Westminster Hall, by the brilliancy of his genius, the magnificence of his diction, and the splendor of his eloquence. Lord Campbell pronounces this, "the most wonderful forensic effort which we have in our annals." Erskine gained the case, and by this single effort made his fortune. As he retired from the hall he received thirty retainers from attorneys who were present and witnessed his extraordinary efforts. His first forensic contests were crowned with as brilliant a victory as were those of Patrick Henry, when he was called to plead against the clergymen of Virginia, on the tobacco question.

In 1783, Mr. Erskine took his seat in the House of Commons as member from Portsmouth. He was a zealous supporter of the Coalition ministry of Mr. Fox and Lord North. But it is not in the senate that we are to find the greatest display of Mr. Erskine's oratorical powers. In parliamentary debate he was not in his element, as he was when engaged in legal matters. His political information was not very extensive; his habits were not well suited to senatorial debate, and he was too easily embarrassed by the presence of sneering opponents. Mr. Pitt at once determined to oppose him with all the powers of his cutting sarcasm. An instance of this is given by Mr. Croly in his Life of George IV. He there states that when Mr. Erskine commenced his maiden speech, Mr. Pitt evidently intending to reply, sat with pen and paper in his hand prepared to catch the arguments of his formidable adversary. He wrote a word or two. Erskine proceeded; but with every additional sentence, Pitt's attention to the paper relaxed, his look became more careless, and he obviously began to think the orator less and less worthy of his attention. At length, while every eye in the House was fixed upon him, with a contemptuous smile he dashed the pen through the paper, and flung them on the floor. Erskine never recovered from this expression of disdain; his voice faltered, he struggled through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat dispirited and shorn of his fame. Some time afterwards, Mr. Sheridan said to him: "I'll tell you how it happens, Erskine; you are *afraid* of Pitt, and that is the flabby part of your character." During his senatorial career, however, Mr. Erskine delivered several speeches which displayed singular eloquence. Indeed, it must be admitted as Lord Brougham well observes that, had he appeared in any other period than the age of the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Burkes, there is little chance that he would have been eclipsed as a parliamentary debater.

It is to the forum that we must turn if we would see Mr. Erskine in his element — in his greatness, and in his glory. Here he stands on a proud eminence, towering in grandeur above all other advocates. "As an advocate in the forum," says Lord Campbell, "I hold him to be without an equal in ancient or modern times."

In 1784 Mr. Erskine delivered a speech on the rights of juries in the case of the Dean of St. Asaph which won universal admiration. It showed "a depth of learning which would have done honor to Selden or Hale." This speech is peculiarly interesting to the lawyer for the extent and variety of legal knowledge which it displays; and to the general student in oratory its study will be highly conducive to mental discipline. "The young orator of any profession," says an eminent critic, "will find the study of it one of the best means of mental discipline, and will rise from the perusal of it with increased admiration of Lord Erskine as a logician and an orator."

But the finest of his forensic speeches undoubtedly is that delivered in defense of Mr. Stockdale, a London bookseller, who was prosecuted by the House of Commons for publishing the Rev. Mr. Logan's pamphlet in vindication of Warren Hastings, reflecting severely on the House in their impeachment of the Governor-General of India, and charging them with having acted "from motives of personal animosity — not from regard to public justice." This speech was delivered on the 9th of December, 1789. It is universally considered the finest specimen of Lord Erskine's oratory, "whether we regard the wonderful skill with which the argument is conducted — the soundness of the principles laid down, and their happy application to the case — the exquisite fancy with which they are embellished and illustrated — or the powerful and touching language in which they are conveyed. It is justly regarded by all English lawyers as a consummate specimen of the art of addressing a jury — as a standard, a sort of precedent, for treating cases of libel; by keeping which in his eye a man may hope to succeed in special pleading his client's case within its principle, who is destitute of the talent required even to comprehend the other and higher merits of his original. By these merits it is recommended to lovers of pure diction — of copious and animated description — of lively, picturesque, and fanciful illustration — of all that constitutes, if we may so speak, the poetry of eloquence."*

The celebrated description of an Indian Chief meeting with the governor of a British Colony — "a passage which verges more toward poetry than any thing in our eloquence;"— and those famous sentences on the nature of the liberty of the press will be admired for their exquisite beauty and graphic power as long as the English language is spoken in its purity. "There are," says Lord Brougham, "no finer things in modern, and few finer in ancient eloquence than the celebrated passage of the Indian Chief; nor has beautiful language ever been used with more curious felicity to raise a striking and an appropriate image before the mind, than in the simile of the winds 'lashing before them the lazy elements, which without the tempest would stagnate into pestilence.'" Without their insertion we can not pass over these beautiful passages. They should be committed to memory by every young orator, while the whole speech should receive the closest attention.

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* Edinburgh Review, vol. xvi, p. 109.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Erskine, when about to introduce the grand burst of eloquence on the Indian Chief, "Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject, and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself among reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it,' said the jealous ruler of the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure — 'who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection."*

In speaking on the liberty of the press Mr. Erskine stated "with admirable precision and force, the great principle involved in the law of libel; namely, that every composition of this kind is to be taken as a *whole*, and not judged of by detached passages." He exposed the evils of too severe a restriction on the press in the following beautiful amplification.

"If you are firmly persuaded of the singleness and purity of the author's intentions, you are not bound to subject him to infamy, because, in the zealous career of a just and animated composition, he happens to have tripped with his pen into an intemperate expression in one or two instances of a long work. If this severe duty were binding on your consciences, the liberty of the press would be an empty sound, and no man could venture to write on any subject, however pure his purpose, without an attorney at one elbow and a counsel at the other.

"From minds thus subdued by the terrors of punishment, there could issue no works of genius to expand the empire of human reason, nor any masterly compositions on the general nature of government, by the help of which the great commonwealths of mankind have founded their establishments; much less any of those useful applications of them to critical conjunctures, by which, from time to time, our own Constitution, by the exercise of patriot citizens, has been brought back to its standard. Under such terrors, all the great lights of science and civilization must be extinguished; for men can not communicate their free thoughts to one another with a lash held over their heads. It is the nature of every thing that is great and useful, both in an animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular,— and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path: subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilize in the summer: the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish for hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which without them would stagnate into pestilence.* In like manner, Liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is: you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe, scrupulous law, but she would then be Liberty no longer; and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom."

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* "The reader will be struck with the rapid flow of the rythmus in this speech of the Indian Chief, so admirably corresponding in its iambic structure with the character of the speaker. It should be read aloud in connection with a corresponding passage of Mr. Grattan, already remarked upon for its slow and majestic movement."—*Goodrich.*

By his powerful reasoning, touching language, and fervid eloquence, Mr. Erskine secured the acquittal of Stockdale. The jury soon returned with a verdict of *Not Guilty.*

In 1794, Mr. Erskine reached the summit of forensic and oratorical fame, when he came off so triumphantly in his defense of Thomas Hardy, Rev. John Horne Tooke, the celebrated philologist, and eleven others, who were foolishly indicted for high treason, by the English government. These persons were members of the London corresponding society, the professed object of which was the promotion of parliamentary reform. Having excited the jealousy of the British government they were prosecuted and brought to trial, and Mr. Erskine was called upon to defend their cases — to save their lives. On the 1st of November, of the same year, he delivered in behalf of Hardy his celebrated speech "which will last forever." He spoke seven hours; but about ten minutes before he closed, his voice failed him, and he was so completely exhausted that he was compelled to lean on the table for support, and could only speak in a whisper. "The impression made upon his audience, as they hung with breathless anxiety on his lips, while he stood before them in this exhausted state, is said to have been more thrilling and profound than at any period of his long professional career.

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* "This is one of the finest amplifications in English oratory, beautiful in itself, justified by the importance of the subject which it enforces, and admirably suited to produce the designed impression."—*Goodrich.*

The moment he ended, the hall was filled with acclamations, which were taken up and repeated by the vast multitudes that surrounded the building and blocked up the streets." When the case came to be decided, the jury were out but three hours' when they returned with a verdict of *Not Guilty*. The principles which Mr. Erskine laid down in defending Hardy decided the case of the others who were arraigned before the court. Horne Tooke was acquitted, and the other prisoners discharged Thus Mr. Erskine, by the power of his matchless eloquence "resisted the combination of statesmen, and princes, and lawyers — the league of cruelty and craft, formed to destroy our liberties — and triumphantly scattered to the winds the half-accomplished scheme of an unsparing proscription. Before such a precious service as this, well may the luster of statesmen and of orators grow pale."*

In 1797, Mr. Erskine showed himself a very able advocate of Christianity in his vindication of its sublime doctrines, when they were assailed by the notorious Thomas Paine, who was then disseminating the poisonous seeds of infidelity in every grade of society. The circumstances under which Mr. Erskine came forward to defend the Christian religion against the abusive attacks of the Infidel, were the following: Williams, a bookseller of infamous character in London, was prosecuted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice and Immorality, for publishing Paine's Age of Reason. As counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Erskine opened the case. The plea brought forward by the defendant was "that such an attack was no crime against the government." Mr. Erskine, by the most powerful arguments and persuasive eloquence endeavored to establish the great and fundamental principle, that "the Christian religion is the very foundation of the laws of the land." His speech on this occasion was delivered on the 24th of July, 1797, before Lord Kenyon and a special jury. It is one of the most beautiful and sublime pieces of eloquence that enriches the literature of our language. The subject was well suited to Mr. Erskine's taste, as he particularly delighted and excelled in lofty declamation, and serious forensic oratory. "This speech contains a fuller exhibition than any other, of Mr. Erskine's powers of *declamation* in the best sense of the term — of lofty and glowing amplification on subjects calculated to awaken sublime sentiments, and thus to enforce the argument out of which it springs."

The most eloquent passage is that in which the orator compares Mr. Paine with the believers in Christianity,—

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* Brougham's Statesmen of George III.

with those distinguished luminaries, Newton, Boyle, Locke, Hale and Milton,—and exhibits the sincere belief of these great minds in the religion of the Savior.

"In running the mind along the numerous list of sincere and devout Christians, I can not help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light. But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a Christian! Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conception; Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy. Not those visionary and arrogant assumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, can not lie. Newton, who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists. But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the errors which a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him of the essence of his Creator. What shall then be said of the great Mr Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the brute inanimate substances which the foot treads on. Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified with Mr. Paine, to 'look through nature, up to nature's God.' Yet the result of all his contemplation was the most confirmed and devout belief in all which the other holds in contempt as despicable and driveling superstition. But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth. Let that question be answered by Mr. Locke, who was to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration a

Christian. Mr. Locke, whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the fountains of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process from the first perceptions of sense to the last conclusions of ratiocination; putting a rein, besides, upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment.

"But these men were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws which practically regulate mankind. Gentlemen, in the place where you now sit to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago the never-to-be-forgotten Sir Mathew Hale presided, whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits in man; administering human judgment with a wisdom and purity drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, which has been, and will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration.

"But it is said by Mr. Paine that the Christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies? Was *he* less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world? No: they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order as the illustration of that real and exalted faith, the unquestionable source of that fervid genius, which cast a sort of shade upon all the other works of man:

'He pass'd the bounds of flaming space,
Where angels tremble while they gaze;
He saw, till, blasted with excess of light,
He clos'd his eyes in endless night!'

"But it was the light of the *body* only that was extinguished; 'the celestial light shone inward,' and enabled him to 'justify the ways of God to man.' The result of his thinking was, nevertheless, not the same as Mr. Paine's. The mysterious incarnation of our blessed Saviour, which the 'Age of Reason' blasphemes in words so wholly unfit for the mouth of a Christian, or for the ear of a court of justice, that I dare not and will not give them utterance, Milton made the grand conclusion of Paradise Lost, the rest of his finished labors, and the ultimate hope, expectation, and glory of the world:

'*A Virgin is his mother*, but his sire
The power of the Most High: He shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens.'

"The immortal poet having thus put into the mouth of the angel the prophecy of man's redemption, follows it with that solemn and beautiful admonition, addressed in the poem to our great First Parent, but intended as an address to his posterity through all generations:

'This having learned, thou hast attained the sum
Of wisdom: hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'st,
And all the rule one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come called Charity, the soul
Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.'

"Thus you find all that is great or wise, or splendid, or illustrious among created beings—all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by their universal Author for the advancement and dignity of the world, though divided by distant ages, and by the clashing opinions distinguishing them from one another, yet joining, as it were, in one sublime chorus to celebrate the truths of Christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never fading offerings of their immortal wisdom."

"Gentlemen, I can not conclude without expressing the deepest regret at all attacks upon the Christian religion by authors who profess to promote the civil liberties of the world. For under what other auspices than Christianity have the lost and subverted liberties of mankind in former ages been reasserted? By what zeal, but the warm zeal of devout Christians, have English liberties been redeemed and consecrated? Under what other sanctions, even in our own days, have liberty and happiness been extending and spreading to the uttermost corners of the earth? What work of civilization, what commonwealth of greatness, has the bald religion of nature ever established? We see, on the contrary, the nations that have no other light than that of nature to direct them, sunk in barbarism or slaves to arbitrary governments; while, since the Christian era, the great career of the world has been slowly, but clearly, advancing lighter at every step, from the awful prophecies of the Gospel, and leading, I trust, in the end, to universal and eternal happiness. Each generation of mankind can see but a few revolving links of this mighty and mysterious chain; but, by doing our several duties in our allotted stations, we are sure that we are fulfilling the purposes of our existence. You, I trust, will fulfill yours this day!"

On the death of William Pitt in 1806, Mr. Erskine was raised to the peerage, and made Lord Chancellor. In this office he presided with dignity for thirteen months, when a change in the ministry taking place, he retired and ceased to take an active part in political affairs. ss fit.

It is painful to contemplate the evening of Lord Erskine's days. We would merely state here, that they were saddened by poverty, and that the luster of his fame was somewhat obscured by imperfections in character and conduct. His decease took place on the 17th of November, 1823, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Mr. Wraxall, in his Posthumous Memoirs, gives a very lively sketch of Mr. Erskine's personal appearance: "In his person, Erskine combined great elegance of figure and manner. His movements were all rapid; appropriate to, and corresponding with, the texture of his mind. Intelligence flashed from his eyes; and his features, regular, prepossessing, as well as harmonious, bespoke him of no vulgar extraction. He was slender, finely proportioned, and of a just stature. The tones of his voice, though sharp, were full; destitute of any tinge of Scottish accent, and adequate to every professional purpose or exigency"

Among forensic orators of ancient or modern times, Lord Erskine stands in the foremost rank. In some respects — in the grandeur of his diction — in the mellifluence of his voice — in the fascination of his manner,— and in the splendor of his eloquence, he surpasses all lawyers in modern times, and may be considered the ablest and most accomplished advocate that ever graced the Bar.

By universal consent, Lord Erskine stands at the head of our forensic eloquence. In whatever light we view him in the forum, he appears to be the same exalted character, commanding our respect by the dignity of his appearance, exciting our admiration by the gracefulness of his action, the propriety of his enunciation, the beauty of his language, the sweetness of his tones, and fascinating us by the light of his eye, and the magic of his sublime, overpowering declamation.

The oratory of Lord Erskine was admirably adapted to impress and sway a court or jury. It exercised an unrivaled power over them. By its secret, fascinating influence, success, in almost all important cases, was inevitable. Lord Erskine's great power lay in addressing a court or jury. Whenever he rose to speak, he poured forth such a rapid stream of unbroken eloquence that both court and jury were carried away in astonishment. It has been curiously remarked of him, as of Scarlett, that "he had invented a machine by the secret use of which, in court, he could make the head of a judge nod assent to his propositions; whereas his rivals, who tried to pirate it, always made the same head move from side to side." All this was the effect of genuine, soul-stirring eloquence.

"The oratory of Erskine owed much of its impressiveness to his admirable delivery. He was of the medium height, with a slender, but finely turned figure, animated and graceful in gesture, with a voice somewhat shrill but beautifully modulated, a countenance beaming with emotion, and an eye of piercing keenness and power." His eye, like that of Chatham's, was his most wonderful feature; and to its keen lightning his eloquence was indebted for much of its splendor and power. Carrying conviction and insuring victory, it impressed the court and jury with awe, and held them in breathless attention. "Juries," in the words of Lord Brougham, "have declared that they felt it impossible to remove their looks from him, when he had riveted, and, as it were, fascinated them by his first glance; and it used to be a common remark of men who observed his motions, that they resembled those of a *blood-horse*; as light, as agile, as much betokening strength and speed, as free from all gross superfluity or incumbrance.

"Then hear his voice of surpassing sweetness, clear, flexible, strong, exquisitely fitted to strains of serious earnestness, deficient in compass, indeed, and much less fitted to express indignation or even scorn than pathos, but wholly free from either harshness or monotony. All these, however, and even his chaste, dignified, and appropriate action, were very small parts of this wonderful advocate's excellence. He had a thorough knowledge of men — of their passions and their feelings — he knew every avenue to the heart, and could at will make all its chords vibrate to his touch.

"To these qualities he joined that fire, that spirit, that courage, which gave vigor and direction to the whole, and bore down all resistance."*

Of the nature and effects of that glowing eloquence which Lord Erskine so often displayed before an astonished court, we can form no adequate conceptions. The charms, beauty and force of his oratory, like those of the great Athenian orator, lay in his admirable delivery. This was the great secret of his success; and it is the foundation of all good speaking. In order to form a proper conception of the splendor and power of Erskine's eloquence, we should have seen that noble form, that animated countenance, those graceful and vehement gestures,— we should have listened to that musical tone, that harmonious sound, that deep thrilling pathos, and that lofty, soul-stirring strain. In a word, we should have caught the sudden glance of that piercing eye, and heard the low tones and swelling notes of that clear, melodious voice. These were the charms, the indescribable charms, which were thrown around the oratory of Lord Erskine. They centered in delivery.

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* "The eloquence of Lord Erskine sprang, indeed, from the purest sources, and was directed to the noblest ends. It emanated from a mind enlarged by general knowledge; endowed with singular sensibility, and refined by elegant taste; it was roused to action by the justest and noblest of human passions — an ardent love of freedom and of fame, founded upon the true happiness and lasting glory of his country. Born to what few men acquire, except by severe study and long experience as a lawyer, he attained, almost at once, the highest rank in his profession, and, as an orator, instantaneously to the summit of his art: having gained without effort, he preserved without rivalry, a reputation, the luster of which has never been equaled, and probably will never be surpassed."—*The Pamphleteer*, vol. 23, p. 417.

> "There's a charm in deliv'ry, a magical art,
> That thrills, like a kiss, from the lip to the heart;
> 'Tis the glance — the expression — the well-chosen word—
> By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirr'd—
> The smile — the mute gesture — the soul-stirring pause—
> The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes—
> The lip's soft persuasion — its musical tone:
> Oh! such were the charms of that eloquent one!"

The fancy of Lord Erskine was exceedingly brilliant, and sometimes "eminently sportive." The language in which he clothed his thoughts was beautiful and impressive. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of his diction or the elegance of his rythmus.

His written speeches and arguments are among the finest specimens of chaste composition — of close, powerful reasoning — of lofty, glowing eloquence,—that are to be found in the orations of our orators. The four great arguments of Erskine in the cases of Lord George Gordon, of the Dean of St. Asaph, of Hardy, and of Hadfield, are among the finest efforts of genius in the English language, and contain a vast amount of useful information for the lawyer.* They should not, however, be passed over by the general student in oratory. They deserve his closest attention. "Nothing can be more useful to our young orators of any profession, than to make themselves perfectly acquainted with these admirable specimens of reasoning, whatever toil it may cost them. Such productions, as Johnson said of a similar class of writings, 'are bark and steel to the mind.'"

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* "His speeches, stored as they are with the soundest political doctrines, the finest moral sentiments, and the purest oratorical beauties, are calculated eminently to enlighten, and permanently to please; they are qualified to make men not only wiser, but better; to expand their views, to confirm their principles, and to meliorate their hearts; to teach them to pursue the dictates of duty, at every pain and peril; and to uphold the interests of humanity in every sphere and season."—*The Pamphleteer.*

We shall close our observations on the style of Lord Erskine with the appropriate and judicious remarks of Prof. Goodrich:—

"His style was chaste, forcible, and harmonious, a model of graceful variety, without the slightest mannerism or straining after effect. His rhythmus was beautiful; that of the passage containing his Indian Chief is surpassed by nothing of the kind in our language. His sentences were sometimes too long — a fault which rose from the closeness and continuity of his thought.

"The exordium with which Erskine introduced a speech was always natural, ingenious, and highly appropriate; none of our orators have equaled him in this respect. The arrangement of the matter which followed was highly felicitous; and he had this peculiarity, which gave great unity and force to his arguments, that 'he proposed' in the words of another, 'a *great leading principle*, to which all his efforts were referable and subsidiary — which ran through the whole of his address, governing and elucidating every part. As the principle was a true one, whatever might be its application to that particular case, it gave to his whole speech an air of honesty and sincerity which it was difficult to resist.'"

We would turn from the contemplation of Lord Erskine with feelings of admiration at the brilliancy of his genius, the vast resources of his mind, and the splendor of his astonishing, overpowering eloquence.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

John Philpot Curran was born at Newmarket, a small village in the county of Cork, Ireland, on the 24th of July, 1750. At the age of nineteen, he entered Trinity College, Dublin. Completing his college course, without any marks of distinction, he proceeded to London, and commenced the study of the law in the Middle Temple. Here he pursued his studies with great ardor. He spent his mornings "in reading even to exhaustion, and the rest of the day in the more congenial pursuits of literature." Of his studies and amusements in London, he thus writes: "I have made some additions to my wardrobe, and purchased a *fiddle*, which I had till then denied myself. Do not think, however, from my mentioning these *indulgences*, that I have diminished my hours of reading. All I have done by the change is employing the time that must otherwise be vacant in amusement instead of solitude. I still continue to read *ten hours every day* — seven at law, and three at history and the general principles of politics; and, that I may have time enough, I rise at *half-past four*. I have contrived a machine after the manner of an hour-glass, which perhaps you may be curious to know, which wakens me regularly at that hour. Exactly over my head I have suspended two vessels of tin, one above the other. When I go to bed, which is always at ten, I pour a bottle of water into the upper vessel, in the bottom of which is a hole of such a size as to let the water pass through so as to make the inferior reservoir overflow in six hours and a half. I have had no small trouble in proportioning these vessels; and I was still more puzzled for a while how to confine my head so as to receive the drop, but I have at length succeeded."

In order to perfect himself in the art of public speaking, Mr. Curran commenced a system of discipline almost as severe as that adopted by the great Athenian master. His efforts to become a perfect orator, like those of Demosthenes, were unremitted; and it is very encouraging for the young student to reflect upon the success with which these efforts were, at length, crowned.* In contemplating the difficulties which he had to surmount in order to become a commanding speaker, who should despair of ultimate success? Let the student in oratory be animated by the noble example of those eminent speakers who set out with hardly any hope of success, but whose eloquence at last shone in the highest noon of splendor. What triumphs in oratory have been achieved simply by indomitable courage and steady perseverance! The force of this suggestion will be seen and felt by a recurrence to the early history of Demosthenes, Chatham, Sheridan, Wirt, and Curran. That glory which has encircled them was derived mainly by the persevering cultivation of their oratorical powers.

Curran commenced speaking with a voice so bad, and with an articulation so hasty and confused, that he received the name of "stuttering Jack Curran." "His manner was awkward, his gesture constrained and meaningless, and his whole appearance calculated only to produce laughter. notwithstanding the evidence he gave of superior abilities All these faults he overcame by severe and patient labor."

Now for the course which he pursued,— a course which all, who would obtain great distinction in eloquence, must adopt. Like Demosthenes, Curran practiced daily before a glass, repeating some of the finest expressions of eminent writers with which he met in a long course of reading and study. In this way he recited admirable passages from Shakspeare, and the best English writers and orators. He regularly attended debating societies, but here he was at first ridiculed by his opponents and mortified by repeated failures. One of his earliest efforts before a little debating club, is thus graphically described by himself. Long after his first attempts, some one speaking to him of his eloquence, said: "It must have been born with you." "Indeed, my dear sir," replied Curran, "it was not. It was born three and twenty years and some months after me. When I was at the Temple a few of us formed a little debating club, where all the great questions in ethics and politics were discussed and irrevocably settled. Upon the first night of our assembling, I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honor of being styled, 'the honored member that opened the debate,' or 'the very eloquent gentleman who had just sat down.' All day the scene had been flitting before my fancy and cajoling it; my ear already caught the glorious melody of 'hear him, hear him!' I stood up. The question was the Catholic claims, or the slave trade, I forget which. My mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter. I stood up, trembling through every fibre, but remembering that in this I was imitating Cicero, I took courage, and had actually proceeded as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when to my astonishment and terror I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There was but six or seven present, and the little room could not hold as many more, yet was it to my panic-struck imagination as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing on me with breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried 'hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. So you see it was not born in me. My friends despaired of my ever making a speaker, but I would not give it up. I attended the debates punctually; I said yes and no, till at length one in his speech referred to me, calling me 'orator mum,' whom he doubted not possessed wonderful talents for eloquence although he would recommend him to show it in future by some more popular method than his silence. I followed his advice."

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* "The art of speaking well requires close application, extensive practice, repeated trials, deep sagacity, and a ready invention."—*Quintilian.*

Curran did truly follow the advice of his opponent; he went on in his glorious career till he triumphed over the passions of his hearers,—till he exhibited the highest powers of oratory, and held admiring courts and juries in breathless suspense and astonishment. "He turned his shrill and stumbling brogue," says one of his friends, "into a flexible, sustained, and finely-modulated voice; his action became free and forcible; he acquired perfect readiness in thinking on his legs; he put down every opponent by the mingled force of his argument and wit, and was at last crowned with the universal applause of the society, and invited by the president to an entertainment in their behalf." "Well might one of his biographers say, 'His oratorical training was as severe as any Greek ever underwent.'"

From 1783 to 1797, Mr. Curran was a member of the Irish House of Commons. He was a warm advocate of emancipation and reform. As a parliamentary orator, he was never distinguished; it was at the bar that his eloquence burst forth with such splendor; here it was that he obtained unrivaled mastery over the passions of his auditors, and controlled them like an enchanter. While addressing the jury he was in his element; his education was forensic, and he was the glory of the forum. Here his intellect shone in all its brightness and steadiness, commanding the admiration of friends and foes. His greatest speeches were made at state trials arising out of the United Irish conspiracy. The most splendid effort of his genius, is his celebrated speech in behalf of Mr. Rowan, who was indicted for the publication of a seditious libel; delivered on the 29th of January, 1794. It contains those admirable passages — the finest he ever produced — on universal emancipation, and the liberty of the press. We quote them here as affording the best specimen of Curran's eloquence; but still it should be borne in mind that it was not the terseness of language, but the *manner*, principally, in which his great efforts were made, that invested his oratory with such irresistible power, and caused it to produce such wonderful effects. In order then to form an idea of that masterly eloquence which subdued every heart, we must call up in our minds the living speaker, with his glowing eye, and expressive countenance; his bold and impassioned gestures; his finely-modulated voice and musical tones; his wit and mimicry; his tenderness and pathos; his cutting sarcasm, and overwhelming invective.

The first extract which we give from the speech just mentioned, is on the Liberty of the Press. "What then remains? The liberty of the press *only* — that sacred palladium which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing but the depravity, or folly, or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy.

"In that awful moment of a nation's travail, of the last gasp of tyranny and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished, the people enslaved, and the prince undone. As the advocate of society, therefore — of peace — of domestic liberty — and the lasting union of the two countries — I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the state, that great detector of public imposture; guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject and the security of the Crown.

"There is a sort of aspiring and adventurous credulity which disdains assenting to obvious truths, and delights in catching at the improbability of circumstances, as its best ground of faith. To what other cause, gentlemen, can you ascribe that, in the wise, the reflecting, and the philosophical nation of Great Britain, a printer has been found guilty of a libel, for publishing those resolutions, to which the present minister of that kingdom had actually subscribed his name? To what other cause can you ascribe, what in my mind is still more astonishing, in such a country as Scotland, a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth; cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering; winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse; from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Hume, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic morality of her Burns — how, from the bosom of a country like that, genius and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant, barbarous soil; condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life? But I will not further press any idea that is painful to me, and I am sure must be painful to you. I will only say, you have now an example of which neither England nor Scotland had the advantage. You have the example of the panic, the infatuation, and the contrition of both. It is now for you to decide whether you will profit by their experience of idle panic and idle regret, or whether you merely prefer to palliate a servile imitation of their frailty, by a paltry affectation of their repentance. It is now for you to show that you are not carried away by the same hectic delusions, to acts of which no tears can wash away the consequences or the indelible reproach."

Here we have the fine passage on Universal Emancipation: "I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, the British soil—which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy and consecrated by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may be pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION."*

The peroration of this great speech is beautifully conceived. It reminds us of some of Grattan's magnificent expressions. "Upon this subject credit me when I say that I am still more anxious for you than I can be for him. I can not but feel the peculiarity of your situation. Not the jury of his own choice, which the law of England allows, but which ours refuses, collected in that box by a person certainly no friend to Mr. Rowan, certainly not very deeply interested in giving him a very impartial jury. Feeling this, as I am persuaded you do, you can not be surprised, however you may be distressed at the mournful presage with which an anxious public is led to fear the worst from your possible determination. But I will not, for the justice and honor of our common country, suffer my mind to be borne away by such melancholy anticipations. I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period of his sufferings; and however merciless he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family and the wishes of his country. But if, which Heaven forbid, it hath still been unfortunately determined that, because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace; I do trust in God that there is a redeeming spirit in the Constitution which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration."*

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* "The origin of this fine passage may be traced to the following lines of Cowper:

'Slaves can not breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country and their shackles fall.'"—*Task*, book ii.

In 1806, Mr. Curran was appointed Master of the Rolls; in 1814, he resigned this office on account of ill health, and spent his time in visiting foreign countries. Returning to London, he was attacked with apoplexy, and died in a few days after, on the 14th of October, 1817, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

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* "When Mr. Curran terminated this magnificent exertion, the universal shout of the audience testified its enthusiasm. He used to relate a ludicrous incident which attended his departure from the court after the trial. His path was instantly beset by the populace, who were bent on chairing him. He implored — he entreated — all in vain. At length, assuming an air of authority, he addressed those nearest to him: 'I desire, gentlemen, that you will desist.' 'I laid great emphasis,' says Curran, 'on the word desist, and put on my best suit of dignity. However, my next neighbor, a gigantic, brawny chairman, eyeing me, with a somewhat contemptuous affection, from top to toe, bellowed out to his companion, Arrah, blood and turf! Pat, don't mind the little crature; here, pitch him up this minute on *my showlder.*' Pat did as he was desired; the 'little crature' was carried *nolens volens* to his carriage, and drawn home by an applauding populace. It was a great treat to hear Curran describe this scene and *act it*."—*Charles Phillips.*

The personal appearance of Mr. Curran is vividly described by his friend and biographer, the eloquent Charles Phillips,* in his beautiful sketch of the orator and his contemporaries. "Mr. Curran was short of stature, with a swarthy complexion, and 'an eye that glowed like a live coal.' His countenance was singularly expressive; and, as he stood before a jury, he not only read their hearts with a searching glance, but he gave them back his own, in all the fluctuations of his feelings, from laughter to tears. His gesture was bold and impassioned; his articulation was uncommonly distinct and deliberate; the modulations of his voice were varied in a high degree, and perfectly suited to the widest range of his eloquence."

The eloquence of Mr. Curran was of the most copious, fervid and expressive kind; it almost universally sparkled with wit, humor, fun and ridicule; sometimes it was fraught with the most bitter sarcasm and raging invective; at other times it was expressed in the deepest pathos, causing tears to flow from every eye. "His power lay in the variety and strength of his emotions. He delighted a jury by his wit; he turned the court-room into a scene of the broadest farce by his humor, mimicry, or fun; he made it 'a place of tears,' by a tenderness and pathos which subdued every heart; he poured out his invective like a stream of lava, and inflamed the minds of his countrymen almost to madness by the recital of their wrongs. His rich and powerful imagination furnished the materials for these appeals, and his instinctive knowledge of the heart taught him how to use them with unfailing success."

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* "Mr. Phillips' sketch of his friend is certainly one of the most extraordinary pieces of biography ever produced. Nothing can be more lively and picturesque than its representation of the famous original. The reader of it can hardly be said not to have personally known Curran and his contemporaries. It has been justly said of this admirable work that it is Boswell *minus* Bozzy."
—*Brougham.*

Mr. Curran was one of the most popular orators of his day. His ascendancy over the feelings of his countrymen was complete. He spoke — and the nation listened. He put forth his thoughts in language that stirred the hearts of all. His imagination was fertile; his language was striking and appropriate; his pathos was refined and thrilling; his whole appearance indicated earnestness and sincerity. In many respects, his eloquence was similar to that of his intimate associate and illustrious rival, Thomas Addis Emmet; and the following comments of Justice Story on the character of Mr. Emmet will apply with equal force and truth to Mr. Curran: "His mind was quick, vigorous, searching and buoyant. He kindled as he spoke. There was a spontaneous combustion, as it were, not sparkling, but clear and glowing. His object seemed to be, not to excite wonder or surprise, to captivate by bright pictures, and varied images, and graceful groups, and startling apparitions; but by earnest and close reasoning to convince the judgment, or to overwhelm the heart by awakening its most profound emotions. His own feelings were warm and easily touched. His sensibility was keen, and refined itself almost into a melting tenderness. His knowledge of the human heart was various and exact. He was easily captivated by a belief that his own cause was just. Hence, his eloquence was most striking for its persuasiveness. He said what he felt; and he felt what he said. His command over the passions of others was an instantaneous and sympathetic action. The tones of his voice, when he touched on topics calling for deep feeling, were instinct with meaning. They were utterances of the soul as well as of the lips."

CHAPTER IX.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal to man,
His was the thunder — his the avenging rod —
The wrath — the delegated voice of God,
Which shook the nations through his lips and blazed,
Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised.—BYRON.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born at Dublin, in September, 1751. His father, Thomas Sheridan, was connected with the stage, during most of his life, and was a worthy rival of Garrick. Young Sheridan was sent to Harrow school, where he enjoyed the instructions of the celebrated Dr. Parr. Like Burke, he gave, during his school-boy days, but little promise of future eminence. In indolence and carelessness, he resembled Patrick Henry.

The attention of Sheridan being early turned to theatrical composition, he produced several dramatic essays, which soon placed him in the first rank of comic writers.

In 1780, Mr. Sheridan entered Parliament as a representative of Stafford. In the same year he delivered his maiden speech which was an unsuccessful effort. After he had finished his speech he went into the gallery and asked Woodfall, the reporter, with much anxiety, what he thought of his first attempt. "I am sorry to say," replied Woodfall, "that I don't think oratory is in your line — you had better have stuck to your former pursuits." Such an answer would have discouraged any one but a persevering man. Sheridan, resting his head on his hand, was struck mute for a few moments, and then exclaimed with great vehemence, "It is *in* me, however, Woodfall, and it shall *come out of me!*" And it did come out of him in such richness, variety, fascination and splendor, that listening senates and admiring audiences were delighted, astonished and swayed by its strain. From this moment, Mr. Sheridan devoted himself with the utmost assiduity to the study of oratory.

During the brief administration of Lord Rockingham in 1782, Mr. Sheridan came into office as Under Secretary of State. On the decease of Rockingham, he resigned with Fox, Burke, and others, when Lord Shelburne was made Prime Minister.

William Pitt, now coming into the new ministry as Chancellor of the Exchequer, undertook to put Mr. Sheridan down by contemptuous allusions to his theatrical pursuits. Mr. Sheridan retorted upon him with his ready wit — a weapon which he could always use to the greatest advantage. "No man," said Mr. Pitt, "admires more than I do the abilities of that right honorable gentleman — the elegant sallies of his thought, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, and his epigrammatic point. If they were reserved for the *proper* stage, they would no doubt receive the plaudits of the audience; and it would be the fortune of the right honorable gentleman, 'sui plausu gaudere theatri.'" Mr. Sheridan replied to this insolent language, with admirable adroitness, in the following words: "On the particular sort of personality which the right honorable gentleman has thought proper to make use of, I need not comment. The propriety, the taste, and the *gentlemanly* point of it must be obvious to this House. But let me assure the right honorable gentleman that I do now, and will, at any time he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most perfect good humor. Nay, I will say more. Flattered and encouraged by the right honorable gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if I ever engage again in the composition he alludes to, I may be tempted to an act of presumption, and attempt an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters, that of the *Angry Boy*, in the Alchemist." "The effect was irresistible. The House was convulsed with laughter; and Mr. Pitt came very near having the title of the Angry Boy fastened on him for the remainder of his life."

The greatest glory of Mr. Sheridan's career resulted from the trial of Warren Hastings, in which he was chosen one of the managers. On the 7th of February, 1786, he came forward against Mr. Hastings in one of the most wonderful speeches ever delivered. It was founded on the charge relating to Mr. Hasting's cruel treatment of the Begums, princesses of Oude, whom he had ordered to be tortured until twelve hundred thousand pounds were extorted from them. This celebrated speech not having been reported with any accuracy is now wholly lost; but it is represented as an astonishing exhibition of oratory. Its effects were unexampled in the annals of ancient or modern eloquence. During the delivery of this speech the whole assembly listened with breathless admiration to the orator; and at the conclusion they broke forth into long-continued and tumultuous applause. Mr. Fox declared of this speech, that all he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it dwindled into nothing and vanished like vapor before the sun;—and Mr. Pitt acknowledged that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed every thing that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind. Mr. Burke said that it was the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit, united, of which there was any record or tradition. A motion was immediately made to adjourn, that the House might have time to recover their calmness, and collect their reason after the excitement they had undergone. Sir W. Doblen who made this motion declared that in the state of mind in which Mr. Sheridan's speech had left him, it was impossible for him to give a determinate opinion; and Mr. Stanhope, who seconded the motion, affirmed that he had come to the House prepossessed in favor of Mr. Hastings, but such had been the wonderful efficacy of the orator's convincing details of facts and irresistible eloquence, that nothing less than a miracle could now prevent him from voting for the impeachment. Mr. Pitt, in supporting the motion for adjournment, declared that it was impossible to exercise reason freely "while under the wand of the enchanter." In Bisset's Reign of George III, an anecdote is related, which, if true, well exhibits the irresistible power of this sudden burst of eloquence. It is as follows:—"The Rev. Mr. Logan, a distinguished clergyman of the Church of Scotland, and author of a masterly defense of Mr. Hastings, went that day to the House prepossessed for the accused and against the accuser. At the expiration of the first hour, he said to a friend, 'All this is declamatory assertion without proof;' when the second was finished, 'This is a most wonderful oration;' at the close of the third, 'Mr. Hastings has acted unjustifiably;' the fourth, 'Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal;' and at last, 'Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings!'" Similar remarks relating to this wonderful oration were made long after the heat of excitement had subsided. Twenty years after, Mr. Fox declared it to be the best speech ever made in the House of Commons; and Mr. Windham said that the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting in the literary or in the parliamentary performances of

Sheridan, the greatest that had been delivered within the memory of man.

Mr. Wraxall characterizes the efforts of Sheridan and Burke on the evening of the 7th of February, 1786, as "the most splendid display of eloquence and talent which has been exhibited in the House of Commons during the present reign. This pre-eminence seems to be accorded by all parties to Sheridan's memorable speech respecting Hastings' treatment of the Begums o Princesses of Oude. It occupied considerably more than five hours in the delivery, attracted the most intense attention, and was succeeded, at its close, by a general, involuntary pause or hum of admiration, which lasted several minutes. Unquestionably, it formed a most extraordinary effort of human genius, labor, and wit, stamped throughout with the characteristic marks of Sheridan's genius; for no man accustomed to his style of composition, oral or written, could for an instant mistake the author. In many parts and passages it was absolutely dramatic; not less so than the 'Duenna,' or the 'School for Scandal.' Those pieces belong indeed to comedy, while the charge in question partook, it may be said, of the nature of tragedy. Yet so admirably could Sheridan adapt his theme to circumstances, that he contrived to lend point to incidents the most revolting, and excited smiles while detailing scenes of the deepest distress. Burke, it is true, frequently passed with rapid transitions, from indignation or invective, to raillery, or levity. But *he* was borne away by an ardent imagination that often outran his reason. Sheridan's invocations, allusions, and exclamations the most pathetic, though clothed with all the garb of nature or of passion, were not less the fruit of consummate art and mature reflection. He neither lost his temper, his memory, nor his judgment, throughout the whole performance; blending the legal accuracy of the bar, when stating facts or depositions of witnesses, with the most impassioned appeals to justice, pity, and humanity. Never was the triumph of genius over a popular assembly more signally displayed than in the speech of Sheridan!"

Soon after the delivery of this brilliant speech a bill of impeachment was found against Mr. Hastings, and Mr. Sheridan was called upon to produce another speech on the Begum Charge. On the 3d of June, 1788, in the presence of one of the most dignified and august assemblies that was ever congregated in Westminster Hall, he commenced his second speech which lasted four days, during which he delighted and astonished that vast assembly of illustrious personages, with an unbroken stream of the loftiest declamation. To such a height was the expectation of the public raised, that an immense concourse of people was brought together to hear the speech; the hall was crowded to suffocation; and such eagerness was manifested to obtain seats that "fifty Guineas were in some instances paid for a single ticket."

In point of true eloquence this speech was perhaps far inferior to Mr. Sheridan's first effort on the same charge, before the House of Commons, yet it was pronounced by all who heard it, a speech of astonishing power. Mr. Burke in particular, was carried away in admiration of Mr. Sheridan's oratorical powers. On this occasion he eulogized the orator in the following high terms:—

"He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with raptures on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory! a display that reflects the highest honor upon himself—luster upon letters—renown upon parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times: whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpased, nothing has equaled, what we have this day heard in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesmen, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardor and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not from that single speech be culled and collected."

The reports of Mr. Sheridan's speeches are so imperfect and conflicting that we have but little to offer as a fair specimen of his style. The precise language in which they were delivered, we can not possibly have. The same is true of many of those printed senatorial orations of our greatest English orators. The sentiments may be theirs, but the language, in most instances, is the reporter's. Would it be fair then to judge of the style of an orator simply by the inaccurate reports of his speeches?

The best speech of Mr. Sheridan, doubtless is the one above mentioned, yet it is but imperfectly reported. Even thus, however, it contains many passages of lofty and genuine eloquence. The description of the Desolation of Oude — the result of English cruelty and rapacity — is the most graphic and powerful passage in the speeches of Sheridan. We may here remark that some of his most labored passages are chargeable with some "faults of taste;" but the graphic description which we are about to quote is free from such defects. It affords a fine specimen of Mr. Sheridan's style:

"If, my Lords, a stranger had at this time entered the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowlah — that prince who with a savage heart had still great lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the wealth which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil — if, observing the wide and general devastation of fields unclothed and brown; of vegetation burned up and extinguished; of villages depopulated and in ruin; of temples unroofed and perishing; of reservoirs broken down and dry, this stranger should ask, 'What has thus laid waste this beautiful and opulent land; what monstrous madness has ravaged with wide-spread war; what desolating foreign foe; what civil discords; what disputed succession; what religious zeal; what fabled monster has stalked abroad, and, with malice and mortal enmity to man, withered by the grasp of death every growth of nature and humanity, all means of delight, and each original, simple principle of bare existence?' the answer would have been, not one of these causes! No wars have ravaged these lands and depopulated these villages! No desolating foreign foe! No domestic broils! No disputed succession! No religious, super-serviceable zeal! No poisonous monster! No affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged us, cut off the sources of resuscitation! No! This damp of death is the mere effusion of British amity! We sink under the pressure of their support! We writhe under their perfidious gripe! They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and lo! these are the fruits of their alliance!

"What then, my Lords, shall we bear to be told that, under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus spurred on to clamor and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums? After hearing the description given by an eye-witness [Colonel Naylor, successor of Hannay], of the paroxysm of fever and delirium into which despair threw the natives when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for breath, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution; and while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood; but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country — will it be said that all this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana; or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive! That which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man; and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes a part of his being. That feeling which tells him that man was never made to be the property of man; but that, when in the pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty. That principle which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbor, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave him in his creation. That principle which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish! That principle which makes it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act; which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and indicates the independent quality of his race."

The success of Mr. Sheridan in those speeches which he delivered against Warren Hastings was celebrated by Byron in the lines which we have placed at the head of this sketch. The fame of Mr. Sheridan had now reached its meridian splendor. In the prosecution and trial of Hastings the loftiest summit of oratorical glory was attained. It was the brightest period in the life of the orator. He never afterwards rose to such a lofty strain of eloquence as that on which he soared when, amid the rapturous applause of a thrilled audience, he shook the walls of Westminster Hall with tones of thunder,—

> "Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised."

During a parliamentary career of more than thirty years, Mr Sheridan usually took part in almost every important debate and made many able speeches. One of these, delivered in 1803, when England was threatened with invasion from France, is said to have been a speech of uncommon eloquence, and gained him much applause.

The record of the last days of this highly gifted orator and dramatist is painful. In 1809, his entire property was destroyed by the burning of Drury-lane Theater. But it was his indolence, intemperance, and extravagance, that involved him so deeply in debt, ruin and misery.

"Wine being no longer of sufficient strength to quicken his faculties for conversation or debate, stronger liquors were substituted. A person sitting one evening in a coffee-house, near St. Stephen's Chapel, saw, to his surprise, a gentleman with papers before him, after taking tea, pour the contents of a decanter of brandy into a tumbler, and drink it off without dilution. He then gathered up his papers and went out. Shortly after, the spectator, on entering the gallery of the House of Commons, heard the brandy-drinker, to his astonishment, deliver a long and brilliant speech. It was Mr. Sheridan!"

The continued violation of the laws of nature and of God will in due time bring its punishment. Thus it was with Mr. Sheridan. By intemperate habits disease was induced, while the miseries of life were thickening in deepest gloom around him. In this suffering condition, he was continually harrassed by writs and executions; a sheriff's officer finally arrested the dying man, and was about to carry him to prison, when his physician interfered and prevented his removal. Mr. Sheridan died on the 7th of July, 1816, at the age of sixty-four, "a melancholy example of brilliant talents sacrificed to a love of display and convivial indulgence."

In contemplating the mournful end of the most brilliant orator of the past generation we may adopt the following glowing and impressive lines of the poet, and ask:—

"Was this, then, the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall—
The orator, dramatist, minstrel,—who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art,
From the finest and best of all other men's powers;—
Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or draw down its showers:—

Whose humor, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every subject, and shone, as it play'd:—
Whose wit, in the combat as gentle, as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;—

Whose eloquence, brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

The eloquence of Mr. Sheridan was of the highest order. We mention a few of its leading characteristics. It was not of that condensed, fiery energy which inspired Chatham or Mirabeau; it was of a milder kind,—more adapted to please and captivate than to alarm and terrify.

It was adorned by lofty flights of fancy, classical allusions, sallies of wit, humor, irony and ridicule. This is a species of oratory in which all popular assemblies take unbounded delight.

The forte of Sheridan lay in the powerful effusions of brilliant wit, mingled with humor and fun. With this he would often convulse his hearers with laughter. "Good sense and wit were the great weapons of his oratory — shrewdness in detecting the weak points of an adversary, and infinite powers of raillery in exposing them." Ready wit is of the greatest advantage to a political orator. It not only enables him to give vivacity to his discourse, but renders him formidable to his opponent. With the keen edge of wit, Sheridan wounded his antagonists the deepest. It was a weapon that he often hurled at Pitt and Dundas, with complete success.

Mr. Sheridan possessed a remarkable versatility of talents — extensive knowledge of the human heart — great powers of fancy — exuberant stores of wit — a deep, clear, mellifluous voice, whose tones were perfectly suited to invective, descriptive, pathetic, or impassioned declamation — a singularly piercing eye*— an animated and impressive countenance — a fiery and dauntless spirit that never faltered before an antagonist,— and a manner altogether striking, admirable and impressive. His gestures were performed with grace, dignity and force. His attention to theatrical performances doubtless contributed to render him a complete master of that which Demosthenes declared to be the first, and second, and third requisites in eloquence. Much of the power of his oratory lay in his admirable delivery. In this way he triumphed over the passions of his auditors, and fascinated them at his pleasure By a stroke of the pathetic, he could, apparently, without much effort, move his hearers to tears, and by the sallies of wit and fun, as easily set them into roars of laughter.

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* "It had the singularity of never winking."—*Lord Brougham.*

"Of all great speakers of a day fertile in oratory, Sheridan had the most conspicuous natural gifts. His figure, at his first introduction into the House, was manly and striking; his countenance singularly expressive, when excited in debate; his eye, large, black, and intellectual; and his voice one of the richest, most flexible, and most sonorous that ever came from human lips. Pitt's was powerful, but monotonous; and its measured tone often wearied the ear. Fox's was all confusion in the commencement of his speech; and it required some tension of ear throughout to catch his words. Burke's was loud and bold, but unmusical; and his contempt for order in his sentences, and the abruptness of his grand and swelling conceptions, that seemed to roll through his mind like billows before a gale, often made the defects of his delivery more striking. But Sheridan, in manner, gesture, and voice, had every quality that could give effect to eloquence. Pitt and Fox were listened to with profound respect, and in silence, broken only by occasional cheers; but from the moment of Sheridan's rising there was an expectation of pleasure, which, to his last days, was seldom disappointed. A low murmur of eagerness ran round the House; every word was watched for, and his first pleasantry set the whole assemblage in a roar. Sheridan was aware of this, and has been heard to say, 'that if a jester would never be an orator, yet no speaker could expect to be popular in a *full house* without a jest; and that he always made the experiment, good or bad, as a laugh gave him the country gentlemen to a man.'"

Cotemporaries speak in the highest terms of Mr. Sheridan's intellectual and oratorical powers. The following sketch of his person and manner of speaking, by Mr.

Wraxall, a distinguished member of Parliament, a critic and writer of considerable repute, will be read with pleasure:

"He possessed a ductility and versatility of talents, which no public man in our time has equaled; and these intellectual endowments were sustained by a suavity of temper, that seemed to set at defiance all attempts to ruffle or discompose it. Playing with his irritable or angry antagonist, Sheridan exposed him by sallies of wit, or attacked him with classic elegance of satire; performing this arduous task in the face of a crowded assembly, without losing for an instant either his presence of mind, his facility of expression, or his good humor. He wounded deepest, indeed, when he smiled; and convulsed his hearers with laughter, while the object of his ridicule or animadversion was twisting under the lash. Pitt and Dundas, who presented the fairest marks for his attack, found by experience, that though they might repel, they could not confound, and still less could they silence or vanquish him. In every attempt that they made by introducing personalities, or illiberal reflections on his private life, and literary or dramatic occupations, to disconcert him, he turned their weapons on themselves. Nor did he, while thus chastising his adversary, alter a muscle of his own countenance, which, as well as his gestures, seemed to participate and display the unalterable serenity of his intellectual formation. Rarely did he elevate his voice, and never except in subservience to the dictates of his judgment, with the view to produce a corresponding effect on his audience. Yet he was always heard, generally listened to with eagerness, and could obtain a hearing at almost any hour. Burke, who wanted Sheridan's nice tact, and his amenity of manner, was continually coughed down: and on those occasions he lost his temper. Even Fox often tired the house by the repetitions which he introduced into his speeches. Sheridan never abused their patience. Whenever he rose they anticipated a rich repast of wit without acrimony, seasoned by allusions and citations the most delicate, yet obvious in their application.

" At this period of his life, when he was not more than thirty-three years of age, his countenance and features had in them something peculiarly pleasing; indicative at once of intellect, humor, and gaiety. All these characteristics played about his lips when speaking, and operated with inconceivable attraction;— for they anticipated, as it were, to the eye, the effect produced by his oratory on the ear; thus opening for him a sure way to the heart, or the understanding. Even the tones of the voice, which were singularly mellifluous, aided the general effect of his eloquence; nor was it accompanied by Burke's unpleasant Irish accent. Pitt's enunciation was unquestionably more imposing, dignified, and sonorous. Fox displayed more argument as well as vehemence; Burke possessed more fancy and enthusiasm; but Sheridan won his way by a sort of fascination.

" Sheridan combined in himself the talents of Terence and of Cicero, the powers of Demosthenes and of Menander. In the capital of Great Britain, on one and the same day, he has spoken for several hours in Westminster Hall, during the course of Hastings' trial, to a most brilliant and highly-informed audience of both sexes, in a manner so impressive, no less than eloquent, as to extort admiration even from his greatest enemies. Then repairing to the House of Commons he has exhibited specimens of oratory before that assembly, equaling those which he had displayed in the morning, when addressing the peers, as one of Hastings' accusers: while, on the same evening, 'The Duenna' has been performed at one theater, and the 'School for Scandal' at the other, to crowded audiences, who received them with unbounded applause. This is a species of double triumph, of the tongue and of the pen, to which antiquity, Athenian or Roman, can lay no claim, and which has not any parallel in our own history. Lord Bolingbroke may perhaps form the nearest approach, as he was both an orator and a writer. So was Burke. Fox himself, after a life passed in the House of Commons, aspired to instruct and to delight by his compositions. But not one of the three can sustain a comparison with Sheridan, who may be considered, in a comprehensive view, as the most highly endowed man whom we have beheld in our time."*

In a fine critique on the character and genius of celebrated orators, a late writer of our own country has the following beautiful reflection on Sheridan:

"Associated with Burke and Fox, in their long career of opposition, was the renowned, unhappy Sheridan. If not, as he has been called, 'the worthy rival,' he might, doubtless, in many respects, have been the rival

> 'Of the wond'rous three †
> Whose words were sparks of immortality.'

"Sheridan had not the classical attainments, nor the political and general information of his great contemporaries. He could not generalize with Burke, nor debate with Pitt and Fox. But his flow of wit was inexhaustible. On great occasions, and with sufficient preparation, he could put forth the highest powers of oratory. A richer tribute was perhaps never paid to eloquence, than was universally accorded to him after his great speech on the Begum charge in the trial of Hastings;

> 'In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
> The praised, the proud, who made his praise their pride.'"

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* Posthumous Memoirs of his Own Time, p. 20, 22.

† Burke, Fox, and Pitt.

CHAPTER X.

WILLIAM PITT.

William Pitt, the younger, was born at Hayes, in Kent, on the 28th of May, 1759. He was the second son of Lord Chatham. In childhood, Pitt gave indications of a superior mind; and the buddings of that young intellect were watched with peculiar pleasure by a father, himself the greatest of English statesmen, who was proud to train up a son that would continue his own fame in another generation. On account of the weakness of his constitution, young Pitt was not sent to a public school, but pursued his studies at home, under a private tutor, and under his father's superintendence. At fourteen, he was sent to the University of Cambridge. Even then—so great was his proficiency in knowledge,—he was well versed in the rudiments of English literature, and familiarly acquainted with the Greek and Roman classics. According to his tutor, Dr. Prettyman, he seldom met with difficulty in Latin authors, and it was no uncommon thing for him to translate into English six or eight pages of Thucydides which he had not previously seen, with only two or three mistakes, or even without any. Before he was twenty, it is said, that there was scarcely a Greek or Latin classical writer of any eminence, the whole of whose works Mr. Pitt had not read in the original.

In anticipation of entering on a political career, one great, leading idea,—that of becoming an accomplished and distinguished orator in Parliament,—seems to have absorbed the mind of young Pitt. When his father was elevated to the peerage, the youth, at that time in his seventh year, is said to have exclaimed, "Then must I take his place in the House of Commons!" In the hope of being one day numbered among the most eminent orators of the age—an age of oratorical greatness and glory—the youthful Pitt pursued with indefatigable perseverance the study of the ancient classics, the mathematics, and the logic of Aristotle. These studies seem to have engaged his closest attention for several years. Such was the foundation on which he erected the superstructure of his persuasive eloquence. Like his illustrious father, he was formed on the classic model. He was, perhaps, as intimately acquainted with the elegant literary productions of antiquity as his celebrated rival, Mr. Fox. The classics were Mr. Pitt's daily companions. He was in the habit of spending hours on the most beautiful expressions of the ancient orators and historians, and of copying the most striking passages in their works. The practice of rendering the Greek and Roman classics into English, and of committing to memory the most eloquent passages which occur in reading, is the best exercise in which the young student can engage. It imparts a command of language, aids him in acquiring a forcible style, affords the best mental discipline, strengthens his memory, cultivates his taste, invigorates his intellect, and gives him a relish for the sublime and beautiful in writing. Such a course has been pursued by all who have attained the greatest eminence in public speaking. Let the young orator adopt this plan, and he will improve. Let him not only read the classics "by day and study them by night," but commit to memory those eloquent passages which we have introduced in this volume—those passages of Demosthenian fire

Mr. Pitt took great delight in the ancient and modern poets. Their finest passages he committed to memory.

Like Erskine, he was a warm admirer of Shakspeare, and knew by heart a large portion of his writings. In English literature, Mr. Pitt's knowledge was extensive. He was familiar with the best historians. Middleton's Life of Cicero, Bolingbroke's political works, and Barrow's Sermons, were his favorite models of style.

Having studied law, Mr. Pitt was called to the bar in 1780, and the next year, at the age of twenty-two, took his seat in Parliament. He immediately united with Burke, Fox and other distinguished members of the House, in opposing Lord North's administration, which was now verging towards its downfall. His maiden speech, which was wholly unpremeditated, was delivered about a month after he became a member of Parliament, when one of Mr. Burke's bills on economical reform was under debate. Such remarkable and astonishing powers of eloquence did the young speaker manifest in his first oratorical effort, that all eyes were turned towards him in wonder and admiration, and a burst of applause broke from every quarter of the House. After he had finished his speech, Burke took him by the hand, declaring that he was "not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself." Fox had him enrolled among the *elite* of the Whigs, and so great was his admiration of the youth's oratory, that, when some one was remarking, at the end of the session, "Pitt promises to be one of the first speakers that was ever heard in Parliament," he instantly replied, "*He is so already.*"

"Thus, at the age of twenty-two, when most men are yet in the rudiments of political science, and just commencing their first essays in oratory, he placed himself at a single bound in the foremost rank of English statesmen and orators, at the proudest era of English eloquence."

One of the most praiseworthy efforts of Mr. Pitt, about this time (November, 1781), was his strenuous exertion to terminate the American war. In a speech on the subject, he denounced it in the following bold, eloquent terms, which may serve as a fair specimen of his style of composition.

" Gentlemen have passed the highest eulogiums on the American war. Its justice has been defended in the most fervent manner. A noble lord, in the heat of his zeal, has called it a holy war. For my part, although the honorable gentleman who made this motion, and some other gentlemen, have been, more than once, in the course of the debate, severely reprehended for calling it a wicked and accursed war, I am persuaded, and would affirm, that it was a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust and diabolical war! It was conceived in injustice; it was nurtured and brought forth in folly; its footsteps were marked with blood, slaughter, persecution and devastation; — in truth, everything which went to constitute moral depravity and human terpitude were to be found in it. It was pregnant with misery of every kind.

" The mischief, however, recoiled on the unhappy people of this country, who were made the instruments by which the wicked purposes of the authors of the war were effected. The Nation was drained of its best blood, and of its vital resources of men and money. The expense of the war was enormous, — much beyond any former experience And yet, what has the British nation received in return? Nothing but a series of ineffective victories, or severe defeats;—victories celebrated only by a temporary triumph over our brethren, whom we would trample down and destroy; victories, which filled the land with mourning for the loss of dear and valued relatives, slain in the impious cause of enforcing unconditional submission, or with narratives of the glorious exertions of men struggling in the holy cause of liberty, though struggling in the absence of all the facilities and advantages which are in general deemed the necessary concomitants of victory and success.

Where was the Englishman, who, on reading the narratives of those bloody and well-fought contests, could refrain from lamenting the loss of so much British blood spilt in such a cause; or from weeping, on whatever side victory might be declared?"

At the termination of the Rockingham Administration, in 1782, Mr. Pitt was made Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne. Mr. Fox, who considered himself slighted, instantly resigned his office as Secretary of State, and united with Lord North in opposing the Shelburne Administration. The new ministers were voted down, and a motion was made, strongly censuring them or the terms on which they had made peace. After a long debate, the vote of censure was finally passed, whereupon the Earl of Shelburne resigned.

Next followed the coalition ministry (April 2d, 1783), which was dismissed in a few months. William Pitt then came in as Prime Minister, at the age of *twenty-four* (Dec. 22d, 1783).

Mr. Fox, who still had the majority on his side, now labored hard to put down the young minister. But it was in vain. Mr. Pitt's popularity increased every day, until he was firmly established in his new office as Premier. He stood at the helm in the administration of the British government for nearly seventeen years, during one of the most eventful and stormy periods in English history. With such consummate wisdom and ability did he manage the affairs of the nation in those perilous times, that he has been justly styled, the "pilot that weathered the storm."

With respect to the former part of his administration, Gibbon, the historian, speaks in the highest terms of commendation; and says, that "in all his researches in ancient and modern history, he had nowhere met with a parallel—with one who at so early a period of life had so important a trust reposed in him, which he had discharged with so much credit to himself and advantage to the kingdom." And Mr. Gifford, in his life of the orator pays a beautiful tribute to his character as a statesman—as one of the ablest that England had produced. "As a statesman, the resources, as well as the firmness of Mr. Pitt's mind, have been amply demonstrated by the measures which he adopted, to meet the various and unforeseen difficulties with which the British nation was surrounded during the period of his administration. Abroad, he had to struggle with the most gigantic power, which ever raised itself in opposition to the greatness of his country; while, at home, he had to support at the same time commercial and national credit, to allay the turbulent spirit of mutiny, to extinguish the raging flames of rebellion, to provide even for the importunate calls of famine. The energies of his mind were most eminently exerted upon these important occasions; and, in spite of internal distractions, he carried the power of the nation to a greater height than it had ever attained at any former period."

During his administration, several important measures, affecting the peace, happiness and prosperity of Great Britain, India, and Africa were brought forward or sustained by Mr. Pitt. In most of these measures he showed himself one of the ablest and most sagacious statesmen that ever controlled the affairs of England. Our limited space does not permit us to follow Mr. Pitt through his long career. We shall mention but one or two of his best parliamentary efforts. The act which reflects the highest honor on his character as a philanthropist,—as an opponent of oppression,—as the friend of universal liberty, is his uniting with Mr. Wilberforce in advocating the immediate abolition of the slave trade, in which England was at that time engaged. His noble exertions in behalf of the oppressed sons of Africa entitle him to the lasting regard of Christendom. The African slave trade roused all the sympathies of Mr. Pitt, and called forth the sublimest effort of his eloquence.

Early in 1792, hundreds of petitions against the slave trade were presented to Parliament; and on the 2d of April, Mr. Wilberforce made a motion for its immediate suppression, which he supported by a speech of great compass and power. In reply to Addington and Dundas, who opposed Wilberforce's plan of immediate abolition, Mr. Pitt rose and delivered the most eloquent speech on this subject, ever pronounced in the House of Commons. It is the finest of all his parliamentary efforts, combining "with the most impassioned declamation, the deepest pathos, the most lively imagination, and the closest reasoning."

Mr. Wilberforce, alluding to this speech in his journal, writes, "Windham, who has no love for Pitt, tells me that Fox and Grey, with whom he walked home from this debate, agreed in thinking Pitt's speech one of the most extraordinary displays of eloquence they had ever heard. For the last twenty minutes he really seemed to be inspired;" and Lord Brougham says, "We have it from a friend of his own, who sat beside him on this memorable occasion, that its effects on Mr. Fox were manifest during the whole period of the delivery, while Mr. Sheridan expressed his feelings in the most hearty and even passionate terms; and we have it from Mr. Windham that he walked home lost in amazement at the compass, till then unknown to him, of human eloquence."

In tones of the loftiest eloquence he exposed the evils of that guilty traffic which had long inflicted misery upon Africa and cast disgrace on England.

"The last four paragraphs of this speech, together with three others at the opening of the third head, 'But now, sir, I come to Africa,' are specimens of that lofty declamation with which Mr. Pitt so often raised and delighted the feelings of the House. His theme in such cases was usually his *country* — what she had been, what she might be, what she ought to accomplish. His amplifications are often in the best manner of Cicero adapted to modern times."

We introduce all these passages at length: "But now, sir, I come to Africa. That is the ground on which I rest, and here it is that I say my right honorable friends do not carry their principles to their full extent. Why ought the slave trade to be abolished? *Because it is incurable* INJUSTICE! How much stronger, then, is the argument for immediate than gradual abolition! By allowing it to continue even for one hour, do not my right honorable friends weaken — do not they desert, their own argument of its injustice? If on the ground of injustice it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now? Why is injustice to be suffered to remain for a single hour? From what I hear without doors, it is evident that there is a general conviction entertained of its being far from just, and from that very conviction of its injustice some men have been led, I fear, to the supposition that the slave trade never could have been permitted to begin, but from some strong and irresistible necessity; a necessity, however, which, if it was fancied to exist at first, I have shown can not be thought by any man whatever to exist at present. This plea of necessity, hus presumed, and presumed, as I suspect, from the circumstance of injustice itself, has caused a sort of acquiescence in the continuance of this evil. Men have been led to place it in the rank of those necessary evils which are supposed to be the lot of human creatures, and to be permitted to fall upon some countries or individuals, rather than upon others, by that Being whose ways are inscrutable to us, and whose dispensations, it is conceived, we ought not to look into. The origin of evil is, indeed, a subject beyond the reach of the human understanding; and the permission of it by the Supreme

Being, is a subject into which it belongs not to us to inquire. But where the evil in question is a moral evil which a man can scrutinize, and where that moral evil has its origin with ourselves, let us not imagine that we can clear our consciences by this general, not to say irreligious and impious way of laying aside the question. If we reflect at all on this subject we must see that every necessary evil supposes that some other and greater evil would be incurred were it removed. I therefore desire to ask, what can be that greater evil which can be stated to overbalance the one in question? I know of no evil that ever has existed, nor can imagine any evil to exist, worse than the tearing of EIGHTY THOUSAND PERSONS annually from their native land, by a combination of the most civilized nations in the most enlightened quarter of the globe; but more especially by that nation which calls herself the most free and the most happy of them all. Even if these miserable beings were proved guilty of every crime before you take them off (of which however not a single proof is adduced), ought *we* to take upon ourselves the office of executioners? And even if we condescend so far, still can we be justified in taking them, unless we have clear proof that they are criminals?

"But if we go much farther; if we ourselves tempt them to sell their fellow creatures to us, we may rest assured that they will take care to provide by every method, by kidnapping, by village-breaking, by unjust wars, by iniquitous condemnations, by rendering Africa a scene of bloodshed and misery, a supply of victims increasing in proportion to our demand. Can we, then, hesitate in deciding whether the wars in Africa are their wars or ours? It was our arms in the River Cameroon, put into the hands of the trader, that furnished him with the means of pushing his trade; and I have no more doubt that they are British arms, put into the hands of Africans, which promote universal war and desolation, than I can doubt their having done so in that individual instance.

"I have shown how great is the enormity of this evil, even on the supposition that we take only convicts and prisoners of war. But take the subject in the other way; take it on the grounds stated by the right honorable gentleman over the way; and how does it stand? Think of EIGHTY THOUSAND persons carried away out of their country, by *we know not what means;* for crimes imputed; for light or inconsiderable faults; for debt, perhaps; for the crime of witchcraft; or a thousand other weak and scandalous pretexts! Besides all the fraud and kidnapping, the villainies and perfidy, by which the slave trade is supplied. Reflect on these eighty thousand persons thus annually taken off! There is something in the horror of it, that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exists in Africa something like to courts of justice; yet what an office of humiliation and meanness is it in us, to take upon ourselves to carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such courts, as if we also were strangers to all religion, and to the first principles of justice."

"Thus, sir, has the perversion of British commerce carried misery instead of happiness to one whole quarter of the globe. False to the very principles of trade, misguided in our policy, and unmindful of our duty, what astonishing — I had almost said, what *irreparable* mischief, have we brought upon that continent! How shall we hope to obtain, if it be possible, forgiveness from Heaven for those enormous evils we have committed, if we refuse to make use of those means which the mercy of Providence hath still reserved to us, for wiping away the guilt and shame with which we are now covered. If we refuse even this degree of compensation; if, knowing the miseries we have caused, we refuse even now to put a stop to them, how greatly aggravated will be the guilt of Great Britain! and what a blot will these transactions forever be in the history of this country! Shall we, then, delay to repair these injuries, and to begin rendering justice to Africa? Shall we not count the days and hours that are suffered to intervene; and to delay the accomplishment of such a work? Reflect what an immense object is before you; what an object for a nation to have in view, and to have a prospect, under the favor of Providence, of being now permitted to attain! I think the House will agree with me in cherishing the ardent wish to enter without delay upon the measures necessary for these great ends; and I am sure that the immediate abolition of the slave trade is the first, the principal, the most indispensable act of policy, of duty, and of justice, that the Legislature of this country has to take, if it is indeed their wish to secure those important objects to which I have alluded, and which we are bound to pursue by the most solemn obligations."

"Having now detained the House so long, all that I will further add shall be on that important subject, the civilization of Africa, which I have already shown that I consider as the leading feature in this question. Grieved am I to think that there should be a single person in this country, much more that there should be a single member in the British Parliament, who can look on the present dark, uncultivated, and uncivilized state of that continent as a ground for continuing the slave trade; as a ground not only for refusing to attempt the improvement of Africa, but even for hindering and intercepting every ray of light which might otherwise break in upon her, as a ground for refusing to her the common chance and the common means with which other nations have been blessed, of emerging from their native barbarism."

",We, sir, have long since emerged from barbarism. We have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians.

We are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. There is, indeed, one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting even to this hour as barbarians; for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves; we continue it even yet, in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favored above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivaled in commerce, pre-eminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society. We are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of liberty. We are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice. We are living under a system of government which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and wisest which has ever yet been framed; a system which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must forever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestry to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct towards us; had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa; ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might, at this hour, have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

"If, then, we feel that this perpetual confinement in the fetters of brutal ignorance would have been the greatest calamity which could have befallen us; if we view with gratitude and exultation the contrast between the peculiar blessings we enjoy, and the wretchedness of the ancient inhabitants of Britain; if we shudder to think of the misery which would still have overwhelmed us had Great Britain continued to the present time to be a mart for slaves to the more civilized nations of the world, through some cruel policy of theirs, God forbid that *we* should any longer subject Africa to the same dreadful scourge, and preclude the light of knowledge, which has reached every other quarter of the globe, from having access to her coasts.

"I trust we shall no longer continue this commerce, to the destruction of every improvement on that wide continent; and shall not consider ourselves as conferring too great a boon, in restoring its inhabitants to the rank of human beings. I trust we shall not think ourselves too liberal, if, by abolishing the slave trade, we give them the same common chance of civilization with other parts of the world, and that we shall now allow to Africa the opportunity, the hope, the prospect of attaining to the same blessings which we ourselves, through the favorable dispensations of Divine Providence, have been permitted, at a much more early period, to enjoy. If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which at some happy period in still later times may blaze with full luster; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then, also, will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

———Nos que ubi primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis;
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina vesper.

"Then, sir, may be applied to Africa those words, originally used, indeed, with a different view:

His demum exactis————————
Devenère locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas;
Largior hic campos Æther et lumine vestit.
Purpureo:*

"It is in this view, sir — it is an atonement for our long and cruel injustice toward Africa, that the measure proposed by my honorable friend most forcibly recommends itself to my mind. The great and happy change to be expected in the state of her inhabitants, is, of all the various and important benefits of the abolition, in my estimation, incomparably the most extensive and important.

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* "These words introduce Virgil's description of the Elysian fields in his region of departed spirits.—(*Æneid*, book vi., lines 637–41):

These rites performed, they reach those happy fields,
Gardens, and groves, and seats of living joy,
Where the pure ether spreads with wider sway,
And throws a purple light o'er all the plains."

"I shall vote, sir, against the adjournment; and I shall also oppose to the utmost every proposition which in any way may tend either to prevent, or even to postpone for an hour, the total abolition of the slave trade: a measure which, on all the various grounds which I have stated, we are bound, by the most pressing and indispensable duty, to adopt."

The impression made by this speech was great; but notwithstanding the splendor of Mr. Pitt's eloquence, and the force of his masterly arguments for the immediate extinction of the slave trade, Mr. Dundas's plan of a gradual abolition was triumphant in the House. But the subject of immediate abolition did not rest here. Session after session, it was brought up by Mr. Wilberforce,* and he

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* William Wilberforce, was born at Hull, England, on the 24th of August, 1759. Having finished his college course at Cambridge, he entered Parliament, at the age of twenty-one, as an opponent of the American war, and of Lord North's administration. Wilberforce was an intimate friend of Pitt, and generally a warm supporter of his administration. But the one grand object of his political life, which called forth all the resources of his mind, was the abolition of the African slave trade. He delivered several speeches of great compass, power and eloquence, on this subject. One of the most eloquent of these, delivered on the 12th of May, 1789, produced an electric effect. Mr. Burke, referring to this effort said: "The principles were so well laid down, and supported with so much force and order, that it equaled any thing that he had heard in modern times, and was not perhaps to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence."

The oratorical character of Mr. Wilberforce is drawn by a master-hand. Says Lord Brougham: "His eloquence was of the highest order. It was persuasive and pathetic in an eminent degree; but it was occasionally bold and impassioned, animated with the inspiration which deep feeling alone can finally succeeded in accomplishing this great object, for which he had labored nearly twenty years.

In 1806, a resolution was passed declaring "that the slave trade was inconsistent with justice, humanity, and sound policy, and that measures ought to be taken for its immediate abolition," and on the 6th of February, 1807, a bill abolishing the traffic was passed and received the royal assent. The 1st of January, 1808 was appointed for the termination of the African slave trade. It was a joyful day for Mr. Wilberforce, but the eyes of Mr. Pitt were not permitted to behold it; they were, at this time, closed in death; and that tongue, once so eloquent, was forever mute in the grave.

Another of the greatest displays of Mr. Pitt's oratory was on the subject of the French Revolution. His great speech on his refusal to negotiate with Bonaparte, delivered on the 3d of February, 1800, was, perhaps, the most

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breathe into spoken thought, chastened by a pure taste, varied by extensive information, enriched by classical allusion, sometimes elevated by the more sublime topics of holy writ — the thoughts and the spirit.

'That touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire.'

" Few passages can be cited in the oratory of modern times of a more electrical effect than the singularly felicitous and striking allusion to Mr. Pitt's resisting the torrent of Jacobin principles: 'He stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed.' The singular kindness, the extreme gentleness of his disposition, wholly free from gall, from vanity, or any selfish feeling, kept him from indulging in any of the vituperative branches of rhetoric; but a memorable instance showed that it was any thing rather than the want of power which held him off from the use of the weapons so often in almost all other men's hands. When a well-known popular member thought fit to designate him repeatedly, and very irregularly, as the '*Honorable and religious gentleman*,'' not because he was ashamed of the Cross he gloried in, but because he felt indignant at any one in the British senate deeming piety a matter of imputation, he poured out a strain of sarcasm which none who heard it can forget. A common friend of the parties having remarked to Sir Samuel Romilly, beside whom he sat, that this greatly outmatched Pitt himself, the great master of sarcasm, the reply of that great man and just observer, was elaborate of all his orations. "It is the most elaborate of all his efforts; and though worse reported than the other two, so far as language is concerned (Mr. Canning, indeed, says that Mr. Pitt suffered more in this respect than any orator of his day), it can hardly be too much admired for its broad and luminous statements, the closeness of its reasonings, and the fervor of its appeals."

It was to this speech that Mr. Fox replied in such torrents of unbroken eloquence. Mr. Pitt was, notwithstanding, successful. The address approving of his conduct was passed by a majority of 265 to 64.

In 1801, Mr. Pitt, in consequence of a difference with the King, resigned his office as Prime Minister, after holding it between sixteen and seventeen years. Mr. Addington succeeded him as Minister, and concluded the peace of Amiens, in 1802.

On the renewal of the war in 1803, Mr. Pitt came forward with all the power of his oratory for its vigorous prosecution, while Mr. Fox strongly opposed it. The speech of Pitt on this subject was among the last and most

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worthy to be remarked, 'Yes,' said he, 'it is the most striking thing I almost ever heard; but I look upon it as a more singular proof of Wilberforce's virtue than of his genius, for who but he ever was possessed of such a formidable weapon, and never used it?'

"Against all these accomplishments of a finished orator there was little to set on the other side. A feeble constitution, which made him say, all his life, that he never was either well or ill; a voice sweetly musical beyond that of most men, and of great compass also, but sometimes degenerating into a whine; a figure exceedingly undignified and ungraceful, though the features of the face were singularly expressive; and a want of condensation, in the latter years of his life, especially, lapsing into digression, and ill-calculated for a very business-like audience like the House of Commons — these may be noted as the only drawbacks which kept him out of the very first place among the first speakers of his age, whom, in pathos, and also in graceful and easy and perfectly elegant diction, as well as harmonious periods, he unquestionably excelled." Mr. Wilberforce died on the 29th of July, 1833. He was buried within a few yards of his illustrious contemporaries, Pitt, Fox and Canning.

splendid of his oratorical efforts. "His speech on this occasion (which, through an accident in the gallery, was never reported) is said by Lord Brougham to have 'excelled all his other performances in vehement and spirit-stirring declamation; and this may be the more easily believed when we know that Mr. Fox, in his reply, said, The orators of antiquity would have admired, probably would have envied it. The last half hour is described as having been one unbroken torrent of the most majestic declamation.'"

In 1804, Mr. Pitt was again made Prime Minister, and held the office till his death. He soon formed his last great coalition against Bonaparte, but the famous battle of Austerlitz, which was fought on the 2d of December, 1805, dashed his hopes to the ground. It was now apparent that the termination of his earthly career was rapidly approaching. With a broken constitution, crushed with care and anxiety he was already standing on the verge of the grave. He died on the 23d of January, 1806, in the forty-seventh year of his age. He was buried with high honors in Westminster Abbey, near his illustrious father, and a monument was erected to his memory.

"As a parliamentary orator, Mr. Pitt's powers were various. In statement he was perspicuous, in declamation animated. If he had to explain a financial account he was clear and accurate. If he wanted to rouse a just indignation, for the wrongs of the country, he was rapid, vehement, glowing, and impassioned. And whether his discourse was argumentative or declamatory, it always displayed a happy choice of expression, and a fluency of diction, which could not fail to delight his hearers. So singularly select, felicitous, and appropriate was his language, that, it has often been remarked, a word of his speech could scarcely be changed without prejudice to its harmony, vigor, or effect. He seldom was satisfied with standing on the defensive in debate; but was proud to contrast his own actions with the avowed intentions of his opponents. These intentions, too, he often exposed with the most pointed sarcasm; a weapon which, perhaps, no speaker wielded with more dexterity and force than himself.

"Of his eloquence, it may be observed generally, that it combined the eloquence of Tully with the energy of Demosthenes. It was spontaneous; always great, it shone with peculiar, with unequaled splendor, in a reply, which precluded the possibility of previous study; while it fascinated the imagination by the brilliancy of language, it convinced the judgment by the force of argument,—like an impetuous torrent, it bore down all resistance; extorting the admiration even of those who most severely felt its strength, and who most earnestly deprecated its effect. It is unnecessary, and might be presumptuous to enter more minutely into the character of Mr. Pitt's eloquence;—there are many living witnesses of its power—it will be admired as long as it shall be remembered."*

Brougham appropriately remarks on the style of Pitt's eloquence: "If from the statesman we turn to the orator, the contrast is indeed marvelous. He is to be placed, without any doubt, in the highest class. With a sparing use of ornament, hardly indulging more in figures, or even in figurative expression, than the most severe examples of ancient chasteness allowed — with little variety of style, hardly any of the graces of manner — he no sooner rose than he carried away every hearer, and kept the attention fixed and unflagging till it pleased him to let it go; and then

'So charming left his voice, that we, awhile,
Still thought him speaking, still stood fixed to hear.'

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* See Gifford's History of the Political Life of Hon. William Pitt.

"This magical effect was produced by his unbroken flow, which never for a moment left the hearer in pain or doubt, and yet was not the mean fluency of mere relaxation, requiring no effort of the speaker, but imposing on the listener a heavy task; by his lucid arrangement, which made all parts of the most complicated subject quit their entanglement, and fall each into its place; by the clearness of his statements, which presented at once a picture to the mind; by the forcible appeals to strict reason and strong feeling, which formed the great staple of the discourse; by the majesty of the diction; by the depth and fullness of the most sonorous voice, and the unbending dignity of the manner. which ever reminded us that we were in the presence of more than an advocate or debater, that there stood before us a ruler of the people. Such were the effects invariably of this singular eloquence; and they were as certainly produced on ordinary occasions, as in those grander displays when he rose to the height of some great argument; or indulged in vehement invective against some individual, and variegated his speech with that sarcasm of which he was so great, and indeed so little sparing a master; although even here all was uniform and consistent; nor did any thing, in any mood of mind, ever drop from him that was unsuited to the majestic frame of the whole, or could disturb the serenity of the full and copious flood that rolled along."

The character of Mr. Pitt is delineated in an able manner by his political associate and admirer, the celebrated Mr. Canning. His sketch is particularly interesting as coming from a classical writer and a felicitous speaker:

"The character of this illustrious statesman early passed its ordeal. Scarcely had he attained the age at which reflection commences, when Europe with astonishment beheld him filling the first place in the councils of his country. and managing the vast mass of its concerns with all the vigor and steadiness of the most matured wisdom. Dignity — strength — discretion — these were among the masterly qualities of his mind at its first dawn. He had been nurtured a statesman, and his knowledge was of that kind which always lay ready for practical application. Not dealing in the subtilties of abstract politics, but moving in the slow, steady procession of reason, his conceptions were reflective, and his views correct. Habitually attentive to the concerns of government, he spared no pains to acquaint himself with whatever was connected, however minutely, with its prosperity. He was devoted to the state. Its interests engrossed all his study and engaged all his care. It was the element alone in which he seemed to live and move. He allowed himself but little recreation from his labors. His mind was always on its station, and its activity was unremitted.

"He did not hastily adopt a measure, nor hastily abandon it. The plan struck out by him for the preservation of Europe was the result of prophetic wisdom and profound policy. But, though defeated in many respects by the selfish ambition and short-sighted imbecility of foreign powers — whose rulers were too venal or too weak to follow the flight of that mind which would have taught them to outwing the storm — the policy involved in it has still a secret operation on the conduct of surrounding states. His plans were full of energy, and the principles which inspired them looked beyond the consequences of the hour.

"He knew nothing of that timid and wavering cast of mind which dares not abide by its own decision. He never suffered popular prejudice or party clamor to turn him aside from any measure which his deliberate judgment had adopted. He had a proud reliance on himself, and it was justified. Like the sturdy warrior leaning on his own battle-axe, conscious where his strengh lay, he did not readily look beyond it.

"As a debater in the House of Commons, his speeches were logical and argumentative. If they did not often abound in the graces of metaphor, or sparkle with the brilliancy of wit, they were always animated, elegant and classical. The strength of his oratory was intrinsic; it presented the rich and abundant resource of a clear discernment and a correct taste. His speeches are stamped with inimitable marks of originality. When replying to his opponents, his readiness was not more conspicuous than his energy. He was always prompt and always dignified. He could sometimes have recourse to the sportiveness of irony, but he did not often seek any other aid than was to be derived from an arranged and extensive knowledge of his subject. This qualified him fully to discuss the arguments of others, and forcibly to defend his own. Thus armed, it was rarely in the power of his adversaries, mighty as they were, to beat him from the field. His eloquence, occasionally rapid, electric, and vehement, was always chaste, winning, and persuasive — not awing into acquiescence, but arguing into conviction. His understanding was bold and comprehensive. Nothing seemed too remote for its reach or too large for its grasp.

"Unallured by dissipation and unswayed by pleasure, he never sacrificed the national pleasure to the one, or the national interest to the other. To his unswerving integrity the most authentic of all testimony is to be found in that unbounded public confidence which followed him throughout the whole of his political career.

"Absorbed as he was in the pursuits of public life, he did not neglect to prepare himself in silence for that higher destination, which is at once the incentive and and reward of human virtue. His talents, superior and splendid as they were, never made him forgetful of that Eternal Wisdom from which they emanated. The faith and fortitude of his last moments were affecting and exemplary."

Fox and Pitt have often been compared as orators. In an elaborate article on Eloquence in the Biblical Repository, Mr. Cleaveland, after giving a description of Burke's oratory, has the following excellent observations on the style of Fox and Pitt:

"Mr. Burke may be said to have belonged to a Triumvirate of eloquence — the greatest, unqestionably, that ever divided among them the empire of mind. Mr. Fox, although a much younger man, entered on his Parliamentary career, nearly at the same time with Burke. For a while he was willing to rank as his disciple and follower; but in a few years his growing abilities — his great skill in debate — the charm of his disposition and manners — and his superior political connections, gave him the ascendency, and made him the acknowledged leader of the opposition ranks. When some twelve years later the youthful Pitt appeared upon the scene, he found those great men in full possession of the stage. The ease and suddenness with which he vaulted to the first place of honor and power, is well known. That he should succeed against *such* competition, was the strongest proof of talent he could give. At the age of twenty-three years, he had vanquished an opposing majority in the House of Commons, led by Fox, Sheridan and Burke — had won the nation to his side — and was wielding the destinies of the British empire.

'See! with united wonder, cried
The experienced and the sage,
Ambition in a boy supplied
With all the skill of age!

Discernment, eloquence and grace,
Proclaim him born to sway'
The scepter 'in the highest place,
And bear the palm away.'

"The oratory of Fox and Pitt was very unlike that of the great Triumvir already described. *Their* scene of glory was the arena of debate. Theirs was the skill and power acquired by the breaking of lances, by the parrying and giving of blows, in many a 'passage of arms.' More dexterous or powerful combatants never engaged in political warfare: a warfare maintained by them with scarce an intermission, for more than twenty years. The question of their comparative greatness it would be difficult to settle, but we can easily perceive that they were very unlike.* Fox was persuasive, impetuous, powerful. To strong argument, and vehement appeal, he could add the lighter but often more effective weapons of ridicule and wit. Before his rushing charge, nothing, for the moment, could stand. But he was often incautious, and generally lacked that higher power, which is necessary to turn even victory to account. His antagonist had far more dignity, vigilance and prudence. He could never be thrown from his guard. He was lofty and fluent, but not impassioned; sarcastic, but not witty. The conflicts of these rival statesmen was often that of Roderick Dhu and Snowdown's Knight. The giant strength and fiery valor of the highland chief are wasted on the air.—But 'Fitz James' blade is sword and shield.' Even the personal qualities of the two men, influenced probably in some degree, the judgments which were formed of their eloquence. Who can doubt that Mr. Fox would have been even more admired, and trusted, and beloved, if to his winning manners, and brilliant powers, he had added the virtuous circumspection of his illustrious rival?"

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* "It is not easy to decide relative to their respective superiority in eloquence. Fox's oratory was more impassioned; Pitt's could boast greater correctness of diction. The former exhibited, while speaking, all the tribunitian rage; the latter displayed the consular dignity." "Pitt observed more moderation and measure than Fox; who on great occasions, seemed, like the Pythian priestess, 'to labor with th' inspiring God,' and to dissolve in floods of perspiration. Pitt, it is true, became sometimes warmed with his subject, and had occasionally recourse to his handkerchief; but rather in order to take breath, or to recall his thoughts, by a momentary pause, than from physical agitation."—*Wraxall.*

CHAPTER XI.

GEORGE CANNING.

George Canning was born in London, on the 11th of April, 1770. He was early sent to Eton, where he soon became distinguished for the brilliancy of his genius and his habits of close, mental application. Here he pursued with great assiduity his favorite study — that of classical literature, and also acquired some celebrity as a poet. He wrote elegant Latin, Greek and English verses, and this ability gave him a high reputation at Eton. When about sixteen years of age, he established, in connection with some of his young companions in school, a weekly paper called the Microcosm, of which he was the principal editor. Many of the articles in this periodical possessed merit, and attracted the attention and admiration of the literary world. From Eton, at the age of seventeen, Mr. Canning was removed to Oxford. The distinction which he had acquired at Eton he fully maintained at the University. At the completion of his collegiate education he had gained an exalted reputation as a man of brilliant genius, a fine scholar, a chaste writer, and an able orator and debater. Mr. Canning, leaving the University, in the twenty-second year of his age, was at the close of 1793 brought into Parliament by William Pitt who had heard of his talents and of his oratory, and who was anxious to obtain the aid of such men as Canning to resist the tide of opposition. In Mr. Canning he found a firm friend, a faithful adherent, and an ardent champion of his political measures. Mr. Canning was always a warm admirer of Mr. Pitt, and paid several eloquent tributes to his memory. So high was his regard for the character of the great Minister that he truly said, "In the grave of Mr. Pitt my political allegiance lies buried."

In January, 1794, Mr. Canning made his first speech in the House of Commons. The oratorical powers which he displayed in his first effort commanded general respect, but did not cause that enthusiastic admiration which he afterwards called forth when he had attained the summit of his fame. As a public speaker, the highest qualities of Mr. Canning were not exhibited at once in all their splendor. He rose slowly to that grand point of oratorical eminence, which he finally occupied. "He was from the first easy and fluent; he knew how to play with an argument when he could not answer it; he had a great deal of real wit, and too much of that ungenerous raillery and sarcasm, by which an antagonist may be made ridiculous, and the audience turned against him, without once meeting the question on its true merits. There was added to this an air of disregard for the feelings of others, and even of willingness to offend, which doubled the sense of injury every blow he struck; so that during the first ten years of his parliamentary career, he never made a speech, it was said, on which he particulary plumed himself, without making likewise an enemy for life."

In 1796, Mr. Canning was made Under-Secretary of State; in 1804, he became Treasurer of the Navy; and on the death of Mr. Pitt, in 1806, he went into opposition, as he did not receive any appointment in the new Cabinet. In 1807, he came in as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under the Duke of Portland; in 1814, he was sent as ambassador to Portugal; in 1822, he was appointed Governor-General of India, and was about to embark for Calcutta, when he was informed of the sudden death of

Lord Castlereagh, Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Mr. Canning was again called to fill this important office, at a very critical period in English history. His elevation to office at this time was an honor to the British nation and a blessing to his country. The career of foreign policy which he now commenced was brilliant, and has justly excited the admiration of his countrymen, and of all impartial judges; but as our object is more particularly to dwell upon the beauties of orators and the leading characteristics of their style, we proceed to notice a few of the finest passages in the speeches of Mr. Canning, with the time and circumstances of their delivery.

In 1823, during a visit to Plymouth, the well-known seat of British naval power, he delivered a speech which created a profound sensation in Europe on account of the political views that it expressed. It contains that immortal passage of the orator — his beautiful allusion to those "mighty masses" of ships, which were presented to his view, as an emblem of England while reposed in the arms of peace:

"But while we thus control even our feelings by our duty, let it not be said that we cultivate peace either because we fear, or because we are unprepared for war; on the contrary, if eight months ago the government did not hesitate to proclaim that the country was prepared for war, if war should be unfortunately necessary, every month of peace that has since passed has but made us so much the more capable for exertion. The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. *Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon* *one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness — how soon, upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion — how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage — how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might — such is England herself, while, apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.* But God forbid that that occasion should arise. After a war sustained for near a quarter of a century — sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arranged at times against her, or at her side, England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction. Long may we be enabled, gentlemen, to improve the blessings of our present situation, to cultivate the arts of peace, to give to commerce, now reviving, greater extension, and new spheres of employment, and to confirm the prosperity now generally diffused throughout this island. Of the blessings of peace, gentlemen, I trust that this borough, with which I have now the honor and happiness of being associated, will receive an ample share. I trust the time is not far distant, when that noble structure of which, as I learn from your Recorder, the box with which you have honored me, through his hands, formed a part, that gigantic barrier against the fury of the waves that roll into your harbor, will protect a commercial marine not less considerable in its kind than the warlike marine of which your port has been long so distinguished an asylum, when the town of Plymouth will participate in the commercial prosperity as largely as it has hitherto done in the naval glories of England."

"This is not merely eloquence — it is poetry in the beauty of its conception, it is painting in the complete delineation of its images; it is music in the harmony of its language." It is but seldom that we meet with a passage of such uncommon beauty in the writings of any author, ancient or modern; and as long as the English language shall exist in its purity, it will be admired for the grandeur of its conception, and the splendor of its imagery.

Mr. Canning was a complete master of sarcasm. One of the finest specimens of this power is the following, which is found in the debate on the King's speech, in 1825. It comes down on Lord Brougham, his political antagonist, with overwhelming force:

"I now turn to that other part of the honorable and learned gentleman's [Mr. Brougham's] speech, in which he acknowledges his acquiescence in the passages of the address echoing the satisfaction felt at the success of the liberal commercial principles adopted by this country, and at the steps taken for recognizing the new states of America. It does happen, however, that the honorable and learned gentleman being not unfrequently a speaker in this House, nor very concise in his speeches, and touching occasionally, as he proceeds, on almost every subject within the range of his imagination, as well as making some observations on the matter in hand — and having at different periods proposed and supported every innovation of which the law or Constitution of the country is susceptible — it is impossible to innovate, without appearing to borrow from him. Either, therefore, we must remain forever absolutely locked up as in a northern winter, or we must break our way out by some mode already suggested by the honorable and learned gentleman, and then he cries out, 'Ah, I was there before you! That is what I told you to do; but as you would not do it then, you have no right to do it now.' In Queen Anne's reign there lived a very sage and able critic, named Dennis, who, in his old age, was the prey of a strange fancy, that he had himself written all the good things in all the good plays that were acted. Every good passage he met with in any author he insisted was his own. 'It is none of his,' Dennis would always say; 'no, it's mine!' He went one day to see a new tragedy. Nothing particularly good to his taste occurred, till a scene in which a great storm was represented. As soon as he heard the thunder rolling over head, he exclaimed, 'That's my thunder!' So it is with the honorable and learned gentleman; it's all his thunder. It will henceforth be impossible to confer any boon, or make any innovation, but he will claim it as his thunder. But it is due to him to acknowledge that he does not claim every thing; he will be content with the exclusive merit of the liberal measures relating to trade and commerce. Not desirous of violating his own principles, by claiming a monopoly of foresight and wisdom, he kindly throws overboard to my honorable and learned friend [Sir J. Mackintosh] near him, the praise of South America. I should like to know whether, in some degree, this also is not his thunder. He thinks it right itself; but lest we should be too proud if he approved our conduct *in toto*, he thinks it wrong in point of time. I differ from him essentially; for if I pique myself on any thing in this affair, it is the time. That, at some time or other, states which had separated themselves from the mother country should or should not be admitted to the rank of independent nations, is a proposition to which no possible dissent could be given. The whole question was one of time and mode. There were two modes: one a reckless and headlong course, by which we might have reached our object at once, but at the expense of drawing upon us consequences not highly to be estimated; the other was more strictly guarded in point of principle; so that, while we pursued our own interests, we took care to give no just cause of offense to other powers."

On the 12th of December, 1826, Mr. Canning delivered his celebrated speech on affording aid to Portugal when invaded from Spain. It was perhaps the noblest effort he ever made in the House, and called forth tremendous applause from every quarter. "This," says his biographer, "is the master-piece of his eloquence. In propriety and force of diction — in excellence of appropriate and well-methodized arrangement — in elevation of style and sentiment; and in all the vigorous qualities of genuine manly eloquence — boldness — judgment — firmness, it fully sustains its title to the high eulogy given it by Mr. Brougham at the close of the debate."

"Mr. Canning was now at the height of his power, wielding an influence more extended and complete than any foreign minister in this country had ever enjoyed before. The subject to which he addressed himself in this instance was one that invoked the grandest attributes of his genius, and derived a peculiar felicity from being developed by a British minister; and, above all, by that minister who had liberated the New World and crushed the tyrannies of the Old. It was not surprising, then, that, bringing to it all the vigor and enthusiasm of his intellect, and that vital beauty of style which was the pervading charm of his great orations, he should have transcended on this occasion all his past efforts, and delivered a speech which not merely carried away the admiration of his hearers, but literally inflamed them into frenzy. The fabulous spells of Orpheus, who made the woods dance reels and sarabands, never achieved so wonderful a piece of sorcery as this speech of Mr. Canning achieved over the passions, the judgment, the prejudices, and the stolid unbelief of the House of Commons.

"This speech, as has been said of the eloquence of

Chatham was an era in the Senate.' The effect was tremendous. 'It was an epoch in a man's life,' says a member of the Commons, 'to have heard him. I shall never forget the deep, moral earnestness of his tone, and the blaze of glory that seemed to light up his features when he spoke of the Portuguese Charter.' The same writer furnishes the following details:

'He was equally grand when, in his reply, he said, I do not believe that *there* is that Spain of which our ancestors were so justly jealous, that Spain upon whose territories it was proudly boasted the sun never set! But when, in the style and manner of Chatham, he said, I looked to Spain in the Indies; I called a *new* world into existence to redress the balance of the old, the effect was actually terrific. It was as if every man in the House had been electrified. Tierney, who before that was shifting in his seat, and taking off his hat and putting it on again, and taking large and frequent pinches of snuff, and turning from side to side, till he, I suppose, wore his breeches through, seemed petrified, and sat fixed, and staring with his mouth open for half a minute! Mr. Canning seemed actually to have increased in stature, his attitude was so majestic. I remarked his flourishes were made with his left arm; the effect was new and beautiful; his chest heaved and expanded, his nostril dilated, a noble pride slightly curled his lip; and age and sickness were dissolved and forgotten in the ardor of youthful genius; all the while a serenity sat on his brow that pointed to deeds of glory. It reminded me, and came up to what I have heard, of the effects of Athenian eloquence.'"

He concluded this speech of unrivaled power with the following beautiful and noble peroration: "Let us fly to the aid of Portugal, by whomsoever attacked, because it is our duty to do so; and let us cease our interference where that duty ends. We go to Portugal not to rule, not to dictate, not to prescribe constitutions, but to defend and to preserve the independence of an ally. We go to plant the standard of England on the well-known heights of Lisbon. Where that standard is planted, foreign dominion shall not come."

On the death of Lord Liverpool in 1827, Mr. Canning was made Prime Minister of England (April 12th). The summit of his ambition had now been fully attained; but, he was soon to fall. His health failed him, and on the 8th of August, 1827, he died, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. On the 16th of August, his remains were borne to Westminster Abbey, where he was buried at the foot of Mr. Pitt's tomb. Thousands of hearts ached with sorrow at the sad event; the grief was universal and profound; the nation sincerely mourned his loss; and "Faction herself wept upon his grave."

The following impressive lines on his funeral, from the pen of Lord Morpeth, deserve to be inserted in this sketch:

"I stood beside his tomb; no choral strain
Peal'd through the aisle, above the mourning train,
But purer, holier, seem'd to rise above
The silent sorrow of a people's love.

No banner'd scroll, no trophied car was there;
No gleaming arms, no torches' murky glare:
The plain and decent homage best defin'd
The simple tenor of his mighty mind.

His hard-earned, self-acquired, enduring fame
Needs not what wealth may buy or birth may claim;
His worth, his deeds, no storied urns confine—
The page of England's glory is their shrine.

Are others wanting? Mark the dawn of peace
That gilds the struggle of regenerate Greece;*
On Lisbon's heights see Britain's flag unfurl'd—
See Freedom bursting o'er an infant world.†

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* One of the last and noblest efforts of Mr. Canning was in behalf of oppressed Greece.

† Mr. Canning boldly recognized the new states of South America as independent states.

> Ask ye how some have loved, how all revere?
> Survey the group that bends around his bier;—
> Read well the heaving breast, the stifled moan,—
> Kings with their kingdoms could not win that groan."

"In the person of Mr. Canning there were no extremes. His dress was plain, but in thorough good taste. In most things, he seemed to partake of the character of his eloquence; open and manly, conscious of power, and consequently simple and unpresuming, He was in the prime of his life, what might be called 'a very handsome man;' tall, well-made, his form moulded between strength and activity. His countenance beamed with intellect and bore a cast of firmness; yet a mild and good-natured expression lay over all. His head was even then bald as the 'first Cæsar's;' his forehead lofty and capacious; his eye reflective, but at times lively; and his whole countenance expressive of the kindlier affections,—of genius, and of intellectual vigor

"The elaborateness of his eloquence was not visible in his carriage in the drawing-room, nor his somewhat theatrical manner of delivering his parliamentary speeches. His gait, as he paced the carpet, was natural, and wholly free of constraint. He seemed reserved, rather than communicative; he spoke quick, his voice full in tone, harmonious and clear.

"The mind of Canning was, in the highest degree, cultivated and refined. It apprehended rather by a touch than a grasp, and illustrated a subject more by its lucidity than its intenseness. * * * If eloquence is the child of knowledge, Canning was legitimately an orator, for his intellect was rich in varied and comprehensive learning. His distinct and accurate conceptions were expressed in clear and luminous language, illustrated rather by allusion than imagery, and betraying less the profundity than the appropriateness of his acquirements. The range of his academic studies, wider by far than that of any of his great contemporaries, gave a beauty and simplicity to his style, and a point to his classical illustrations, altogether fascinating."*

"Statutes of the departed statesman, and monuments, exist in many places in the world: and it is well; but the niche in history where the world holds the mind of the man enshrined forever, is his only worthy monument." "In him were combined, with a rich profusion, the most lively, original fancy — a happily retentive and ready memory — singular powers of lucid statement — and occasionally wit in all its varieties, now biting and sarcastic to overwhelm an antagonist — now pungent or giving point to an argument — now playful for mere amusement, and bringing relief to a tedious statement, or lending a charm to dry chains of close reasoning."—"His declamation, though often powerful, always beautifully ornate, never deficient in admirable diction, was certainly not of the very highest class. It wanted depth; it came from the mouth, not from the heart; and it tickled or even filled the ear rather than penetrated the bosom of the listener. The orator never seemed to forget himself and be absorbed in his theme; he was not carried away by his passions, and carried not his audience along with him. An actor stood before us, a first-rate one, no doubt; but still an actor; and we never forgot that it was a representation we were witnessing, not a real scene. The Grecian artist was of the second class only, at whose fruit the *birds* pecked; while, on seeing Parrhasius's picture, *men* cried out to draw aside the curtain."

The character of Mr. Canning has been well portrayed by Sir James Mackintosh. His description may be introduced here as a very beautiful and appropriate conclusion of this sketch:

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* American Quarterly Review for 1834. Vol. 16, No. 31: Art. Life and Policy of Canning.

"Mr. Canning seems to have been the best model among our orators of the adorned style. The splendid and sublime descriptions of Mr. Burke — his comprehensive and profound views of general principles — though they must ever delight and instruct the reader, must be owned to have been digressions which diverted the mind of the hearer from the object on which the speaker ought to have kept it steadily fixed. Sheridan, a man of amiable sense and matchless wit, labored to follow Burke into the foreign regions of feeling and grandeur. The specimens preserved of his most celebrated speeches show too much of the exaggeration and excess to which those are peculiarly liable who seek by art and effort what nature has denied. By the constant part which Mr. Canning took in debate, he was called upon to show a knowledge which Sheridan did not possess, and a readiness which that accomplished man had no such means of strengthening and displaying. In some qualities of style Mr. Canning surpassed Mr. Pitt. His diction was more various — sometimes more simple — more idiomatical, even in its more elevated parts. It sparkled with imagery, and was brightened by illustration; in both of which Mr. Pitt, for so great an orator, was defective.

"Had he been a dry and meager speaker, Mr. Canning would have been universally allowed to have been one of the greatest masters of argument; but his hearers were so dazzled by the splendor of his diction that they did not perceive the acuteness and the occasional excessive refinement of his reasoning; a consequence which, as it shows the injurious influence of a seductive fault, can with the less justness be overlooked in the estimate of his understanding. Ornament, it must be owned, when it only pleases or amuses, without disposing the audience to adopt the sentiments of the speaker, is an offense against the first law of public speaking; it obstructs instead of promoting its only reasonable purpose. But eloquence is a widely-extended art, comprehending many sorts of excellence, in some of which ornamented diction is more liberally employed than in others, and in none of which the highest rank can be attained without an extraordinary combination of mental powers.

"No English speaker used the keen and brilliant weapon of wit so long, so often, or so effectively, as Mr. Canning. He gained more triumphs, and incurred more enmity by it than by any other. Those whose importance depends much on birth and fortune are impatient of seeing their own artificial dignity, or that of their order, broken down by derison; and perhaps few men heartily forgive a successful jest against themselves, but those who are conscious of being unhurt by it. Mr. Canning often used this talent imprudently. In sudden flashes of wit and in the playful description of men or things, he was often distinguished by that natural felicity which is the charm of pleasantry, to which the air of art and labor is more fatal than to any other talent. The exuberance of fancy and wit lessened the gravity of his general manner, and perhaps also indisposed the audience to feel his earnestness where it clearly showed itself. In that important quality he was inferior to Mr. Pitt,

> 'Deep on whose front engraven,
> Deliberation sat, and public care;'

and no less inferior to Mr. Fox, whose fervid eloquence flowed from the love of his country, the scorn of baseness, and the hatred of cruelty, which were the ruling passions of his nature.

"On the whole, it may be observed that the range of Mr. Canning's powers as an orator was wider than that in which he usually exerted them. When mere statement only was allowable, no man of his age was more simple. When infirm health compelled him to be brief, no speaker could compress his matter with so little sacrifice of clearness, ease, and elegance. As his oratorical faults were those of youthful genius, the progress of age seemed to purify his eloquence, and every year appeared to remove some speck which hid, or at least dimmed, a beauty. He daily rose to larger views, and made, perhaps, as near approaches to philosophical principles as the great difference between the objects of the philosopher and those of the orator will commonly allow.

"Mr. Canning possessed, in a high degree, the outward advantages of an orator. His expressive countenance varied with the changes of his eloquence; his voice, flexible and articulate, had as much compass as his mode of speaking required. In the calm part of his speeches, his attitude and gesture might have been selected by a painter to represent grace rising toward dignity.

"In social intercourse Mr. Canning was delightful. Happily for the true charm of his conversation, he was too busy not to treat society as more fitted for relaxation than for display. It is but little to say that he was neither disputatious, declamatory, nor sententious — neither a dictator nor a jester. His manner was simple and unobtrusive; his language always quite familiar. If a higher thought stole from his mind, it came in its conversational undress. From this plain ground his pleasantry sprang with the happiest effect; and it was nearly exempt from that alloy of taunt and banter which he sometimes mixed with more precious materials in public contest. He may be added to the list of those eminent persons who pleased most in their friendly circle. He had the agreeable quality of being more easily pleased in society than might have been expected from the keenness of his discernment and the sensibility of his temper; still, he was liable to be discomposed, or even silenced, by the presence of any one whom he did not like. His manner in company betrayed the political vexations or anxieties which preyed on his mind: nor could he conceal the sensitiveness to public attacks which their frequent recurrence wears out in most English politicians. These last foibles may be thought interesting as the remains of natural character, not destroyed by refined society and political affairs.

"In some of the amusements or tasks of his boyhood there are passages which, without much help from fancy, might appear to contain allusions to his greatest measures of policy, as well as to the tenor of his life, and to the melancholy splendor which surrounded his death. In the concluding line of the first English verses written by him at Eton, he expressed a wish, which has been singularly realized, that he might

'Live in a blaze, and in a blaze expire.'

It is a striking coincidence, that the statesman, whose dying measure was to mature an alliance for the deliverance of Greece, should, when a boy, have written English verses on the slavery of that country; and that in his prize poem at Oxford, on the Pilgrimage to Mecca — a composition as much applauded as a modern Latin poem can aspire to be — he should have so bitterly deplored the lot of other renowned countries now groaning under the same barbarous yoke,

'Nunc satrapæ imperio et sævo subdita Turcæ.'

"To conclude: He was a man of fine and brilliant genius, of warm affections of a high and generous spirit — a statesman who, at home, converted most of his opponents into warm supporters; who, abroad, was the sole hope and trust of all who sought an orderly and legal liberty, and who was cut off in the midst of vigorous and splendid measures, which, if executed by himself or with his own spirit, promised to place his name in the first class of rulers, among the founders of lasting peace and the guardians of human improvement."

CHAPTER XII.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Henry Brougham was born at Edinburgh in 1779. At the High School of that city he received the rudiments of his education. While there, he made rapid progress in acquiring an extensive knowledge of the various branches of science and general literature. He was eager in the pursuit of his studies — in obtaining information on almost every subject embraced within the range of human investigation; hence, as an eminent critic remarks, "he has brought into his speeches a wider range of collateral thought than any of our orators, except Burke."

Entering the University of Edinburgh at the age of sixteen, he soon gained the highest distinction for his attainments in mathematical studies. His knowledge of science was, indeed, extraordinary for one so young. Before he was seventeen years of age, his essay on the "Flection and Reflection of Light" appeared, which was inserted in the Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions.

Having finished his college course, Mr. Brougham commenced the study of the law, as a profession. He was soon called to the bar, and began his practice with great success, in Edinburgh. Besides attending to his professional businsss, he devoted a large portion of his time to literature, history, and politics. He has written and published more than most of the English orators; and his writings are highly esteemed, especially for the excellent reformatory sentiments with which they abound. Lord Brougham is one of the greatest political reformers that ever sat in Parliament. He has labored hard to eradicate some of the evils existing in the English government; and success has, in many instances, crowned his exertions.

His first work, entitled The Colonial Policy of the European Powers, was published in 1803; and his volume on the State of the Nation appeared after his removal to London. His speeches in four octavo volumes are very highly valued for their bold assertion of the rights of the people; for their exhibition of the abuses existing in the administration of the British government; and for their eloquent appeals in behalf of Law and Parliamentary Reform. In advocating his principles, Lord Brougham met with decided opposition from the enemies of reform. In a passage of extreme beauty, which is well worthy of insertion here, he shows what has been the fate of the reformer in all ages of the world:

"I have heard it said that, when one lifts up his voice against things that are, and wishes for a change, he is raising a clamor against existing institutions, a clamor against our venerable establishments, a clamor against the law of the land; but this is no clamor against the one or the other,—it is a clamor against the abuse of them all. It is a clamor raised against the grievances that are felt. Mr. Burke, who was no friend to popular excitement,—who was no ready tool of agitation, no hot-headed enemy of existing establishments, no under-valuer of the wisdom of our ancestors, no scoffer against institutions as they are,—has said, and it deserves to be fixed, in letters of gold, over the hall of every assembly which calls itself a legislative body,—'WHERE THERE IS ABUSE, THERE OUGHT TO BE CLAMOR; BECAUSE IT IS BETTER TO HAVE OUR SLUMBER BROKEN BY THE FIRE-BELL, THAN TO PERISH, AMIDST THE FLAMES, IN OUR BED.' I have been told, by some who have little objection to the clamor, that I am a timid and a mock reformer; and by others, if I go on firmly and steadily, and do not allow myself to be driven aside by either one outcry or another, and care for neither, that it is a rash and dangerous innovation which I propound; and that I am taking, for the subject of my reckless experiments, things which are the objects of all men's veneration. I disregard the one as much as I disregard the other of these charges

'False honor charms, and lying slander scares,
Whom, but the false, and faulty?'

'It has been the lot of all men, in all ages, who have aspired at the honor of guiding, instructing, or mending mankind, to have their paths beset by every persecution from adversaries, by every misconstruction from friends; no quarter from the one,— no charitable construction from the other! To be misconstrued, misrepresented, borne down, till it was in vain to bear down any longer,' has been their fate. But truth will survive, and calumny has its day. I say that, if this be the fate of the reformer,— if he be the object of misrepresentation,— may not an inference be drawn favorable to myself? Taunted by the enemies of reform as being too rash, by the over-zealous friends of reform as being too slow or too cold, there is every reason for presuming that I have chosen the right course. A reformer must proceed steadily in his career; not misled, on the one hand, by panegyric, nor discouraged by slander, on the other. He wants no praise. I would rather say,—'Woe to him when all men speak well of him!' I shall go on in the course which I have laid down for myself; pursuing the foot-steps of those who have gone before us, who have left us their instructions and success,— their instructions to guide our walk, and their success to cheer our spirits."

Another of the finest passages of his eloquence is contained in his great speech on Parliamentary Reform, delivered in the House of Lords, October 7, 1831. When Earl Grey came in as Prime Minister in 1830, the Reform Bill was brought forward; after it had reached the House of Lords on the 31st of October, 1831, Brougham took up the subject, and answered the arguments of his opponents in one of the most powerful speeches ever made. "He began in a mild and conciliatory manner, unwilling to injure his cause by the harshness in which he too commonly indulged, and answered a part of the arguments in a strain of good-humored wit and pleasantry which has rarely been surpassed. But after repeated interruptions, some of them obviously designed to put him down, he changed his tone, and spoke for nearly three hours more with a keenness of rebuke, a force of argument, and a boldness of declamation which secured him a respectful hearing, and extorted the confession from his adversary, Lord Lyndhurst, that a more powerful speech of the kind had never been delivered in the House of Lords."

Showing the danger of delay, in the peroration of this speech, he summoned all his energies and broke forth in a strain of the loftiest declamation, attracting the admiration of his friends, and exciting the fear of his enemies by the power of his arguments and the vehemence of his eloquence.

"My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I can not look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat — temporary it can only be; for its ultimate, and even speedy success, is certain. Nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded that even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround you without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sibyl; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes — the precious volumes — of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable; to restore the franchise, which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give; you refuse her terms — her moderate terms — she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you can not do without her wares, you call her back; again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands — in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid had risen in her demands — it is Parliaments by the year — it is vote by the ballot — it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third coming; for the treasure you must have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may even be the mace which rests upon that wool-sack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I can not take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that, as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry, of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

"But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence in the most trifling case without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to *hear*, the mighty cause upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are. Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people; alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my Sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your uttermost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the Constitution. Therefore, I pray and exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear — by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you — I warn you — I implore you — yea, on *my bended knees*, I supplicate you — reject not this bill!"*

Lord Brougham has always been a warm friend of literature. He has ever taken the greatest delight in the promotion of science and erudition. Even before his removal to London, he united with some of his literary friends in establishing the Edinburgh Review; and for nearly twenty years he continued to be one of the regular contributors to that celebrated periodical.

Perhaps the most valuable production of his pen is his Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III. It is indispensable to the student in oratory, for the delineation of character, which it presents.

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* "So completely had Lord Brougham wrought up his own feelings and those of his hearers at the close of this speech, that it was nothing strained or unnatural — it was, in fact, almost a matter of course — for him to sink down upon one of his knees at the table where he stood, when he uttered the last words, 'I *supplicate* you — reject not this bill!' But the sacrifice was too great a one for that proud nobility to make at once, and the bill was rejected by a majority of *forty-one*, of whom *twenty-one* belonged to the board of bishops of the Established Church."

It contains a large amount of original matter on this subject, exhibiting, in lucid light, the leading traits in the character of England's greatest statesmen.

Lord Brougham is certainly one of the most powerful orators that ever swayed the British senate. In vehement, sarcastic eloquence he has but few equals. For many years have the thunders of his eloquence shaken the senate of his country; and now, when he has nearly reached the close of a long and useful life, he is the "old man eloquent."

As an antagonist in debate, no one is more to be dreaded than Brougham. No one can overwhelm an adversary with more piercing sarcasm than he. The following account of an intellectual collision between him and Canning, exhibiting the peculiar characteristics of their oratory, will be a fitting close to this sketch. It is related by an eye-witness:

"The following comparison between the subject of this sketch and his great parliamentary rival will interest the reader as presenting the characteristic qualities of each in bolder relief from their juxtaposition. It is from the pen of one who had watched them both with the keenest scrutiny during their conflicts in the House of Commons. The scene described in the conclusion arose out of a memorable attack of Mr. Canning on Lord Folkestone for intimating, that he had 'truckled to France.' 'The Lacedæmonians,' said Mr. C., 'were in the habit of deterring their children from the vice of intoxication by occasionally exhibiting their slaves in a state of disgusting inebriety. But, sir, there is a moral as well as a physical intoxication. Never before did I behold so perfect a personification of the character which I have somewhere seen described, as exhibiting the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration. Such was the nature of the noble Lord's speech." Mr. Brougham took occasion, a few evenings after, to retort on Mr. Canning and repeat the charge, in the manner here described; but first we have a sketch of their characteristics as orators.

" Canning was airy, open, and prepossessing; Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering, and almost repulsive. Canning's features were handsome, and his eye, though deeply ensconced under his eyebrows, was full of sparkle and gayety; the features of Brougham were harsh in the extreme: while his forehead shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square; his mouth, nose and eyes seemed huddled together in the center of his face, the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward or to be vailed by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot from them when he was aroused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man. Canning's passions appeared upon the open champaign of his face, drawn up in ready array, and moved to and fro at every turn of his own oration and every retort in that of his antagonist. Those of Brougham remained within, as in a citadel which no artillery could batter and no mine blow up; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said, and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained its cold and brassy hue; and he triumphed over the passions of other men by seeming to be without passion himself. When Canning rose to speak, he elevated his countenance, and seemed to look round for applause as a thing dear to his feelings; while Brougham stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power that was within himself.

" From Canning there was expected the glitter of wit and the glow of spirit — something showy and elegant; Brougham stood up as a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery — whose aim and effect no living man could divine. You bent forward to catch the first sentence of the one, and felt human nature elevated in the specimen before you; you crouched and shrunk back from the other, and dreams of ruin and annihilation darted across your mind. The one seemed to dwell among men, to join in their joys, and to live upon their praise; the other appeared a son of the desert, who had deigned to visit the human race merely to make it tremble at his strength.

"The style of their eloquence and the structure of their orations were just as different. Canning arranged his words like one who could play skilfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice; Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning and the understanding. The modes and allusions of the one were always quadrable by the classical formulæ; those of the other could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they soared, and ran, and pealed, and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself; but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connection, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. The style of Canning was like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed; that of Brougham was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear track; every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every coruscation of wit and of genius was brilliant and delightful; it was all felt, and it was felt all at once: Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack.

"Such were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other during the session of eighteen hundred and twenty-three — Brougham, as if wishing to overthrow the Secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office; and the Secretary ready to parry the charge and attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered. Upon that occasion the oration of Brougham was disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had prostituted itself at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or the lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connection, that ordinary men could discover, with the business before the House. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose — when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effects might be the more tremendous; and while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger, to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony and rolling his eye in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing fearfully, first toward the orator, and then toward the Secretary. There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that under tone of muttered thunder which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been flaring in the faces of all parties the scroll of their personal and and political sins. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced toward every part of the House in succession; and, sounding the death-knell of the Secretary's forbearance and prudence with both his clenched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than had ever been hurled at mortal man within the same walls. The result was instantaneous — was electric. It was as when the thunder-cloud descends upon the giant peak; one flash — one peal — the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small and cold pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words, '*It is false!*' to which followed a dull chapter of apologies. From that moment the House became more a scene of real business than of airy display and angry vituperation."

CHAPTER XIII.

PATRICK HENRY.

The earliest specimens of American eloquence are sublime and patriotic. The erection of the glorious fabric of liberty in this country called forth the highest efforts of oratory. The Revolutionary contest afforded an ample theme for the exhibition of all that is touching, indignant, daring, grand and overwhelming in eloquence; hence, we find in the speeches of our Revolutionary orators, some of the most vehement passages that ever stirred the human soul. It was then that the orators of freedom raised their voices in tones of thunder against oppression. It was the brightest period in the history of British and American eloquence.

"The period of our Colonial and Revolutionary history was, in fact, an era of great superiority in eloquence, at home and abroad. England then presented an array of orators such as she has known at no other time. In Westminster Hall, the accomplished Mansfield was constantly heard in support of kingly power, while the philosophic and argumentative Camden exercised his mighty intellect in defence of popular rights. Burke had awoke with all his wealth of fancy, daring imagination and comprehensive learning. Fox had entered the arena of forensic and senatorial gladiatorship, with his great, glowing heart, and titanic passions, all kindled into volcanic heat. Junius, by his sarcasm and audacity, stung the loftiest circles into desperation. Erskine embellished the darkened heavens by the rainbow tints of his genius; and Chatham, worthily succeeded by his 'cloud-compelling' son, ruled the billowy sea of excited mind with the majesty of a god."

Among the most renowned American orators and patriots who flourished during the period of which we are speaking, we may mention the names of JAMES OTIS, SAMUEL ADAMS, JOSIAH QUINCY, JOSEPH WARREN, JOHN HANCOCK, JOHN ADAMS, PATRICK HENRY and RICHARD HENRY LEE.

The style of eloquence prevalent in those days may be readily seen by a reference to the speeches of our Revolutionary patriots and orators. A few brief extracts from such orations will not be deemed inappropriate here. While the banner of Liberty shall continue to spread its folds over our Republic, the sentiments of our patriotic forefathers can not be repeated without thrilling emotions. What American can read the speech of Gen. Warren on the Boston massacre without being moved?

"The voice of your fathers' blood cries to you from the ground, My sons, scorn to be slaves! In vain we met the frowns of tyrants; in vain we crossed the boisterous ocean, found a new world, and prepared it for the happy residence of liberty; in vain we toiled, in vain we fought, we bled in vain, if you, our offspring want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders! Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors; but, like them, resolve never to part with your birthright. Be wise in your deliberations, and determined in your exertions for the preservation of your liberties. Follow not the dictates of passion, but enlist yourselves under the sacred banner of reason. Use every method in your power to secure your rights. At least, prevent the curses of posterity from being heaped upon your memories.

"If you, with united zeal and fortitude, oppose the torrent of oppression; if you feel the true fire of patriotism burning in your breasts; if you from your souls despise the most gaudy dress that slavery can wear; if you really prefer the lonely cottage (whilst blessed with liberty) to gilded palaces, surrounded with the ensigns of slavery,—you may have the fullest assurance that tyranny, with her whole accursed train, will hide their hideous heads in confusion, shame and despair. If you perform your part, you must have the strongest confidence that the same Almighty Being, who protected your pious and venerable forefathers, who enabled them to turn a barren wilderness into a fruitful field, who so often made bare his arm for their salvation, will still be mindful of you, their offspring.

"May this Almighty Being graciously preside in all our councils. May he direct us to such measures as he himself shall approve, and be pleased to bless. May we ever be a people favored of God. May our land be a land of liberty, the seat of virtue, the asylum of the oppressed, a name and a praise in the whole earth, until the last shock of time shall bury the empires of the world in one common, undistinguished ruin!"

Similar to this is the language of Quincy. A little before the storm of the Revolution burst on the land, he addressed his townsmen in a memorable speech, from which the following is an extract: "Oh, my countrymen! what will our children say when they read the history of these times, should they find we tamely gave way, without one noble struggle, the most invaluable of earthly blessings? As they drag the galling chain, will they not execrate us? If we have any respect for things sacred; any regard to the dearest treasure on earth;—if we have one tender sentiment for posterity;—if we would not be despised by the world;—let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude swear,—we will die,—if we can not live freemen!"

On the 5th of March, 1774, John Hancock made an animating speech to the citizens of Boston which was concluded with the following elevated sentiments: "I have the most animating confidence, that the present noble struggle for liberty will terminate gloriously for America. And let us play the man for our God, and for the cities of our God; while we are using the means in our power, let us humbly commit our righteous cause to the great Lord of the universe, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. And having secured the approbation of our hearts, by a faithful and unwearied discharge of our duty to our country, let us joyfully leave our concerns in the hands of Him who raiseth up and pulleth down the empires and kingdoms of the world."

The terrible denunciations which he poured forth in his oration on the Boston Massacre, are a striking example of Hancock's style: "Let this sad tale of death never be told without a tear; let not the heaving bosom cease to burn with a manly indignation at the relation of it, through the long tracts of future time; let every parent tell the shameful story to his listening children till tears of pity glisten in their eyes, or boiling passion shakes their tender frames.

"Dark and designing knaves, murderers, parricides! how dare you tread upon the earth which has drunk the blood of slaughtered innocence, shed by your hands? How dare you breathe that air which wafted to the ear of heaven the groans of those who fell a sacrifice to your accursed ambition? But if the laboring earth does not expand her jaws — if the air you breathe is not commissioned to be the minister of death — yet, hear it, and tremble! The eye of heaven penetrates the secret chambers of the soul; and you, though screened from human observation, must be arraigned — must lift your hands, red with the blood of those whose death you have procured, at the tremendous bar of God."

Such was that eloquence which came from the lips of the first orators of freedom in our country. But we proceed to notice the subject of this sketch, who has been admirably styled the "forest-born Demosthenes" and the "incarnation of Revolutionary zeal."

Patrick Henry was born on the 29th of May, 1736, at Studley, Hanover county, Virginia. His father, Col. John Henry, was a native of Aberdeen, in Scotland, and he is said to have been a nephew of Dr. William Robertson, the celebrated historian.

Patrick Henry was early sent to school, where he pursued common English studies, and acquired a superficial knowledge of Latin. He never became a thorough scholar. Like Shakspeare, he knew little Latin and less Greek. He learned to read the character, but never to translate Greek. Literary pursuits had little attraction for his youthful mind. On the contrary, he delighted in hunting and fishing. No persuasions, says his biographer, could bring him either to read or work. He ran wild in the forest, like one of the *aborigines* of the country, and divided his life between the dissipation and uproar of the chase and the languor of inaction. He was often seen with his angle-rod lying alone, under the shade of some tree that overhung the sequestered stream, watching, for hours, at the same spot, the motionless cork of his fishing line, without one encouraging symptom of success, and without any apparent source of enjoyment, unless he could find it in the ease of his posture, or in the illusions of hope, or, which is most probable, in the stillness of the scene, and the silent workings of his own imagination.

Though he studied but few books, Mr. Henry was deeply read in the great volume of human nature. To a friend who said to him, "I have just heard of a new work, which I am extremely anxious to peruse," he replied, "Take my word for it, we are too old to read books: *read men* —

they are the only volumes that we can peruse to advantage."

At the age of fifteen, Mr. Henry was placed behind the counter of a country store. The next year he became a merchant, but soon failed. At the early age of eighteen, he married, and went to labor on a small farm. "It is curious to contemplate this giant genius, destined in a few years to guide the councils of a mighty nation, but unconscious of the intellectual treasures which he possessed, encumbered, at the early age of eighteen, with the cares of a family; obscure, unknown, and almost unpitied; digging, with wearied limbs and with an aching heart, a small spot of barren earth, for bread, and blessing the hour of night which relieved him from toil. Little could the wealthy and great of the land, as they rolled along the highway in splendor, and beheld the young rustic at work in the coarse garb of a laborer, covered with dust and melting in the sun, have suspected that this was the man who was destined not only to humble their pride, but to make the prince himself tremble on his distant throne, and to shake the brightest jewels from the British crown."

After a short trial, Mr. Henry abandoned agricultural pursuits, and engaged again in mercantile business. He met with still worse success than before. He was reduced to extreme poverty. He now turned his attention to the law, and after six weeks' study, obtained a license to practice. He was then twenty-four years of age. When he had reached his twenty-seventh year an opportunity was afforded for exhibiting, in their full splendor, those powers of oratory which he possessed.

A suit, familiarly known as the "parsons' cause," in which the clergy and people of Virginia were arrayed in opposition, was to be tried. The controversy caused great excitement, and people from a distance assembled to hear the trial. Mr. Henry was counsel for the people, and was victorious. It was then that his genius first broke forth. The scene and circumstances of this, his first triumph in eloquence, are graphically described by Mr. Wirt:*

"Soon after the opening of the court, the cause was called. It stood on a writ of inquiry of damages, no plea having been entered by the defendants since the judgment on the demurrer. The array before Mr. Henry's eyes was now most fearful. On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most learned men in the colony, and the most capable as well as the severest critics, before whom it was possible for him to make his *debut.* The court-house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng, who, not finding room to enter, were endeavoring to listen without, in the deepest attention. But there was something still more awfully disconcerting than all this; for in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat no other person than his own father. Mr. Lyons opened the cause very briefly:

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* William Wirt was born at Bladensburg, Maryland, on the 8th of November, 1772. He obtained his license to practice law, in 1792. In 1807, he gained a wide reputation in the trial of Aaron Burr, against whom he was employed as prosecuting counsel. The British Spy was written in 1803; the Old Bachelor, in 1812; and the Life of Patrick Henry appeared in 1817. In the same year, Mr. Wirt was appointed by President Monroe, Attorney-General of the United States. He died at Washington, on the 18th of February, 1834.

Mr. Wirt ranks among the first class of forensic orators. "His manner in speaking was singularly attractive. His manly form, his intellectual countenance and musical voice, set off by a rare gracefulness of gesture, won, in advance the favor of his auditory. He was calm, deliberate and distinct in his enunciation, not often rising into any high exhibition of passion, and never sinking into tameness. His key was that of earnest aud animated argument, frequently alternated with that of a playful and sprightly humor. His language was neat, well chosen, and uttered without impediment or slovenly repetition. The tones of his voice played, with a natural skill, through the various cadences most appropriate to express the flitting emotions of his mind, and the changes of his thought. To these external properties of his elocution in the way of argument he did nothing more than explain to the jury, that the decision upon the demurrer had put the act of seventeen hundred and fifty-eight entirely out of the way, and left the law of seventeen hundred and forty-eight as the only standard of their damages; he then concluded with a highly-wrought eulogium on the benevolence of the clergy.

"And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tip-toe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others, of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time, developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation

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we may ascribe the pleasure which persons of all conditions found in listening to him. Women often crowded the court-rooms to hear him, and as often astonished him, not only by the patience, but the visible enjoyment with which they were wont to sit out his argument to the end,—even when the topic was too dry to interest them, or too abstruse for them to understand his discourse. It was the charm of manner, of which the delicate tact of woman is ever found to be the truest gauge and the most appreciative judge. His oratory was not of that strong, bold and impetuous nature which is often the chief characteristic of the highest eloquence, and which is said to sway the Senate with absolute dominion, and to imprison or set free the storm of human passion, in the multitude, according to the speaker's will. It was smooth, polished, scholar-like, sparkling with pleasant fancies, and beguiling the listener by its varied graces, out of all note or consciousness of time.

"Without claiming for Mr. Wirt the renown of the most powerful orator or the profoundest lawyer in the country, it is sufficient praise to say, that he stood beside the first men of his day, equal in rank and repute, and superior to most, if not all, in the various accomplishments which he brought to the adornment of his profession.—*Memoirs of the Life of William Wirt by J. P. Kennedy*, vol. 2. p. 384.

of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuviæ* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give an adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart, *in a manner which language can not tell.* Add to all these, his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed its images; for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, '*he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end.*'

" It will not be difficult for any one who ever heard this most extraordinary man, to believe the whole account of this transaction, which is given by his surviving hearers; and from their account, the court-house of Hanover county must have exhibited on this occasion, a scene as picturesque, as has ever been witnessed in real life. They say that the people, whose countenance had fallen, as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in deathlike silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstacy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

"The jury seem to have been so completely bewildered, that they lost sight, not only of the act of seventeen hundred and forty-eight, but that of seventeen hundred and fifty-eight also; for thoughtless even of the admitted right of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar, when they returned with a verdict of *one penny damages*. A motion was made for a new trial; but the court, too, had now lost the equipoise of their judgment, and overruled the motion by a unanimous vote. The verdict and judgment overruling the motion, were followed by redoubled acclamations, from within and without the house.

"The people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion, from the moment of closing his harangue, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed, than they seized him at the bar, and in spite of his own exertions, and the continued cry of 'order' from the sheriffs and the court, they bore him out of the court-house, and raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard, in a kind of electioneering triumph.

"O! what a scene was this for a father's heart! so sudden; so unlooked for; so delightfully overwhelming! At the time, he was not able to give utterance to any sentiment; but, a few days after, when speaking of it to Mr. Winston (the present Judge Winston), he said, with the most engaging modesty, and with a tremor of voice which showed how much more he felt than he expressed, 'Patrick spoke in this cause near an hour, and in a manner that surprised me! and showed himself well-informed on a subject, of which I did not think he had any knowledge!'

"I have tried much to procure a sketch of this celebrated speech. But those of Mr. Henry's hearers who survive, seem to have been bereft of their senses. They can only tell you, in general, that they were taken captive; and so delighted with their captivity, that they followed implicitly, withersoever he led them: that, at his bidding, their tears flowed from pity, and their cheeks flushed with indignation: that when it was over, they felt as if they had just awaked from some ecstatic dream, of which they were unable to recall or connect the particulars. It was such a speech as they believe had never before fallen from the lips of man; and to this day, the old people of that county can not conceive that a higher compliment can be paid to a speaker, than to say of him, in their own homely phrase:—'*He is almost equal to Patrick, when he plead against the parsons.*' "*

The eloquence of Mr. Henry on this occasion struck the people with amazement, and gained for him the most enthusiastic applause. He was now regarded as one of the greatest orators of his country — rising suddenly to the summit of universal renown. "His sun had risen," says Mr. Wirt, "with a splendor which had never before been witnessed in this colony; and never afterward did it disgrace this glorious rising." Such was the effect of Mr. Henry's eloquence on its first display, and yet a nobler triumph awaited him.

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* Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry.

The chief glory of Mr. Henry's career, was the part which he took in the American Revolution. This event he was undoubtedly the means of hastening. Thomas Jefferson declared that Mr. Henry certainly gave the first impulse to the ball of the revolution.

In January, 1765, the famous Stamp Act, was passed by the British Parliament. The storm of the Revolution which was soon to burst on the colonies, now began to thicken. At this crisis, Patrick Henry came forward to sound the alarm — to prepare his countrymen for the terrible approach —to arouse them to a sense of their duty, and to lead them to resist the aggressions of the British Government.

In the month of May, 1765, Mr. Henry was elected a member of the house of burgesses, and now the first notes of his lofty, patriotic eloquence began to fall on the ear, and to animate the heart of a desponding nation. On a blank leaf of an old law book, "unadvised, and unassisted," he wrote the five famous resolutions of 1765, against the Stamp Act, and against the right of the British Parliament to tax the American colonies. On offering them to the House, they met with violent opposition.

"The debate," in the forcible language of Jefferson, "was most bloody," but torrents of sublime, irresistible eloquence from Henry prevailed, and the resolutions were carried by a small majority. It was then that Mr. Henry put forth his great strength, seized, demolished, and trampled under foot the arguments of his opponents. "The cords of argument, with which his adversaries frequently flattered themselves that they had bound him fast, became pack-threads in his hands. He burst them with as much ease as the unshorn Samson did the bands of the Philistines. He seized the pillars of the temple, shook them terribly, and seemed to threaten his opponents with ruin. It was an incessant storm of lightning and thunder, which struck them aghast. The faint-hearted gathered courage from his countenance, and cowards became heroes while they gazed upon his exploits."

His powers increased in proportion to the magnitude of his theme. His eloquence never assumed a loftier tone. He summoned all his energies for a terrible blow — a stroke that should be felt in the court of England, and resound through all time. At length it fell. It was on this ever-memorable occasion that Henry electrified the house by a burst of intrepid eloquence unsurpassed in the annals of ancient or modern oratory.

"It was in the midst of this magnificent debate, while he was descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, that he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, and with the look of a god:—'Cæsar had his Brutus — Charles the First, his Cromwell — and George the Third'*—('Treason,' cried the speaker —'Treason, treason!' echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which is decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis)—'*may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.'"

On the 4th of September, 1774, the old Continental Congress met at Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia. Among the delegates from Virginia, were Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton, and Patrick Henry. A nobler set of men never assembled in any land to erect and display the proud standard of liberty. Here the patriotic eloquence of Mr. Henry shone in its purest luster. Here it burst forth with irresistible power. The long silence which followed on the organization of that august body was first broken by the thunders of Henry's undaunted oratory. "In the midst of this deep and death-like silence, and just when it was beginning to become painfully embarrassing, Mr. Henry rose slowly, as if borne down by the weight of the subject. After faltering, according to his habit, through a most impressive exordium, in which he merely echoed back the consciousness of every other heart, in deploring his inability to do justice to the occasion, he launched gradually into a recital of the colonial wrongs. Rising, as he advanced, with the grandeur of his subject, and glowing at length with all the majesty and expectation of the occasion, his speech seemed more than that of mortal man.

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* If Philip of Macedon formed the character of Demosthenes, George III may be said to have moulded that of Patrick Henry.

"Even those who had heard him in all his glory, in the house of burgesses of Virginia, were astonished at the manner in which his talents seemed to swell and expand themselves, to fill the vaster theater in which he was now placed. There was no rant — no rhapsody — no labor of the understanding — no straining of the voice — no confusion of the utterance. His countenance was erect — his eye, steady — his action, noble — his enunciation, clear and firm — his mind poised on its center — his views of his subject comprehensive and great — and his imagination coruscating with a magnificence and a variety, which struck even that assembly with amazement and awe. He sat down amid murmurs of astonishment and applause; and as he had been before proclaimed the greatest orator of Virginia, he was now, on every hand, admitted to be the first orator of America."

On the 20th of March, 1775, the Virginia Convention of delegates assembled in the "Old Church"* at Richmond.

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* "Hallowed are the associations connected with that venerable church in Richmond! Often has the writer sought its precincts alone, and pondered there on the scene when, within the walls yet standing, Henry, as the embodiment of the Revolution and all its sublime results, rose like one inspired, and de-

It was on this occasion that Mr. Henry delivered that immortal speech which has furnished thousands of American youths with a patriotic theme for scholastic declamation. The report of this speech is the best specimen that we possess of Mr. Henry's style. It is an effort that will never be forgotten in the annals of oratory. He rose at this time with a majesty unusual to him in an exordium, and with all that self-possession by which he was so invariably distinguished. "No man," he said, "thought more highly than he did of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who had just addressed the house. But different men often saw the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, he hoped it would not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as he did, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, he should speak forth *his* sentiments freely, and without reserve.

"This," he said, "was no time for ceremony. The question before this house was one of awful moment to the country. For his own part he considered it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It was only in this way that they could hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which they held to God and their country. Should he keep back his opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, he should consider himself as guilty of treason toward his country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of heaven, which he revered above all earthly kings.

"Mr. President," said he, "it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth — and listen to the song of

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livered that speech unequaled in the history of man, ending with the ominous words. '*Give me liberty, or give me death.*'—*Magoon.*

that siren, till she transform us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Were we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For his part, whatever anguish of spirit it might cost, *he* was willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

"He had," he said, "but one lamp by which his feet were guided; and that was the lamp of experience. He knew of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, he wished to know what there had been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen had been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted. Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned — we have remonstrated — we have supplicated — we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained! we must fight! — I repeat it, Sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!"

After he had finished his speech and taken his seat, no murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry, 'to arms!' seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye. Richard Henry Lee* arose and supported Mr. Henry, with his usual spirit and elegance. But his melody was lost amid the agitations of that ocean, which the master-spirit of the storm had lifted up on high. That supernatural voice still sounded in their ears, and shivered along their arteries. They heard, in every pause, the cry of liberty or death. They became impatient of speech, their souls were on fire for action."

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* Mr. Wirt, in contemplating some of the "stars of the first magnitude' that shone in the House of Burgesses in the year 1765 thus writes: "Richard Henry Lee was the Cicero of the house. His face itself was on the Roman

During the Revolutionary war, Mr. Henry performed many efficient services for his suffering country. On the adoption of the constitution of Virginia in 1776, he was chosen the first republican governor of the state. In the two following years he was re-elected to the same office. After declining a third re-election as governor in 1779, he was returned to the state legislature. Here he continued for several years to display his unrivaled powers of oratory. Conspicuous among other measures which he so eloquently advocated, was the return of the British fugitives after the close of the war. In sustaining this measure, Mr. Henry uttered a prediction of the future greatness and glory of America, which we see amply accomplished. Take the following passages as a specimen of his eloquence:

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model; his nose Cæsarean; the port and carriage of his head, leaning persuasively and gracefully forward; and the whole contour noble and fine. Mr. Lee was, by far, the most elegant scholar in the house. He had studied the classics in the true spirit of criticism. His taste had that delicate touch, which seized with intuitive certainty every beauty of an author, and his genius that native affinity which combined them without an effort. Into every walk of literature and science, he had carried this mind of exquisite selection, and brought it back to the business of life, crowned with every light of learning, and decked with every wreath, that all the muses and all the graces could entwine. His defect was, that he was too smooth and too sweet. His style bore a striking resemblance to that of Herodotus, as described by the Roman orator: 'He flowed on, like a quiet and placid river, without a ripple.' He flowed, too, through banks covered with all the fresh verdure and variegated bloom of the spring; but his course was too subdued, and too beautifully regular. A cataract, like that of Niagara, crowned with overhanging rocks and

"I venture to prophesy, there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth,— able, Sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy, which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, Sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms,— her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent, her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves. But, Sir, you must have *men*,— you can not get along without them. Those heavy forests of valuable timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away. Those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Your timber, Sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared. Then, you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions, and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want, Sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise.

mountains, in all the rude and awful grandeur of nature, would have brought him nearer to the standard of Homer and of Henry.

Mr. Wirt again speaks of Mr. Lee in the old Congress as "charming the House with an eloquence — chaste — classical — beautiful — his polished periods rolling along without effort, filling the ear with the most bewitching harmony, and delighting the mind with the most exquisite imagery. The cultivated graces of Mr. Lee's rhetoric received and at the same time reflected beauty, by their contrast with the wild and grand effusions of Mr. Henry. Just as those noble monuments of art which lie scattered through the celebrated landscape of Naples, at once adorn, and are in their turn adorned by the surrounding majesty of Nature.

"Two models of eloquence, each so perfect in its kind, and so finely contrasted, could not but fill the house with the highest admiration; and as Mr. Henry had before been pronounced the Demosthenes, it was conceded on every hand, that Mr. Lee was the Cicero of America.

"Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, Sir, and they will come in! The population of the Old World is full to overflowing. That population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the Governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wistful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages, which are not equaled by those of any other country upon earth;—a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance,—a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door!

"Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this. They see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode,—that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets. They see her here a real divinity,—her altars rising on every hand, throughout these happy States; her glories chanted by three millions of tongues, and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this, our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the People of the Old World,—tell them to come, and bid them welcome,—and you will see them pouring in from the North, from the South, from the East, and from the West. Your wilderness will be cleared and settled, your deserts will smile, your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

"But, Gentlemen, object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wofully; and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations which we bear to them, and to their native country, are now changed. Their King hath acknowledged our independence; the quarrel is over; peace hath returned, and found us a free People. Let us have the magnanimity, Sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising, moneyed people. They will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries, during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, in making them tributary to our advantage. And, as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so Sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them!*— What Sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of *his whelps?*"

In 1784, Mr. Henry was again chosen Governor of Virginia. In 1788, he was a member of the Virginia convention which met at Richmond to consider the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Henry put forth all his intellectual resources against its adoption; but his powerful efforts were unavailing. Unhappily, he advocated the wrong side of the question. But his motives for doing so were, doubtless, pure and patriotic.

In 1796, Mr. Henry was once more chosen Governor of Virginia, but declined the office. In the spring of 1799, feeling it to be his duty to offer himself as a candidate for the State Legislature he was triumphantly elected, but did not live to take his seat again in that body.

On the 6th of June, 1799, the great orator and statesman of Hanover was no more — the spirit of Patrick Henry had passed " like the anthem of a breeze away."*

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* The following noble sentiment is in the closing paragraph of the will of Patrick Henry: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is THE CHRISTIAN

No one has so graphically delineated Mr. Henry's oratorical character as the eloquent Wirt. No student of oratory can peruse the following sketch without profit. No one can turn to it too frequently:

"It was on questions before a jury, that Mr. Henry was in his natural element. There, his intimate knowledge of human nature, and the rapidity as well as justness of his inferences, from the flitting expressions of the countenance, as to what was passing in the hearts of his hearers, availed him fully. The jury might be composed of entire strangers, yet he rarely failed to know them, man by man, before the evidence was closed. There was no studied fixture of features that could long hide the character from his piercing and experienced view. The slightest unguarded turn of countenance, or motion of the eye, let him at once into the soul of the man whom he was observing. Or, if he doubted whether his conclusions were correct, from the exhibitions of countenance during the narration of the evidence, he had a mode of playing a prelude, as it were, upon the jury, in his exordium, which never failed to 'wake into life each silent string,' and show him the whole compass as well as pitch of the instrument; and, indeed (if we may believe all the concurrent accounts of his exhibitions in the general court), the most exquisite performer that ever 'swept the sounding lyre' had not more a sovereign mastery over its powers, than Mr. Henry had over the springs of feeling and thought that belong to a jury. There was a delicacy, a taste, a felicity in his touch, that was perfectly original, and without a rival. His style of address, on these occasions, is said to have resembled very much that of the Scriptures. It was strongly marked with the same simplicity, the same energy,

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Religion. If they had this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I gave them all the world, they would be poor."

the same pathos. He sounded no alarm; he made no parade, to put the jury on their guard. It was all so natural; so humble, so unassuming, that they were carried imperfectly along, and attuned to his purpose, until some master-touch dissolved them into tears. His language of passion was perfect. There was no word 'of learned length or thundering sound,' to break the charm. It had almost all the stillness of solitary thinking. It was a sweet revery, a delicious trance. His voice, too, had a wonderful effect. He had a singular power of infusing it into a jury, and mixing its notes with their nerves, in a manner which it is impossible to describe justly; but which produced a thrilling excitement, in the happiest concordance with his designs.* No man knew so well as he did what kind of topics to urge to their understandings; nor what kind of simple imagery to present to their hearts. His eye, which he kept riveted upon them, assisted the process of fascination, and at the same time informed him what theme to press, or at what instant to retreat, if by rare accident he touched an unpropitious string. And then he had such an exuberance of appropriate thoughts, of apt illustrations, of apposite images, and such a melodious and varied roll of the happiest words, that the hearer was never wearied by repetition, and never winced from an apprehension that the intellectual treasures of the speaker would be exhausted.

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* An amusing incident which well exhibits the power that Mr. Henry possessed over a court by the spell of his eloquence is related by Mr. Wirt. It shows, in a forcible manner, what effect genuine, popular eloquence produces upon the mind. The case is that of John Hook: "Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips in seventeen hundred and eighty-one, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the district court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent (Judge Stuart), he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience: at one time he excited their indignation against Hook: vengeance was visible in every countenance: again when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distress of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the

"His features were manly, bold, and well-proportioned, full of intelligence, and adapting themselves intuitively to every sentiment of his mind, and every feeling of his heart. His voice was not remarkable for its sweetness; but it was firm, of full volume, and rather melodious than otherwise. Its charms consisted in the mellowness and fullness of its note, the ease and variety of its inflections, the distinctness of its articulation, the fine effect of its emphasis, the felicity with which it attuned itself to every emotion, and the vast compass which enabled it to range

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frozen ground over which they marched, with the blood of their unshod feet—'where was the man,' he said, 'who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms, the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man?— *There* he stands — but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge.' He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of: he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence — the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches — they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of Washington and liberty as it rung and echoed through the American rank, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river — 'but hark! what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory — they are the notes of *John Hook*, hoarsely brawling through the American camp, *beef! beef! beef!*'

The whole audience were convulsed: a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect, than any general description. The clerk of the court, through the whole empire of human passion, from the deep and tragic half whisper of horror, to the wildest exclamation of overwhelming rage. In mild persuasion, it was as soft and gentle as the zephyr of spring; while in rousing his countrymen to arms, the winter storm that roars along the troubled Baltic, was not more awfully sublime. It was at all times perfectly under his command; or rather, indeed, it seemed to command itself and to modulate its notes, most happily to the sentiment he was uttering. It never exceeded, or fell short of the occasion. There was none of that long-continued and deafening vociferation, which always takes place, when an ardent speaker has lost possession of himself — no monotonous clangor, no discordant shriek. Without being strained, it had that body and enunciation which filled the most distant ear, without distressing those which were nearest him: hence it never became cracked or hoarse, even in his longest speeches, but retained to the last all its clearness and fullness of intonation, all the delicacy of its inflection, all the charms of its emphasis, and enchanting variety of its cadence

"His delivery was perfectly natural and well-timed. It

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unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house, and threw himself on the grass, in the most violent paroxysm of laughter, where he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. 'Jemmy Steptoe,' said he to the clerk, 'what the devil ails ye, mon?' Mr. Steptoe was only able to say that *he could not help it*. 'Never mind ye,' said Hook, 'wait till Billy Cowan gets up; *he'll* show him the la'.' Mr. Cowan, however was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stay here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef;* it was the cry of *tar and feathers:* from the application of which it is said, that nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse."

has indeed been said, that, on his first rising, there was a species of *sub-cantus* very observable by a stranger, and rather disagreeable to him; but that in a very few moments even this itself became agreeable, and seemed, indeed, indispensable to the full effect of his peculiar diction and conceptions. In point of time, he was very happy: there was no slow and heavy dragging, no quaint and measured drawling, with equidistant pace, no stumbling and floundering among the fractured members of deranged and broken periods, no undignified hurry and trepidation, no recalling and recasting of sentences as he went along, no retraction of one word and substitution of another not better, and none of those affected bursts of almost inarticulate impetuosity, which betray the rhetorician rather than display the orator. On the contrary, ever self-collected, deliberate and dignified, he seemed to have looked through the whole period before he commenced its delivery; and hence his delivery was smooth, and firm, and well-accented; slow enough to take along with him the dullest hearer, and yet so commanding, that the quick had neither the power nor the disposition to get the start of him. Thus he gave to every thought its full and appropriate force; and to every image all its radiance and beauty.

"No speaker ever understood better than Mr. Henry the true use and power of the *pause:* and no one ever practiced it with happier effect. His pauses were never resorted to for the purpose of investing an insignificant thought with false importance; much less were they ever resorted to as a *finesse* to gain time for thinking. The hearer was never disposed to ask, 'why that pause?' nor to measure its duration by a reference to his watch. On the contrary, it always came at the very moment when he would himself have wished it, in order to weigh the striking and important thought which had just been uttered; and the interval was always filled by the speaker with a matchless energy of look, which drove the thought home through the mind and through the heart.

"His gesture, and this varying play of his features and voice, were so excellent, so exquisite that many have referred his power as an orator principally to that cause; yet this was all his own, and his gesture, particularly, of so peculiar a cast, that it is said it would have become no other man. I do not learn that it was very abundant; for there was no trash about it; none of those false motions to which undisciplined speakers are so generally addicted; no chopping nor sawing of the air; no thumping of the bar to express an earnestness which was much more powerfully, as well as more elegantly expressed by his eye and countenance. Whenever he moved his arm, or his hand, or even his finger, or changed the position of his body, it was always to some purpose; nothing was inefficient; every thing told; every gesture, every attitude, every look was emphatic; all was animation, energy, and dignity. Its great advantage consisted in this — that various, bold, and original as it was, it never appeared to be studied, affected, or theatrical, or 'to overstep,' in the smallest degree, 'the modesty of nature;' for he never made a gesture, or assumed an attitude, which did not seem imperiously demanded by the occasion. Every look, every motion, every pause, every start was completely filled and dilated by the thought which he was uttering, and seemed indeed to form a part of the thought itself His action, however strong, was never vehement. He was never seen rushing forward, shoulder foremost, fury in his countenance, and phrensy in his voice as if to overturn the bar, and charge his audience, sword in hand. His judgment was too manly and too solid, and his taste too true, to permit him to indulge in any such extravagance. His good sense and his self-possession never deserted him. In the loudest storm of declamation, in the fiercest blaze of passion, there was a dignity and temperance which gave it seeming. He had the rare faculty of imparting to his hearers all the excess of his own feelings, and all the violence and tumult of his emotions, all the dauntless spirit of his resolution, and all the energy of his soul, without any sacrifice of his own personal dignity, and without treating his hearers otherwise than as rational beings. He was not the orator of a day; and therefore sought not to build his fame on the sandy basis of a false taste fostered, if not created, by himself. He spoke for immortality; and therefore raised the pillars of his glory on the only solid foundation — the rock of Nature.

"His feelings were strong, yet completely under his command; they rose up to the occasion, but were never suffered to overflow it; his language was often careless, sometimes incorrect; yet upon the whole it was pure and perspicuous, giving out his thoughts in full and clear proportion; free from affectation, and frequently beautiful; strong without effort, and adapted to the occasion; nervous in argument, burning in passion, and capable of matching the loftiest flights of his genius.

"It may perhaps assist the reader's conception of Mr. Henry's peculiar cast of eloquence, to state the points in which he differed from some other orators. Those which distinguished him from Mr. Lee have been already exhibited. Colonel Innis's manner was also very different. *His* habitual indolence followed him into debate; he generally contented himself with a single view of his subject; but that was given with irresistible power His eloquence was indeed a mighty and a roaring torrent; it had not, however, that property of Horace's stream, *labitur et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum* — on the contrary, it commonly ran by in half an hour. But it bore a striking resemblance to the eloquence of Lord Chatham; it was a short but bold and most terrible assault — a vehement, impetuous and overwhelming burst — a magnificent meteor, which shot majestically across the heavens, from pole to pole, and straight expired in a glorious blaze.

"Mr. Henry, on the contrary, however indolent in his general life, was never so in debate, where the occasion called for exertion. He rose against the pressure, with the most unconquerable perseverance. He held his subject up in every light in which it could be placed; yet always with so much power, and so much beauty, as never to weary his audience, but on the contrary to delight them. He had more art than Colonel Innis: he appealed to every motive of interest — urged every argument that could convince — pressed every theme of persuasion — awakened every feeling, and roused every passion to his aid. He had more variety, too, in his manner; sometimes he was very little above the tone of conversation; at others in the highest strain of epic sublimity. His course was of longer continuance — his flights better sustained, and more diversified, both in their direction, and velocity. He rose like the thunder-bearer of Jove, when he mounts on strong and untiring wing, to sport in fearless majesty over the troubled deep — now sweeping in immense and rapid circles — then suddenly arresting his grand career, and hovering aloft in tremulous and terrible suspense — at one instant, plunged amid the foaming waves — at the next, reascending on high, to play undaunted among the lightnings of heaven, or soar toward the sun.

"He differed too, from those orators of Great Britain, with whom he had become acquainted by their printed speeches. He had not the close method and high polish of those of England; nor the exuberant imagery which distinguishes those of Ireland. On the contrary, he was loose, irregular, desultory — sometimes rough and abrupt— careless in connecting the parts of his discourse, but grasping whatever he touched with gigantic strength. In short, he was the ORATOR OF NATURE; and such a one as Nature might not blush to avow.*

"If the reader shall still demand how he acquired those wonderful powers of speaking which have been assigned to him, we can only answer with Gray, that they were the gift of Heaven — the birthright of genius.

> 'Thine too, these keys, immortal boy!
> *This* can unlock the gates of joy;
> Of horror, *that*, and thrilling fears,
> Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

"It has been said of Mr. Henry, by Mr. John Randolph, of Roanoke, with inimitable felicity, that 'he was SHAKSPEARE and GARRICK COMBINED!' Let the reader then imagine the wonderful talents of those two men united in the same individual, and transferred from scenes of fiction to the business of real life, and he will have formed some conception of the eloquence of Patrick Henry. In a word, he was one of those perfect prodigies of Nature, of whom very few have been produced since the foundations of the earth were laid; and of *him* may it be said, as truly as of any one that ever existed:—

> 'He was a man, take him for all in all,
> *We ne'er shall look upon his like again.*'"

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* For the fullest account of the life and character of Patrick Henry the reader is referred to his admirable biography, by William Wirt. Every one should procure a copy of this beautiful and interesting work. Every American citizen,— every lover of his country — should, by all means, read it. No library, public or private, can be considered complete without containing a copy.

CHAPTER XIV.

FISHER AMES.

Fisher Ames was born on the 9th of April, 1758, at Dedham, Massachusetts. He was the youngest son of Dr. Nathaniel Ames. When but six years old, Fisher commenced the study of Latin. In 1770, at the age of twelve, he was admitted to Harvard College, and graduated in 1774.

After receiving his degree, he devoted considerable time, before entering on his professional course, to the study of English literature. About this time, as he frequently said, he read with avidity bordering on enthusiasm almost every author within his reach. He read works on Greek and Roman antiquities, ancient mythology, natural and civil history. He was passionately fond of poetry — he read the principal English poets, and like Erskine, devoted himself with the greatest ardor to the study of Milton and Shakspeare, committing their most magnificent passages to memory. He studied Virgil with the greatest delight; and, at this time, could repeat considerable portions of the Eclogues, Georgics, and the most beautiful passages of the Æneid.

Several years after graduating, he commenced the study of law in the office of Judge Tudor. In 1781, he began the practice of his profession at Dedham, his native place. In 1788, he was elected to Congress for Suffolk county. During the eight years of Washington's glorious adminisration he remained in Congress, displaying such transcendent powers of eloquence as had scarcely ever been witnessed in our young republic.

In the discussion of all the great measures which were brought before Congress during that eventful period, Mr. Ames took a prominent part. On Madison's resolutions—on the British treaty — on the manner in which the public debt was to be disposed of — on the regulations required by commerce — on the neutrality to be preserved with regard to France — on the settlement of the difficulties with Spain and Great Britain — on all these and similar important themes, Mr. Ames spoke with persuasive and irresistible power. His speeches on Mr. Madison's resolution and the British treaty claim our particular attention. They afford the best specimens of his style. The latter was the most extraordinary and brilliant effort of his genius. The importance of the subject under consideration, and the strength of the opposition, roused him to the utmost exertion, and called forth a lofty strain of eloquence that has seldom been equaled in parliamentary debate. It is stated that during the delivery of this speech, a crowded house listened with profound attention to the thrilling remarks of the orator; and when, in the conclusion, he alluded in a touching manner "to his own slender and almost broken hold upon life," the audience were moved to tears. As he took his seat, the question was loudly called for; but the opposition dreaded the effects of a speech so hostile to their views, and one of its members moved that the decision of the question be postponed to the ensuing day, lest they should act under the influence of feelings which their calm judgment might condemn.

A similar effect was produced by the eloquence of the immortal Sheridan when he concluded his great speech against Warren Hastings amidst the tumultuous and rapturous applause of the British Senate.

As well might you attempt to stop a mighty river in its course as to withstand the overwhelming force of genuine eloquence. It breaks through every barrier, wins its way to the heart, and leads the hearer a willing captive. Thus have all great orators enchained the hearts, enlisted the attention, and controlled the passions of their hearers. Thus Demosthenes moved the Athenians, and thus Cicero delighted and transported the Roman commonwealth.

The speech on the British treaty was delivered in the House of Representatives, on the 28th of April, 1796, in support of the following motion: Resolved, *That it is expedient to pass the laws necessary to carry into effect the treaty lately concluded between the United States and the King of Great Britain.*

In this speech we have a powerful passage against surrendering the frontier posts, in which, by a stroke of his imagination, the orator brings before the eye the horrors of Indian warfare:

"If any should maintain that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace under these circumstances, will prove firm? No sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security. Your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed: the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again. In the day-time your path through the woods will be ambushed. The darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father — the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-field. You are a mother — the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

"On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings. It is a spectacle of horror which can not be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language compared with which all I have said or can say, will be poor and frigid. Will it be whispered that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of the frontiers; it is known that my voice as well as vote has been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

"Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching? Would any one deny that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans unresponsible? Have the principles on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of that state-house? I trust it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask, Can you put the dearest interest of society at risk, without guilt and without remorse? It is vain to offer as an excuse, that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen; they are so far from inevitable, we are going to bring them into being by our vote. We choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them as for the measure that we know will produce them.

"By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make;—to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake; to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God, we are answerable; and, if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

"There is no mistake in this case. There can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of torture! *Already they seem to sigh in the west wind! Already they mingle with every echo from the mountains!*"

In the spring of 1796, at the close of the Congressional session, Mr. Ames traveled in Virginia for the improvement of his health. It was then that the college of New-Jersey conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Notwithstanding the infirm state of his health, Mr. Ames attended the next session of Congress, and was chairman of the committee which prepared the answer to Washington's speech. At the termination of the session, he retired to his private residence at Dedham, that he might enjoy repose in the bosom of his family after the storms of political life.

When Washington died, Mr. Ames was called upon to pronounce his eulogy before the Legislature of Massachusetts. It was among the last of his great oratorical efforts; and a noble one it was. On this occasion his eloquence shone with transcendent splendor. His sun was now soon, alas! too soon to set, and the western horizon seemed to be "in a blaze with his descending glory." It was a fitting close to such a brilliant career.

His eulogy on Washington is a splendid production. In glowing language does the orator hold up his immortal hero as worthy the admiration and imitation of the present and succeeding generations. The speech abounds in beautiful figures and sentiments which fully exhibit the powerful imagination of the orator. As an excellent specimen of his descriptive and imaginative powers, we will take the following extract:

"Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and perhaps most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it, and direct the storm Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendor, which, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is indeed growing vulgar; they multiply in every long war; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks, almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

"But such a chief magistrate as Washington appears like the pole-star in a clear sky, to direct the skillful statesman. His Presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its alotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument, to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to heaven, that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's."

On the mournful death of Alexander Hamilton,* in 1804, Mr. Ames wrote a glowing sketch of his character, which was read to a select company of friends, and first published in the Repertory, July, 1804. As a specimen of his elaborate composition, no finer example can be produced than the following from this sketch:

"It is rare that a man, who owes so much to nature, descends to seek more from industry; but he seemed to depend on industry, as if nature had done nothing for him. His habits of investigation were very remarkable; his mind seemed to cling to his subject, till it had exhausted it. Hence the uncommon superiority of his reasoning powers, a superiority that seemed to be augmented from every source, and to be fortified by every auxiliary, learning, taste, wit, imagination, and eloquence. These were embellished and enforced by his temper and manners, by his fame and his virtues. It is difficult, in the midst of such various excellence, to say in what particular the effect of his greatness was most manifest. No man more promptly discerned truth; no man more clearly displayed it: it was not merely made visible — it seemed to come bright with illumination from his lips. But prompt and clear as he was, fervid as Demosthenes, like Cicero, full of resource, he was not less remarkable for copiousness and completeness of his argument, and left little for cavil, and nothing for doubt. Some men take their strongest argument as a weapon, and use no other; but he left nothing to be inquired for more — nothing to be answered. He not only disarmed his adversaries of their pretexts and objections, but he stripped them of all excuse for having urged them; he confounded and subdued, as well as convinced. He indemnified them, however, by making his discussion a complete map of his subject; so that his opponents might, indeed, feel ashamed of their mistakes, but they could not repeat them. In fact, it was no common effort that preserved a really able antagonist from becoming his convert; for the truth, which his researches so distinctly presented to the understanding of others, was rendered almost irresistibly commanding and impressive by the love and reverence, which, it was ever apparent, he profoundly cherished for it in his own. While patriotism glowed in his heart, wisdom blended in his speech her authority with her charms."

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* Alexander Hamilton was one of the most commanding orators that shone in our national councils immediately after the adoption of the federal government. It is to be regretted that so few specimens of his electrifying eloquence remain. "Our opinion of Hamilton's eloquence must rest mainly on the testimony of those who heard him. His speeches, as they have come to us, do not correspond with our impressions of his remarkable powers. Great and eloquent beyond most, if not all men of his day, he certainly was, if we may believe the concurrent statements of friends and foes."

In 1804, Mr. Ames was chosen president of Harvard College, but his ill-health compelled him to decline this honor. From this period his health continued rapidly to decline, until his death on the morning of the 4th of July, 1808. As he lived the life, so he died the death of the Christian. His death-bed was a sublime scene of composure and triumph. "I have peace of mind," said he; "I think it is founded on a belief of the Gospel. And again he exclaimed, "My hope is in the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ." Thus died the eloquent Ames in the bright, joyous hope of immortal bliss.

The remains of Mr. Ames were carried to Boston, and there interred with the highest honors. His eulogy was pronounced by Mr. Samuel Dexter on the 6th of July; and the following beautiful lines, ascribed to Rev. Dr. Gardiner, were sung in Kings Chapel on the occasion:

"As, when dark clouds obscure the dawn,
  The day-star's luster disappears,
So Ames beheld our natal morn,
  And left desponding friends in tears.
Soon as the distant cannon's roar,
  Announced that morn's returning ray,
He feared its early hopes were o'er
  And flew to everlasting day.
O, drop thy mantle, sainted shade,
  On some surviving patriot's name.
Who, great by thy example made,
  May yet retrieve a nation's fame!
The manly genius, ardent thought,
  The love of truth, and wit refined,
The eloquence that wonders wrought,
  And flashed its light on every mind,—
These gifts were thine, immortal Ames!
  Of motive pure, of life sublime;
Their loss our flowing sorrow claims,—
  Their praise survives the wreck of time."

The person of Mr. Ames was above middle stature and well formed. His countenance was handsome, and his eye expressive. His features were not strongly marked. His forehead was neither high nor expansive. His eyes were blue and of middling size; his mouth was beautiful; his hair was black, and short on the forehead, and, in his latter years, unpowdered. He was very erect, and when speaking he raised his head. His expression was usually complacent, when in debate, and if he meant to be severe, it was seen in good-natured sarcasm, rather than in acrimonious words.

Fisher Ames stands among the first class of orators and statesmen. So copious and glowing was his eloquence that those who never heard him can form no proper conception of its magnificence and power.

Mr. Ames possessed most of those characteristics which are essential in the formation of an accomplished orator—a clear, comprehensive intellect, a lofty, brilliant imagination, a correct enunciation, a mellifluous voice, an extraordinary memory, a fine sensibility, and an impassioned delivery. There was altogether an indescribable charm about his manner of speaking, which rendered him the delight of the senate and of the forum.

The mind of Mr. Ames was of the highest order; and was enriched with the treasures of ancient and modern literature. In history, he was more profoundly versed than in any other branch of learning. He delighted to trace the rise, glory and downfall of ancient nations, and to contemplate the character of such renowned personages as Lycurgus, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Brutus, and Cicero. He looked upon the character of the great Roman orator with fervent admiration. The Greek and Roman classics were his daily companions. Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus and Plutarch were his favorite authors among the ancients. He was familiar also with the best modern historians of Greece and Rome. The history of modern nations, especially of England and France, he studied with much care. To the study of political science he devoted considerable time. Thus he had always at hand, a large amount of historical information for illustrating and embellishing his discourses, and for instructing those with whom he conversed. The perusal of his writings abundantly evinces his familiarity with the history and politics of the world.

Mr. Ames was always an enthusiastic lover of poetry. He was a great admirer of Homer and Virgil. He often perused Pope's Homer; and two years before his death, read Virgil with increased delight. But above all, he was a diligent student of the Bible. His biographer says that he was accustomed to read the Scriptures, not only as containing a system of truth and duty, but as displaying in their poetical parts, all that is sublime, animated, and affecting in composition. He repeatedly made the following remark, "I will hazard the assertion, that no man ever did, or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language."

We have presented several eloquent extracts from the writings of Mr. Ames; but they afford us a very inadequate conception of his powers. The magical effects of his eloquence were produced by his living tones, his graceful and impressive delivery. Let us then look at the living speaker in his brightest days, before disease had prostrated his energies. How noble his form! How expressive his countenance! How dignified his manner! He had the power to enlighten, to persuade, to please, to sway, and to charm. His tones were peculiarly sweet and musical. Many of his expressions were poetical. In his speaking there was no visible effort—"no straining after effect:" all was ease, grace and harmony. What Charles Phillips said of the eloquence of a distinguished Irish orator, is equally true of Ames' manner.

The language, the look, the action wonderfully harmonized. The words which flowed from his lips so smoothly and so sweetly told not more surely on his audience than did the gesture which accompanied them. The passions invoked by the incantations of his tongue seemed to dwell for a moment on his countenance. There never, perhaps, lived a more splendid illustration of the mighty Greek's eulogy on action. Every attitude was grace; every pause, expression; every play of the features a visible portraiture of the thoughts uttered, and the sincerity which seemed to inspire them. While Ames enchained you by the magic of his diction, he also so enchanted you by the charm of his manner, that ear, and eye, and understanding owned the spell together.

> "His words had such a melting flow,
> And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
> They dropp'd like heaven's serenest snow,
> And all was brightness where they fell."

In giving an estimate of the genius of Mr. Ames, we would notice more particularly a few of the leading characteristics of his oratory. The most distinguished feature of his mind was his brilliant imagination. Like Burke's, it was imperial, ranging over the whole universe of nature and art, collecting materials from every source, and ornamenting his speech with the most beautiful and sublime figures. "Now it assembled most pleasing images, adorned with all that is soft and beautiful; and now rose in the storm, wielding the elements and flashing with the most awful splendors."

The writings of Mr. Ames abound in exuberance of imagery. His use of figures of speech is, sometimes, too copious. In this respect he closely resembles Burke, who employed them with so unsparing a hand. In the orations of Ames, every great truth is beautifully illustrated and adorned by an apt metaphor, a lively image, or a striking allusion. President Dwight, of Yale College, has somewhere remarked of Mr. Ames, that his imagination was perhaps too brilliant and too rich. It could hardly be said that any of the pictures which it drew were ill-drawn or out of place; yet, it might, I think, be truly said, that the gallery was crowded. The excess was not, however, the consequence of a defective taste, or a solicitude to shine; but the product of a fancy ever creative, always exuberant, and exerting its powers more easily in this manner than in any other. To speak and write as he actually spoke and wrote, was only to permit the thoughts and images which first offered themselves to flow from his lips or his pen.

The specimens of Mr. Ames's style, which we have quoted, are among the most figurative of his expressions; and may well serve to illustrate his imagination. Another example of this kind we mention. In his eulogy on Washington, when contrasting French with American liberty, he says, " *Here*, liberty is restraint; *there*, it is violence: *here*, it is mild and cheering, like the morning sun of our summer, brightening the hills, and making the vallies green; *there*, it is like the sun, when his rays dart pestilence on the sands of Africa. American liberty calms and restrains the licentious passions, like an angel that says to the winds and troubled seas, be still; but how has French licentiousness appeared to the wretched citizens of Switzerland and Venice? Do not their haunted imaginations, even when they wake, represent her as a monster, with eyes that flash wild fire, hands that hurl thunderbolts, a voice that shakes the foundation of the hills? She stands, and her ambition measures the earth; she speaks, and an epidemic fury seizes the nations."

Mr. Ames possessed acute sensibility, and patriotic enthusiasm. These were the cause of his success — the means by which he gained possession of the heart, and held his audience in breathless attention and admiration. The highest style of oratory is that in which sensibility, enthusiasm and force, predominate. It is not the nature of true eloquence.to be calm. It does not — it can not,— proceed from an unanimated speaker, but flows from a burning heart — a soul enraptured with its theme. " A true orator is an enthusiast, in the highest sense of the word God is in him, by lofty conception,— by pure and profound emotion. He establishes between himself and his hearers a real connection, like that which exists between the poles of a magnetic circuit, through which he pours his spirit, all a-glow, into their sympathizing and receptive souls; so that, for the time being, speaker and hearers are one, under the blending influence of a common thought and a common impulse." Mr. Ames possessed this power of transmitting to others his own sympathetic emotions, his own glowing sentiments. He could strike those "delicate notes of soul-harmony which a sympathetic audience always repeat with rapture in their own hushed hearts."

The fires of enthusiasm must be kindled, and burn with undimmed splendor in the bosom of that speaker who would charm and persuade his hearers. "A mind kindled with enthusiasm unfolds its grandeur in the light of its own flames, as the sea is never more grand than at night when it heaves, storm-tossed and brilliant, with the illumination of its own phosphorescence. When fully aroused in debate, Ames frequently trembled from head to foot; he wept in irrepressible emotion, and paused in the struggle to embody the inarticulate eloquence of his heart. He bent under the reflex passions he aroused in others, and then in turn bowed them under the augmented weight of his own." "In public speaking," says President Kirkland, "he trusted much to excitement, and did little more in his closet than to draw the outlines of his speech and reflect on it, till he had received deeply the impressions he intended to make; depending for the turns and figures of language, illustrations and modes of appeal to the passions, on his imagination and feelings at the time. This excitement continued, when the cause had ceased to operate After debate his mind was agitated, like the ocean after a storm, and his nerves were like the shrouds of a ship torn by the tempest."

The style of Mr. Ames is striking and deserves particular regard. It is remarkable for its clearness, strength, terseness, and conciseness. Like Lord Chatham's, his sentences are made up of short clauses; his words are admirably chosen, and so well arranged that what he says can be readily comprehended. "He aimed rather at the terseness, strength, and vivacity of the short sentence, than the dignity of the full and flowing period." In the elaborateness of his composition, he excels Fox, Sheridan, Henry, Clay, and many others of our greatest statesmen. His style affords an excellent model for the young orator. It is not, however, *entirely* free from faults. But on the whole, there is more to be admired and imitated in his composition, than in that of most political writers or speakers. His orations and essays will long be regarded as among the most perfect models of a chaste and terse style.

Mr. Ames has been admirably called the orator of elaborate beauty. "His eloquence is generally flowing and delightful, rising at times to passages of great power and pathos,— and conveyed always in a diction remarkably correct, terse and beautiful. Like Burke, he is distinguished by philosophic and comprehensive views. Such is the skill with which he draws from human nature, and from history, his lessons of political wisdom, that his orations and writings are as instructive as they are pleasing. Hence he is one of the few writers, whom we read with interest, long after the occasions and the excitements, which called them forth, have passed away."

CHAPTER XV.

HENRY CLAY.

Henry Clay was born on the 12th of April, 1777, in Hanover county, Virginia, in a district well known as The Slashes — not far from the birth-place and home of Patrick Henry. At an early age he lost his father, a respectable Baptist clergyman. For the want of means, Mr. Clay did not receive a classical education. All the instruction he obtained was at a common school. Among the youths of Hanover that sat in the log-cabin school-house of The Slashes, under the instruction of master Peter Deacon, who would have imagined that there was one master-mind destined, ere long, to preside over the deliberations of his countrymen in the halls of Congress;—

> Th' applause of listening senates to command;
> The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
> To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
> And read his history in a nation's eyes?

At the age of fifteen, Mr. Clay entered the office of Peter Tinsley, Esq., clerk of the High Court of Chancery. Four years after, he commenced the study of the law, and was admitted to practice when he had attained his twentieth year.

In November, 1797, he removed to Lexington, Kentucky, where he established himself in the profession of the law, and soon obtained an extensive practice. In a speech made at Lexington, June 9, 1842, he alludes to this early period of his life in the following touching manner:

"In looking back upon my origin and progress through life, I have great reason to be thankful. My father died in 1781, leaving me an infant of too tender years to retain any recollection of his smiles or endearments. My surviving parent removed to this State in 1792, leaving me, a boy of fifteen years of age, in the office of the High Court of Chancery, in the City of Richmond, without guardian, without pecuniary means of support, to steer my course as I might or could. A neglected education was improved by my own irregular exertions, without the benefit of systematic instruction. I studied law principally in the office of a lamented friend, the late Governor Brooke, then Attorney-General of Virginia, and also under the auspices of the venerable and lamented Chancellor Wythe, for whom I had acted as an amanuensis. I obtained a license to practice the profession from the Judges of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and established myself in Lexington in 1797, without patrons, without the favor or countenance of the great or opulent, without the means of paying my weekly board, and in the midst of a bar uncommonly distinguished by eminent members. I remember how comfortable I thought I should be, if I could make £100 Virginia money per year, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shilling fee. My hopes were more than realized. I immediately rushed into a successful and lucrative practice."

Shortly after his removal to Lexington, Mr. Clay took part in a debating society, but like many other eminent public speakers in the commencement of their oratorical career, he lacked confidence in making his first effort. His feelings, when he rose, must have been similar to those of Curran, when he attempted to speak before a debating club. When Mr. Clay commenced his speech he became extremely embarrassed and addressed the President of the Society by the title of *Gentlemen of the Jury*, but after a moment of confusion, and stammering out a repetition of the phrase *Gentlemen of the Jury*, "he gradually gained confidence from his own efforts, and, finally, concentrating all his powers upon the subject in debate, he surprised his audience with a beauty and compass of voice, an exuberance of eloquence, and a force of argument well worthy of a veteran orator. A gentleman who heard this speech has assured us, that it would hardly suffer in comparison with the most brilliant efforts made by its author in after life. His reputation as a speaker was of course established, and he became immediately a leading champion in all the debates of the society."

In 1803, Mr. Clay was elected to the Legislature of Kentucky; in 1806, he was chosen to the Senate of the United States to fill a vacancy. After the expiration of his term in the Senate, he was re-elected to the State Legislature, and chosen speaker of that body for several successive years.

In 1809, he was again elected to the Senate of the United States to fill another vacancy. From the first, he took a prominent part in the discussion of the leading questions before Congress, and came forward as an ardent advocate of internal improvement, of domestic manufactures, and of a protective policy. The eloquent defense of such public measures has rendered the orator of Ashland one of the most popular of American Statesmen.

When his term of service in the Senate again expired, Mr. Clay was immediately elected to the House of Representatives of the United States, and took his seat, on the 4th of November, 1811. On the first day of that Congressional meeting, he was chosen speaker of the House by a triumphant vote — an honor which had never before been conferred upon a new member. This station he held, with the exception of two short intervals, until 1825, when he was appointed Secretary of State by President John Quincy Adams. He was elected speaker of the House seven times, and occupied the chair in all, about thirteen years. Mr. Clay was one of the most influential, popular and eloquent speakers ever chosen by the House of Representatives of the United States. He presided over the deliberations of that body with great ability and sagacity.

Mr. Clay entered the halls of Congress during the stormy period of our late contest with Great Britain. That nation had committed a long series of outrages on our government by harrassing our commerce, searching our vessels, and impressing our seamen. Such injuries could be no longer endured by the Americans, and war was declared against Great Britain, on the 18th of June, 1812. Mr. Clay urged this declaration with "almost as much vehemence and pertinacity, as Cato the destruction of Carthage." On the 31st of December, 1811, he made a brilliant speech on "Arming for War;" and another "On the increase of the Navy," delivered January 22, 1812.

When the war had commenced, Mr. Clay exerted all his burning eloquence for its vigorous prosecution. In one of the most powerful speeches he ever made — that "On the New Army Bill," delivered in the House of Representatives, January 8, 1813,— he said, with the enthusiasm of a patriot and with the eloquence of Demosthenes: "My plan would be, to call out the ample resources of the country, give them a judicious direction, prosecute the war with the utmost vigor, strike wherever we can reach the enemy, at sea or on land, and negotiate the terms of a peace at Quebec or at Halifax. We are told that England is a proud and lofty nation, which, disdaining to wait for danger, meets it half way. Haughty as she is, we once triumphed over her; and, if we do not listen to the counsels of timidity and despair, we shall again prevail. In such a cause, with the aid of Providence, we must come out crowned with success, but if we fail, let us fail like men,— lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle, fighting for FREE TRADE AND SEAMEN'S RIGHTS!"

At the commencement of the year 1814, Mr. Clay was appointed one of the Commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain; and on the 19th of January, he resigned his station as speaker of the House, in a very impressive address: "Gentlemen," said he, "I have attended you to-day, to announce my resignation of the distinguished station in this House, with which I have been honored by your kindness. In taking leave of you, gentlemen, I shall be excused for embracing this last occasion, to express to you personally my thanks for the frank and liberal support, the chair has experienced at your hands. Wherever I may go, in whatever situation I may be placed, I can never cease to cherish, with the fondest remembrance, the sentiments of esteem and respect with which you have inspired me."

"I was a member of the House during the war," writes one, "and was present when Mr. Clay made his farewell speech on resigning the Speakership. It was an impressive occasion. Not only were all the seats of members occupied, but many senators attended, and a large miscellaneous crowd. The war which he had been most active in hastening, and most energetic in prosecuting, he was now commissioned with others to close. He was the youngest of the Commissioners, but sagacious far beyond his years. The hopes of the country, tired of a protracted struggle, grew brighter by his appointment.

"Undoubtedly, at this time, even in his youthful age, he had no rival in popularity. His name was every where familiar as 'household words.' His own bearing evinced a consciousness of his favor in the country. I was struck with his appearance on this occasion. There was a fire in his eye, an elation in his countenance, a buoyancy in his whole action, that seemed the self-consciousness of coming greatness. Hope brightened, and joy elevated his crest. As full of confidence, gallant bearing, and gratified look, he took his seat in the Speaker's chair, his towering height even more conspicuous than usual, I could not but call to mind Vernon's description of Henry, Prince of Wales, in Shakspeare:

> 'I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
> His cuisses on his thigh, gallantly armed,
> Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
> And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
> As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
> To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
> And witch the world with noble horsemanship.'

"Age at this time had not withered, nor custom staled the infinite variety of his genius. The defects of his character had not been developed; prosperity had not sunned them, and they lie unsprouted in his heart; nor had he committed any of the blunders of his later life, which, in a political view, have been pronounced worse than crimes.

"After he had resigned the chair, in a neat and appropriate speech, he came down to the floor; and members surrounded him, to express their great grief at his withdrawal,—mingled, however, with congratulations upon his appointment, and with the expression of sanguine anticipations of the success of his mission."

Mr. Clay took a leading part in the negotiation of the Treaty of Ghent.* Before his return home he visited several portions of Europe, and was received every where with marked attention. On his return to the United States, he was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm, and unanimously re-elected to Congress. On taking his seat, in December, 1815, he was again triumphantly chosen speaker of the House. "He was welcomed back to the seat in which he had gained such eminent distinction. His popularity in the country had nearly reached its culminating point. Peace with Great Britain, which the heart of the people longed for now, as before for the declaration of war, had been satisfactorily arranged, and partly through his agency; and the multitude, ever seeking some tangible object of worship, lavished upon him every expression of grateful feeling and personal devotion. He was associated in their minds with the national glory and national prosperity. All the government had proposed by waging war against Great Britain — the freedom of our commerce, the safety of our seamen, and the honor of our flag,— had been secured, if not by express condition in the Treaty of Peace, yet, by the readiness with which the war had been entered upon, the earnestness with which it had been carried on, and its ultimate success. Those, therefore, who had been most warm for the declaration of war, and most active in its vigorous prosecution, were now most endeared to the hearts of the nation."

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* The following anecdote is worth relating here: While Mr. Clay was on a tour through the Netherlands, preparatory to the negotiation, Hon. Henry Goulbourn, one of the British Commissioners, procured and sent him a file of London papers, containing accounts of the burning of Washington by the

Among the most splendid and magnanimous efforts of Mr. Clay in the halls of Congress will ever be reckoned his famous speeches on the Emancipation of South America, and on the Greek Revolution. No one can forget his

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British troops, with a courteous epistle, stating that he presumed that Mr. Clay would be happy to receive the latest news from America. Mr. Clay returned his thanks for the civility, and, in further acknowledgment, enclosed to Mr. Goulbourn a later file of Paris papers, containing accounts of the defeat of Sir George Provost, at Plattsburgh, and the utter destruction of the British flotilla in the fight off that place.

burning eloquence in advocacy of the independence of these countries.

In the spring of 1818, the question on the recognition of South American independence was ably discussed in Congress. On the 24th of March, Mr. Clay delivered his memorable speech in the House of Representatives, on the emancipation of that country. In expressing, on this occasion, the sentiments of freedom by which he was animated, the orator fearlessly asserted the right of an oppressed people, when practicable, to break their chains, and unfurl the banner of liberty. Said he: "I maintain, that an oppressed people are authorized, whenever they can, to rise and break their fetters. This was the great principle of the English revolution. It was the great principle of our own. Vattel, if authority were wanting, expressly supports this right. We must pass sentence of condemnation upon the founders of our liberty — say that they were rebels — traitors, and that we are at this moment legislating without competent powers, before we can condemn the cause of Spanish America. Our revolution was mainly directed against the mere theory of tyranny. We had suffered comparatively but little; we had, in some respects, been kindly treated; but our intrepid and intelligent fathers saw, in the usurpation of the power to levy an inconsiderable tax, the long train of oppressive acts that were to follow. *They rose; they breasted the storm; they achieved our freedom.* Spanish America for centuries has been doomed to the practical effects of an odious tyranny. If we were justified, she is more than justified.

"I am no propagandist. I would not seek to force upon other nations our principles and our liberty, if they do not want them. I would not disturb the repose even of a detestable despotism. But, if an abused and oppressed people will their freedom; if they seek to establish it; if, in truth, they have established it, we have a right, as a sovereign power, to notice the fact, and to act as circumstances and our interest require. I will say, in the language of the venerated father of my country: 'Born in a land of liberty, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes, are irresistibly excited, whensoever in any country I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom.' Whenever I think of Spanish America, the image irresistibly forces itself upon my mind of an elder brother, whose education has been neglected, whose person has been abused and maltreated, and who has been disinherited by the unkindness of an unnatural parent. And, when I contemplate the glorious struggle which that country is now making, I think I behold that brother rising, by the power and energy of his fine native genius, to the manly rank which nature, and nature's God, intended for him."

In another portion of this speech he said with great effect: "Are we not bound then, upon our own principles, to acknowledge this new republic? If we do not, *who will?*[*] Are we to expect that kings will set us the example of acknowledging the only republic on earth, except our own? We receive, promptly receive, a minister from whatever king sends us one. From the great powers and the little powers we accredit ministers. We do more: we hasten to reciprocate the compliment; and anxious to manifest our gratitude for royal civility, we send for a minister (as in the case of Sweden and the Netherlands) of the lowest grade, one of the highest rank recognized by our laws. We are the natural head of the American family. I would not intermeddle with the affairs of Europe. We wisely keep aloof from their broils. I would not even intermeddle in those of other parts of America, further than to exert the incontestable rights appertaining to us as a free, sovereign, and independent power; and, I contend, that the accrediting of a minister from a new republic is such a right. We are bound to receive their minister, if we mean to be really neutral."

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[*] "The simple words, '*who will?*' are said, by an intelligent observer, who was present, to have been uttered in a tone of such thrilling pathos, as to stir up the deepest sensibilities of the audience. It was by such apparently simple appeals that Mr. Clay, with the aid of his exquisitely modulated voice, often produced the most powerful and lasting effects."

This was one of the happiest of Mr. Clay's oratorical efforts. It is a most magnificent address. "No abstract," says one who heard it, "can furnish an adequate idea of a speech, which, as an example of argumentative oratory, may be safely tried by the test of the most approved models of any age or country. Rich in all the learning connected with the subject; methodized in an order which kept that subject constantly before the hearer, and enabled the meanest capacity to follow the speaker without effort, through a long series of topics, principal and subsidiary; at once breathing sentiments of generous philanthropy and teaching lessons of wisdom: presenting a variety of illustrations which strengthened the doctrines that they embellished; and uttering prophecies, on which, though rejected by the infidelity of the day, time has stamped the seal of truth: this speech will descend to the latest posterity and remain embalmed in the praises of mankind, long after the tumults of military ambition and the plots of political profligacy have passed into oblivion."

When the subject of the Greek Revolution was introduced in Congress, Mr. Clay made another bold and noble effort in behalf of human freedom. His great speech on the Greek Revolution was delivered in the House of Representatives, on the 20th of January, 1824, in support of Mr. Webster's resolution providing by law for defraying the expenses incident to the appointment of an agent or commissioner to Greece, whenever the president should deem it expedient to make such appointment. It would be impossible to describe the effect produced by this masterly address. It was an effort in which the eloquence of Mr. Clay gleamed with unrivaled splendor. Every ear was pleased, every heart was charmed with the spirit-stirring appeals which flowed from the lips of the speaker. Like the great orations of the famous orators of antiquity this speech will be held in lasting admiration. It abounds in passages of patriotic fervor. Take the following for example:

"There is reason to apprehend that a tremendous storm is ready to burst upon our happy country — one which may call into action all our vigor, courage, and resources. Is it wise or prudent, in preparing to breast the storm, if it must come, to talk to this nation of its incompetency to repel European aggression, to lower its spirit, to weaken its moral energy, and to qualify it for easy conquest and base submission? If there be any reality in the dangers which are supposed to encompass us, should we not animate the people, and adjure them to believe, as I do, that our resources are ample; and that we can bring into the field a million of freemen, ready to exhaust their last drop of blood, and to spend the last cent in the defense of the country, its liberty, and its institutions? Sir, are these, if united, to be conquered by all Europe combined? All the perils to which we can possibly be exposed, are much less in reality than the imagination is disposed to paint them. And they are best averted by an habitual contemplation of them, by reducing them to their true dimensions. If combined Europe is to precipitate itself upon us, we can not too soon begin to invigorate our strength, to teach our heads to think, our hearts to conceive, and our arms to execute, the high and noble deeds which belong to the character and glory of our country. *The experience of the world instructs us, that conquests are already achieved, which are boldly and firmly resolved on; and that men only* *become slaves who have ceased to resolve to be free.* If we wish to cover ourselves with the best of all armor, let us not discourage our people, let us stimulate their ardor, let us sustain their resolution, let us proclaim to them that we feel as they feel, and that, with them, we are determined to live or die like freemen.

" Surely, Sir, we need no long or learned lectures about the nature of government, and the influence of property or ranks on society. We may content ourselves with studying the true character of our own people; and with knowing that the interests are confided to us of a nation capable of doing and suffering all things for its liberty. Such a nation, if its rulers be faithful, must be invincible. I well remember an observation made to me by the most illustrious female* of the age, if not of her sex. All history showed, she said, that a nation was never conquered. No, Sir, no united nation that resolves to be free, can be conquered. And has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece, that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in an humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them that of their gracious condescension, they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies. How shall it run? 'We, the representatives of the *free* people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency,'— I can not go through the disgusting recital — my lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave! Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high heaven; at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils!

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* Madame de Stael.

"If the great body of Christendom can look on calmly and coolly, whilst all this is perpetuated on a Christian people, in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us at least evince that one of its remote extremeties is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world, there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection, and every modern tie."

The peroration is conceived in the boldest language of an ardent patriot: "But, Sir, it is not for Greece alone that I desire to see this measure adopted. It will give to her but little support, and that purely of a moral kind. It is principally for America, for the credit and character of our common country, for our own unsullied name, that I hope to see it pass. What, Mr. Chairman, appearance on the page of history would a record like this exhibit? 'In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Savior, 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold and unfeeling indifference, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States, almost the sole, the last, the greatest depository of human hope and human freedom, the representatives of a gallant nation, containing a million of freemen ready to fly to arms, while the people of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, and the whole continent, by one simultaneous emotion, was rising, and solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking high Heaven to spare and succor Greece, and to invigorate her arms, in her glorious cause, while temples and senate houses were alike resounding with one burst of generous and holy sympathy;—in the year of our Lord and Savior, that Savior of Greece and of us — a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with a kind expression of our good wishes and our sympathies — and it was rejected!' Go home, if you can, go home, if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down — meet, if you can, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments — that you can not tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you from your purpose — that the specters of cimeters, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity. I can not bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of the committee. But, for myself, though every friend of the cause should desert it, and I be left to stand alone with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I will give to his resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation."

One of the best efforts of Mr. Clay in favor of Internal Improvement — a cause in which his feelings were so deeply enlisted, during the whole period of his public career, was his speech of the 16th of January, 1824. It contains a luminous statement of his views in relation to the great work of improving the country We can not omit the following felicitous sentences which occur in this address. Speaking of the loyalty of the Western States to the Union, the orator rose to a thrilling strain: "No portion of the population," said he, "is more loyal to the Union, than the hardy freemen of the west. Nothing can weaken or eradicate their ardent desire for its lasting preservation. None are more prompt to vindicate the interests and rights of the nation from all foreign aggression. Need I remind you of the glorious scenes in which they participated during the late war — a war in which they had no peculiar or direct interest, waged for no commerce, no seamen of theirs. But it was enough for them that it was a war demanded by the character and the honor of the nation. They did not stop to calculate its cost of blood or of treasure. *They flew to arms; they rushed down the valley of the Mississippi, with all the impetuosity of that noble river. They sought the enemy. They found him at the beach. They fought; they bled; they covered themselves and their country with immortal glory.* They enthusiastically shared in all the transports occasioned by our victories, whether won on the ocean or on the land. They felt, with the keenest distress, whatever disaster befell us. No, Sir, I repeat it, neglect, injury itself, can not alienate the affections of the west from this government. They cling to it, as to their best, their greatest, their last hope. You may impoverish them, reduce them to ruin, by the mistakes of your policy, and you can not drive them from you."

Such passages deserve to be treasured up with the most precious gems of ancient and modern literature.

In 1825, Mr. Clay was appointed Secretary of State by President Adams. After remaining two years in retirement after the close of Mr. Adams' administration, he was elected to the Senate of the United States in the autumn of 1831. He continued in the Senate until he resigned his seat in 1842.

It would exceed our narrow limits to follow Mr. Clay through his political career. We merely mention one or two of the most distinguished services which he rendered to his country during this brilliant period of his senatorship. One of these was his introduction of the famous Compromise Bill which restored peace and harmony to a distracted nation. On the 12th of February, 1833, Mr. Clay entered the senate-chamber with this olive-branch of peace in his hand, while the awful tempest of civil war threatened to sweep through the land and stain this fair Republic with streams of fraternal blood.

On presenting the Compromise Bill, Mr. Clay addressed the Senate with feeling eloquence: "If there be any who want civil war — who want to see the blood of any portion of our countrymen spilt — I am not one of them. I wish to see war of no kind; but, above all, I do not desire to see a civil war.* When war begins whether civil or foreign, no human sight is competent to foresee when, or how, or where it is to terminate. But when a civil war shall be lighted up in the bosom of our own happy land, and armies are marching, and commanders are winning their victories, and fleets are in motion on our coast — tell me, if you can, tell me if any human being can tell its duration. God alone knows where such a war would end. In what a state will be left our institutions? In what state our liberties? I want no war; above all, no war at home.

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* "Civil wars strike deepest of all into the manners of the people. They vitiate their politics; they corrupt their morals; they pervert even the natural taste and relish of equity and justice. By teaching us to consider our fellow-citizens in a hostile light, the whole body of our nation becomes gradually less dear to us. The very names of affection and kindred, which were the bond of charity whilst we agreed, become new incentives to hatred and rage, when the communion of our country is dissolved."—*Edmund Burke.*

"Sir, I repeat, that I think South Carolina has been rash, intemperate, and greatly in the wrong, but I do not want to disgrace her, nor any other member of this Union. No: I do not desire to see the luster of one single star dimmed, of that glorious confederacy which constitutes our political system; still less do I wish to see it blotted out, and its light obliterated for ever. Has not the State of South Carolina been one of the members of this Union in 'days that tried men's souls?' Have not her ancestors fought along side our ancestors? Have we not conjointly, won together many a glorious battle? If we had to go into a civil war with such a state, how would it terminate? Whenever it should have terminated, what would be her condition? If she should ever return to the Union, what would be the condition of her feelings and affections; what the state of the heart of her people? She has been with us before, when her ancestors mingled in the throng of battle, and as I hope our posterity will mingle with hers, for ages and centuries to come, in the united defense of liberty, and for the honor and glory of the Union, I do not wish to see her degraded or defaced as a member of this confederacy.

"In conclusion, allow me to entreat and implore each individual member of this body to bring into the consideration of this measure, which I have had the honor of proposing, the same love of country which, if I know myself, has actuated me, and the same desire of restoring harmony to the Union, which has prompted this effort. If we can forget for a moment — but that would be asking too much of human nature — if we could suffer, for one moment, party feelings and party causes — and, as I stand here before my God, I declare I have looked beyond those considerations, and regarded only the vast interests of this united people — I should hope that, under such feelings, and with such dispositions, we may advantageously proceed to the consideration of this bill, and heal, before they are yet bleeding, the wounds of our distracted country."

In the Senate, the passage of the Compromise Act was opposed by Mr. Webster and others. To their arguments Mr. Clay replied in a masterly manner, in a speech supporting his measure, delivered in the Senate on the 25th of February. Toward the close of this speech he said: "While we would vindicate the federal government, we are for peace, if possible, union and liberty. We want no war, above all, no civil war, no family strife. We want to see no sacked cities, no desolated fields, no smoking ruins, no streams of American blood shed by American arms!"

In answer to the charge of ambition which had been brought against him in presenting the Compromise Act he said in concluding this powerful effort: "I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure. Ambition! inordinate ambition! If I had thought of myself only, I should never have brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those whom we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconceptions both of friends and foes. Ambition! If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of State, to conduct it as they could. I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism — beings who, forever keeping their own selfish aims in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement, judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service for ever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, amidst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life——Yes, I have ambition, but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous and fraternal people!"

In 1833, the removal of the public deposits was effected by the order of President Jackson. Mr. Duane, Secretary of the Treasury, who refused to remove them, was dismissed from office, and Roger B. Taney, the present Chief Justice, was appointed in his place. Mr. Taney immediately ordered the removal of the deposits, according to the wish of General Jackson. This act of the President aroused the indignation of thousands throughout the country. It moreover drew from Mr. Clay one of his ablest arguments, and most fervent appeals. When Congress met, he offered the following resolutions in the Senate, on the 26th of December, 1833:

1. *Resolved*, That by dismissing the late Secretary of the Treasury, because he would not, contrary to his sense of his own duty, remove the money of the United States in deposit with the Bank of the United States and its branches, in conformity with the President's opinion, and by appointing his successor to effect such removal, which has been done, the President has assumed the exercise of a power over the Treasury of the United States, not granted to him by the Constitution and laws, and dangerous to the liberties of the people.

2. *Resolved*, That the reasons assigned by the Secretary of the Treasury for the removal of the money of the United States, deposited in the Bank of the United States, and its branches, communicated to Congress on the third day of December, 1833, are unsatisfactory and insufficient.

On introducing these resolutions, Mr. Clay delivered a speech which created enthusiastic applause. It displayed great powers of argument and of eloquence. In this effort he put forth his intellectual might. He gave his whole heart to the speech. "His burning eloquence carried away his audience, and loud plaudits from the gallery accompanied and interrupted him. These demonstrations of sympathy were of course immediately suppressed by the chair, who could not, however, prevent entirely their recurrence.

He passed from wit to argument, from satire to denunciation, 'from lively to severe,' with such rapidity that extremes seemed to touch, and laughter and indignation almost commingled. He put forth the whole variety of his intellect, omitting nothing, stinting nothing, exaggerating nothing.

His illustrations were peculiarly felicitous. The civil and loving expressions with which General Jackson ejected Mr. Duane — his recusant Secretary of the Treasury — reminded him he said, of one of the most remarkable characters which our species has produced: "When Oliver Cromwell was contending for the mastery in Great Britain or Ireland (I do not remember which), he besieged a certain Catholic town. The place made a brave and stout resistance; but, at length, being likely to be taken, the poor Catholics proposed terms of capitulation, among which was one stipulating for the toleration of their religion The paper containing the conditions being presented to Oliver, he put on his spectacles, and, after deliberately examining them, cried out, 'Oh, yes, granted, granted, certainly; but,' he added with stern determination, 'if one of them shall dare be found attending mass, he shall be instantly hanged.'

There were many not less apposite than this, and some more illustrative of the points he made in his argument. He was listened to throughout with profound attention."

In the conclusion of this speech, he said: "The eyes and the hopes of the American people are anxiously turned to Congress. They feel that they have been deceived and insulted; their confidence abused; their interests betrayed; and their liberties in danger. They see a rapid and alarming concentration of all power in one man's hands. They see that, by the exercise of the positive authority of the executive, and his negative power exerted over Congress, the will of one man alone prevails, and governs the Republic. The question is no longer what laws will Congress pass, but what will the executive not veto? The President, and not Congress, is addressed for legislative action. We have seen a corporation, charged with the execution of a great national work, dismiss an experienced, faithful and zealous President, afterwards testify to his ability by a voluntary resolution, and reward his extraordinary services by a large gratuity, and appoint in his place an executive favorite, totally inexperienced and incompetent, to propitiate the President. We behold the usual incidents of approaching tyranny. The land is filled with spies and informers; and detraction and denunciation are the orders of the day. People, especially official incumbents in this place, no longer dare speak in the fearless tones of manly freemen, but in the cautious whispers of trembling slaves. The premonitory symptoms of despotism are upon us; and if Congress do not apply an instantaneous and effective remedy, the fatal collapse will soon come on, and we shall die — ignobly die! base, mean, and abject slaves — the scorn and contempt of mankind — unpitied, unwept, unmourned!"

The first resolution of Mr. Clay, censuring the President, was somewhat modified before it was adopted. Both of his resolutions finally passed, and were recorded in the journal of the Senate.

The next great effort of Mr. Clay which we shall notice was made in 1837, on the Expunging Resolution. On the 6th of January, 1837, a resolution, offered by Col. Benton, to expunge Mr. Clay's resolution censuring President Jackson for removing the deposits, passed the Senate by a vote of 24 to 19.

In vain did Mr. Clay oppose this resolution with all his energy. It was carried by a party vote. On this occasion he poured forth a torrent of cutting sarcasm, indignant invective, and scathing eloquence, of which the following extract is a fine specimen. It is the conclusion of his great speech: "What patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this expunging resolution? Can you make that not to be which has been? Can you eradicate from memory and from history the fact, that in March, 1834, a majority of the Senate of the United States passed the resolution which excites your enmity? Is it your vain and wicked object to arrogate to yourselves that power of annihilating the past which has been denied to Omnipotence itself? Do you intend to thrust your hands into your hearts, and pluck out the deeply rooted convictions which are there? or is it your design merely to stigmatize us? You can not stigmatize *us*.

'Ne'er yet did base dishonor blur our name.'

"Standing securely upon our conscious rectitude, and bearing aloft the shield of the Constitution of our country, your puny efforts are impotent, and we defy all your power. Put the majority of 1834 in one scale, and that by which this expunging resolution is to be carried in the other, and let truth and justice, in heaven above and on the earth below, and liberty and patriotism decide the preponderance.

"What patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this expunging? Is it to appease the wrath, and to heal the wounded pride of the Chief Magistrate? If he be really the hero that his friends represent him, he must despise all mean condescension, all groveling sycophancy, all self-degradation, and self-abasement. He would reject with scorn and contempt, as unworthy of his fame, your black scratches, and your baby lines in the fair records of his country. Black lines! Black lines! Sir, I hope the Secretary of the Senate will preserve the pen with which he may inscribe them, and present it to that Senator of the majority whom he may select, as a proud trophy, to be transmitted to his descendants. And hereafter, when we shall lose the forms of our free institutions, all that now remain to us, some future American monarch, in gratitude to those by whose means he has been enabled, upon the ruins of civil liberty, to erect a throne, and to commemorate especially this expunging resolution, may institute a new order of knighthood, and confer on it the appropriate name of the knight of the black lines.

"But why should I detain the Senate or needlessly waste my breath in fruitless exertions. The decree has gone forth. It is one of urgency, too. The deed is to be done — that foul deed, like the blood-stained hands of the guilty Macbeth, all ocean's waters will never wash out. Proceed, then, to the noble work which lies before you, and like other skillful executioners, do it quickly. And when you have perpetrated it, go home to the people, and tell them what glorious honors you have achieved for our common country. Tell them that you have extinguished one of the brightest and purest lights that ever burnt at the altar of civil liberty. Tell them that you have silenced one of the noblest batteries that ever thundered in defence of the constitution, and bravely spiked the cannon. Tell them that, henceforward, no matter what daring or outrageous act any President may perform, you have forever hermetically sealed the mouth of the Senate. Tell them that he may fearlessly assume what power he pleases — snatch from its lawful custody the public purse, command a military detachment to enter the halls of the Capitol, overawe Congress, trample down the Constitution, and raze every bulwark of freedom; but that the Senate must stand mute, in silent submission, and not dare to raise its opposing voice. That it must wait until a House of Representatives, humbled and subdued like itself, and a majority of it composed of the partisans of the President, shall prefer articles of impeachment. Tell them finally, that you have restored the glorious doctrine of passive obedience and nonresistance, and, if the people do not pour out their indignation and imprecations, I have yet to learn the character of American freemen."

After Mr. Clay had finished his speech he retired from the Senate with the determination not to witness the drawing of the black lines across his resolution After he had retired, the act was soon done in the Senate Chamber, amidst vehement and repeated hisses from the galleries.

Another of the finest strokes of Mr. Clay's genius and the best specimen of his style, is contained in an unpremeditated reply to Mr. Rives in 1841, in which he gives us his celebrated definition of public virtue. It is one of the finest passages in our language. When President Tyler vetoed the Bill chartering a Bank of the United States, which had passed both Houses of Congress, Mr. Clay addressed the Senate on this subject, on the 19th of August. He was immediately followed by Mr. Rives who vindicated the act of the President. When he had concluded his remarks, Mr. Clay rose and addressed the Senate in an unpremeditated rejoinder, of which the following is a specimen:

"I rose not to say one word which should wound the feelings of President Tyler. The senator says that, if placed in like circumstances, I would have been the last man to avoid putting a direct veto upon the Bill, had it met my disapprobation; and he does me the honor to attribute to me high qualities of stern and unbending intrepidity. I hope, that in all that relates to personal firmness, all that concerns a just appreciation of the insignificance of human life — whatever may be attempted to threaten or alarm a soul not easily swayed by opposition, or awed or intimidated by menace — a stout heart and a steady eye, that can survey, unmoved and undaunted, any mere personal perils that assail this poor, transient, perishing frame, I may, without disparagement, compare with other men. But there is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess, a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I can not covet. I can not lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I can not, I have not the courage to do I can not interpose the power with which I may be invested, a power conferred not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good, to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough, I am too cowardly for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a trust, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

"Nor did I say, as the senator represents, that the President should have resigned. I intimated no personal wish or desire that he should resign. I referred to the fact of a memorable resignation in his public life. And what I did say was, that there were other alternatives before him besides Vetoing the Bill; and that it was worthy of his consideration whether consistency did not require that the example which he had set when he had a constituency of one State, should not be followed when he had a constituency commensurate with the whole Union. Another alternative was, to suffer the Bill, without his signature, to pass into a law under the provisions of the Constitution. And I must confess, I see, in this, no such escaping by the back door, no such jumping out of the window, as the senator talks about.

"Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions can not see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself. *The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism, which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism, which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!*"*

On the 31st of March, 1842, Mr. Clay resigned his seat in the Senate. When it was known that he was to deliver his farewell address, a large audience was brought together in the Senate chamber. It was an interesting and solemn scene. Mr. Clay rose and addressed the Senate in a most affecting speech, from which the following beautiful extracts are taken:

"Full of attraction, however, as a seat in the Senate is, sufficient as it is to satisfy the aspirations of the most ambitious heart, I have long determined to relinquish it, and to seek that repose which can be enjoyed only in the shades of private life, in the circle of one's own family, and in the tranquil enjoyments included in one enchanting word—HOME.

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* Several years afterwards, Mr. Clay referred to this passage as the most effective burst of eloquence that ever flowed from his lips. To the following question proposed to him by a distinguished foreigner, "Mr. Clay, which of your public speeches do you consider the most effective and powerful?" he replied, "There is a portion of the speech on the Veto of Mr. Tyler, on the Bank Bill, in reply to Mr. Rives, which produced the most electrifying effect of any thing I ever uttered. The immediate subject was Patriotism. Nature," added he, smiling, "had singularly favored me by giving me a voice peculiarly adapted to produce the impressions I wished in public speaking; now," said he, "its melody is changed, its music gone!" (And this was said as if in mockery, in sounds of exquisite sweetness.)

"I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky now nearly forty-five years ago; I went as an orphan boy who had not yet attained the age of majority; who had never recognized a father's smile, nor felt his warm caresses; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great; with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil when I was embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munificence. From that period the highest honors of the State have been freely bestowed upon me; and when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisonous shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion. I return with indescribable pleasure to linger a while longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that State; and, when the last scene shall forever close upon me, I hope that my earthly remains will be laid under her green sod with those of her gallant and patriotic sons.

"That my nature is warm, my temper ardent, my disposition, especially in relation to the public service, enthusiastic, I am ready to own; and those who suppose that I have been assuming the dictatorship, have only mistaken for arrogance or assumption that ardor and devotion which are natural to my constitution, and which I may have displayed with too little regard to cold, calculating and cautious prudence, in sustaining and zealously supporting important national measures of policy which I have presented and espoused.

"In the course of a long and arduous public service, especially during the last eleven years in which I have held a seat in the Senate, from the same ardor and enthusiasm of character, I have no doubt, in the heat of debate, and in an honest endeavor to maintain my opinions against adverse opinions alike honestly entertained, as to the best course to be adopted for the public welfare, I may have often inadvertently and unintentionally, in moments of excited debate, made use of language that has been offensive, and susceptible of injurious interpretation toward my brother Senators. If there be any here who retain wounded feelings of injury or dissatisfaction produced on such occasions, I beg to assure them that I now offer the most ample apology for any departure on my part from the established rules of parliamentary decorum and courtesy. On the other hand, I assure the Senators, one and all, without exception and without reserve, that I retire from this chamber without carrying with me a single feeling of resentment or dissatisfaction to the Senate or any one of its Members.

"I go from this place under the hope that we shall mutually consign to perpetual oblivion whatever personal collisions may at any time unfortunately have occurred between us; and that our recollections shall dwell in future only on those conflicts of mind with mind, those intellectual struggles, those noble exhibitions of the powers of logic, argument, and eloquence, honorable to the Senate and to the Nation, in which each has sought and contended for what he deemed the best mode of accomplishing one common object, the interest and happiness of our beloved country. To these thrilling and delightful scenes it will be my pleasure and my pride to look back in my retirement with unmeasured satisfaction."

In the conclusion of his speech, he invoked the blessing of Heaven upon the Senate in a manner that electrified all present. No one who had the pleasure of hearing that address will ever forget the thrilling tones with which he gave utterance to these parting words:

"May the most precious blessings of Heaven rest upon the whole Senate and each member of it, and may the labors of every one redound to the benefit of the nation and the advancement of his own fame and renown. And when you shall retire to the bosom of your constituents, may you receive that most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards — their cordial greeting of 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

"And now, Mr. President, and Senators, I bid you all a long, a lasting, and a friendly farewell."*

The whole audience was overcome by Mr. Clay's fascinating tones. There was not a dry eye in the Senate. For a few moments no one moved. At length Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, rose and remarked that what had just taken place was an epoch in their legislative history: and, from the feeling which was evinced, he plainly saw that there was little disposition to attend to business. On the motion of Mr. Preston the Senate immediately adjourned, and the crowd dispersed.

After the resignation of his seat in the Senate, Mr. Clay retired to private life. In 1844, he was [illegible] Whig candidate for the Presidency, but was defeated by the election of James K. Polk. In December, 1848, Mr. Clay was again elected to the Senate of the United States by a unanimous vote.

The senatorial life of Mr. Clay was one of lofty patriotism. He always pursued the course which he thought was best for the whole country. However men may differ with regard to the expediency of his political principles no one can deny that he remained faithful to the last, to the Constitution and the Union. In the last years of his public career he was actively engaged in framing measures which he considered to be advantageous to the nation. To heal the controversy on the subject of slavery, which raged so high in Congress after the Mexican war, when the new territory was to be annexed to the Union, Mr. Clay offered in the Senate, on the 29th of January, 1850, a series of resolutions known as the Compromise. In support of these resolutions he addressed the Senate on the 5th and 6th of February. His speech on the Compromise is regarded as one of the ablest efforts he ever made in the Senate. It shows his strong attachment to the Union, and portrays in vivid colors the direful consequences which must follow its dissolution. We quote his closing remarks which can not be too deeply imprinted on the mind of Americans — which will be read with interest by those who love the Union and the Constitution — who dread civil war as among the worst of human calamities — who ardently desire to see one great and glorious republic continue to hold up the light of civil liberty as the beacon of oppressed nations, the hope and admiration of the world.

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* When Mr. Clay ceased to speak, many rose to take him by the hand. His noble rival, Mr. Calhoun, walked across the floor, and offered his hand; it was cordially taken; but it is said that their mutual feelings overcame them; and they separated without the power of uttering a word.

"Mr. President, I have said what I solemnly believe — that the dissolution of this Union and war are identical and inseparable; that they are convertible terms. Such a war, too, as that would be, following the dissolution of the Union! Sir, we may search the pages of history, and none so furious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating, from the wars of Greece down, including those of the Commonwealth of England, and the revolution of France— none, none of them raged with such violence, or was ever conducted with such bloodshed and enormities as will that war which shall follow that disastrous event — if that event ever happens — of dissolution.

"And what would be its termination? Standing armies and navies, to an extent draining the revenues of each portion of the dissevered empire, would be created; exterminating wars would follow — not a war of two or three years, but of interminable duration — an exterminating war would follow, until some Philip or Alexander, some Cæsar or Napoleon, would rise to cut the Gordian knot, and solve the problem of the capacity of man for self-government, and crush the liberties of both the dissevered portions of this Union. Can you doubt it? Look at history — consult the pages of all history, ancient or modern; look at human nature — look at the character of the contest in which you would be engaged in the supposition of a war following the dissolution of the Union, such as I have suggested — and I ask you if it is possible for you to doubt that the final but perhaps distant termination of the whole will be some despot treading down the liberties of the people?— that the final result will be the extinction of this last and glorious light which is leading all mankind, who are gazing upon it, to cherish hope and anxious expectation that the liberty which prevails here will sooner or later be advanced throughout the civilized world? Can you, Mr. President, lightly contemplate the consequences? Can you yield yourself to a torrent of passion, amidst dangers which I have depicted in colors far short of what would be the reality, if the event should ever happen? I conjure gentlemen — whether from the South or the North, by all they hold dear in this world — by all their love of liberty — by all their veneration for their ancestors — by all their regard for posterity — by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed upon them such unnumbered blessings — by all the duties which they owe to mankind, and all the duties they owe to themselves — by all these considerations I implore them to pause — solemnly to pause — at the edge of the precipice, before the fearful and disastrous leap is taken in the yawning abyss below, which will inevitably lead to certain and irretrievable destruction.

"And, finally, Mr. President, I implore, as the best blessing which Heaven can bestow upon me upon earth, that if the direful and sad event of the dissolution of the Union shall happen, I may not survive to behold the sad and heart-rending spectacle."

The Compromise resolutions continued to be agitated in Congress during the entire spring session of 1850. On the 13th of May, Mr. Clay made another speech on these resolutions, which was concluded as follows:

"Mr. President, I trust that the feelings of attachment to the Union, of love for its past glory, of anticipation of its future benefits and happiness; a fraternal feeling which ought to be common throughout all parts of the country; the desire to live together in peace and harmony, to prosper as we have prospered heretofore, to hold up to the civilized world the example of one great and glorious Republic fulfilling the high destiny that belongs to it, demonstrating beyond all doubt man's capacity for self-government; these motives and these considerations will, I confidently hope and fervently pray, animate us all, bringing us together to dismiss alike the questions of abstraction and form, and consummating the act of concord, harmony, and peace, in such a manner as to heal not one only, but all the wounds of the country."

The arduous and incessant duties of the Senate doubtless tended to impair the health of Mr. Clay, which, from this period gradually declined till his decease, which took place on the morning of the 29th of June, 1852, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

When his death was announced in Congress, several eloquent tributes were paid to his memory by distinguished members of both Houses. In the House of Representatives Mr. Breckenridge of Kentucky bore the following testimony to the serenity of his mind in relation to his prospects beyond the grave: "Not long before his death, having just returned from Kentucky, I bore to him a token of affection from his excellent wife. Never can I forget his appearance, his manner, or his words. After speaking of his family, his friends, and his country, he changed the conversation to his own future, and looking on me with his fine eye undimmed, and his voice full of its original compass and melody, he said, 'I am not afraid to die, sir. I have hope, faith, and some confidence. I do not think any man can be entirely certain in regard to his future state, but I have an abiding trust in the merits and mediation of our Savior.'"

This statement was corroborated by the declaration of Mr. Venable of North Carolina, who followed the Senator from Kentucky in an eloquent eulogy: "It was my privilege, also, a short time since, to converse with this distinguished statesman on the subject of his hopes in a future state. Feeling a deep interest, I asked him frankly what were his hopes in the world to which he was evidently hastening. 'I am pleased,' said he, 'my friend, that you have introduced the subject Conscious that I must die very soon, I love to meditate upon the most important of all interests I love to converse and to hear conversations about them. The vanity of the world, and its insufficiency to satisfy the soul of man, has been long a settled conviction of my mind. Man's inability to secure by his own merits the approbation of God, I feel to be true. I trust in the atonement of the Savior of men, as the ground of my acceptance and my hope of salvation. My faith is feeble, but I hope in His mercy and trust in His promises.'

To such declarations I listened with the deepest interest, as I did on another occasion, when he said: 'I am willing to abide the will of Heaven, and ready to die when that will shall determine it.'"

In the Senate, Mr. Underwood, his colleague, spoke of the high character of Mr. Clay's eloquence when pronouncing his eulogy: "At the bar and in the General Assembly of Kentucky, Mr. Clay first manifested those high qualities as a public speaker which have secured to him so much popular applause and admiration. His physical and mental organization eminently qualified him to become a great and impressive orator. His person was tall, slender and commanding. His temperament ardent, fearless, and full of hope. His countenance, clear, expressive, and variable — indicated the emotion which predominated at the moment with exact similitude. His voice, cultivated and modulated in harmony with the sentiment he desired to express, fell upon the ear like the melody of enrapturing music. His eye beaming with intelligence and flashing with coruscations of genius. His gestures and attitudes graceful and natural. These personal advantages won the prepossession of an audience, even before his intellectual powers began to move his hearers; and when his strong common sense, his profound reasoning, his clear conceptions of his subject in all its bearings, and his striking and beautiful illustrations, united with such personal qualities, were brought to the discussion of any question, his audience was enraptured, convinced, and led by the orator as if enchanted by the lyre of Orpheus."

It is hardly necessary to say that the news of Mr. Clay's death was received throughout the country with tears. His loss was mourned every where. It was truly a national calamity. On the 10th of July, 1852, the remains of the

Patriot, Orator and Statesman of Ashland were deposited in the cemetery at Lexington, Kentucky.

The eloquence of Henry Clay was of the very highest order. It was of that impassioned kind which always commands the admiration of the multitude — which goes directly to the heart with irresistible, captivating power. We believe that no political orator of our day has been listened to with such extreme pleasure as Mr. Clay. This is the testimony of those who have been so happy as to hear him in public address. All the charms of a perfect orator were united in him. He had an absolute control over his audience. All felt the potency of his burning eloquence. By its secret, fascinating influence he could excite in the bosom of his auditors, hope or fear, joy or sorrow, courage or despair. He could instruct, convince, arouse and subdue the mind. At one time, with apparent ease, he could move his hearers to tears, and, perhaps in the very next moment, convulse them with laughter. Such power none but the most accomplished orator can possess. This perfect control over the passions of men rendered the eloquence of Mr. Clay so popular and effective. He was, in an especial manner, the delight and idol of popular assemblies. He was emphatically the orator of the people. In traveling through the country he was every where received with enthusiastic applause by admiring crowds.

"I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he passed. The nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like."

Our limits permit us to mention only a few of the most prominent characteristics of Mr. Clay's oratory. In the first place, he was indebted, in no small degree, for the magical effects of his eloquence, to a deep, sweet-toned voice.* It would be impossible to describe the wonderful effects of those melodious strains with which he so often thrilled the heart of an audience. How delightful was it to listen to a voice of such surpassing melody! The utterance of Mr. Clay was most charming:

"But when he speaks, what elocution flows,
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows;
The copious accents fall with easy art,
Melting they fall and sink into the heart."

What astonishing effects have been produced by such a voice! Much of the force, splendor, and fascination of the oratory of Chatham, Sheridan, Erskine, Henry, and Ames, arose from their tones of music. This was, perhaps, the most captivating attribute of their matchless eloquence.

A biographer of Mr. Clay, in noticing his character has the following remarks on his living voice: "The voice of Mr. Clay has been one of great melody, compass and power. With a foundation of low bass, deep and strong, it has been capable of rising to the sharp falsetto, every note in the scale musical and far-reaching. Within this compass, lies the power of expressing all human feelings and passions. The penetrating character of Mr. Clay's voice has been considered remarkable, its common colloquial notes, being equal in their effect, in the same circumstances, to that of the greatest physical exertion of most men. Spectators in the galleries of the senate-chamber, have often heard his private talk at his desk below, while another senator was making a speech. In regard to the modulation of his voice for oratorical purposes, instructed by nature rather than art, and employing his vocal powers chiefly for the practical uses of society, of the forum, and of public debate, Mr. Clay has always escaped the vices of *tune* or *song*. Hence his elocution has been felt to be natural, and has consequently been effective."

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* The voice requires to be sweet as well as strong in an accomplished orator.—*Quintilian.*

"The voice of Mr. Clay was sonorous and musical, falling with proper cadence from the highest to the lowest tones; at times when in narrative or description, modulated, smooth and pleasing, like sounds of running water; but when raised to animate and cheer, it was as clear and spirit-stirring as the notes of a clarion, the House all the while ringing with its melody."

The gifted author of the Living Orators in America observes to the same effect: "Mr. Clay's voice has prodigious power, compass, and richness; all its variations are captivating, but some of its base tones thrill through one's whole frame. To those who have never heard the living melody, no verbal description can convey an adequate idea of the diversified effect of those intonations which in one strain of sentiment fall in whispering gentleness, 'like the first words of love upon a maiden's lips,' and anon, in sterner utterances, 'ring with the maddening music of the main.'* The magician is well aware of the seductive power of his voice, and employs it with great effect in the moderate, as well as the most impassioned portions of his speeches. Such is its fascination, that the most familiar expressions take from it an air of novelty and dignity, and the more excitable in the audience, waiting for an eloquential pause, would say:

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* "Once, in defending a favorite bill, Mr. Clay had to encounter much and strong opposition, at the head of which stood Daniel Webster. The collision of these eloquent and intellectual giants, is said to have been inconceivably grand. Says a gentleman who witnessed it, 'the eloquence of Mr. Webster was the majestic roar of a strong and steady blast, pealing through the forest; but that of Mr. Clay was the tone of a god-like instrument, sometimes visited by an angel touch, and swept anon by all the fury of the raging elements.'"

> 'Thy sweet words drop upon the ear as soft
> As rose leaves on a well: and I could listen,
> As though the immortal melody of Heaven
> Were wrought into one word — that word a whisper,
> That whisper all I want from all I love.'"

Another charm of Mr. Clay's eloquence was an admirable delivery. His action was pleasing, impressive and noble. His gestures were those of a natural orator. There was a language in his very look and action, which could not be misinterpreted — a language which carried force and conviction to the heart. A writer already quoted remarked of his manner: "Nothing can be more captivating than the smiles that sometimes light up his countenance while speaking, not unfrequently succeeded by frowns as impressive, which outward language is as intimately mixed and strikingly expressed as the latent emotions of his mind. It presents a pleasing series of effects, constituting diversified transitions and perpetual progress, each gleam, when its end is attained, giving place to another, and leaving no trace behind:

> 'Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
> That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth;
> And ere a man has time to say, behold!
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up.'"

Quintilian, in a chapter on the best manner of delivering a discourse, says, that almost every part of an orator ought to speak; for all the passions which we possess must languish, unless they are kept alive by the glow of voice, look, and action.* "A manifest harmony existed between the suggestions of Mr. Clay's mind and the movements of his limbs, and this imparted an indescribable charm to his action. He did not vociferate with weary lungs and sweating brow, at the same time standing with listless hands, and elbows turned to his hips. Whenever he was in earnest, he talked all over, and there was a language in his limbs which said as clearly as that of the lips 'these were given to clasp the beautiful and cleave the wave.'" He did not suffer his own passions, nor those of his hearers to be unmoved. In public speaking, he was all animation; and, by the spell of his impassioned eloquence, he communicated his radiant thoughts with the greatest ease and rapidity, to the rapt minds of his auditors.* His melodious tones, his beaming eye, his glowing countenance, his vehement gestures and fluent speech, were the most illustrious qualities of that eloquence with which he so often commanded the applause of listening senates, and the acclamation of the multitude.

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* Institutes of Oratory, lib. xi, chap. iii.

Mr. Colton, in his Life and Times of Henry Clay — a work which was published before the demise of the statesman,— gives a very vivid description of his manner in public speaking: "The attributes of Mr. Clay's eloquence, extend to a wider range than that of voice. His person, tall, erect, commanding; his countenance, as well as his voice, capable of expressing every feeling and passion of the human soul, pleasure or pain, satisfaction or discontent, hope or fear, desire or aversion, complacency or contempt, love or hatred, joy or grief, ecstacy or anguish, valor or cowardice, kindness or cruelty, pity or revenge, resolution or despair; his large mouth, and swollen upper lip, working quietly or in agony, as occasions require; his eye, resting in calmness, or beaming with lively emotion, or sparkling with strong feeling, or flashing with high passion like the thunderbolts of heaven in the darkness of the storm; his arms, now hanging easy by his side, now outstretched, now uplifted, now waving with grace, or striking with the vehemence of passion; his finger pointing where his piercing thoughts direct; the easy, or quiet, or violent movements of his whole frame; the bending of his body forward, or sidewise, or backward; the downward or upward look; the composed, or suffused, or impassioned countenance; the watchful, shifting glances, taking in the field of vision, and making each one feel that he is seen and individually addressed;. the theme; himself; his audience; his fame; his position on the subject in debate or under discussion; his relation to the assembly or body before him; the respect and esteem in which he is held by them; his dignity, courtesy, deference; his disinterestedness, his philanthropy, his patriotism;—*all* these, and many others that might be named, are among the attributes of Mr. Clay's eloquence, and appertain to that accumulation and concentration of influences, which have given his popular harangues, his forensic efforts, his various public addresses, and his parliamentary speeches, so much power over the minds, the hearts, and the actions of his countrymen."

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* Nature has given every passion its peculiar expression in the look, the voice, and the gesture; and the whole frame, the look and the voice of a man, are responsive to the passions of the mind, as the strings of the musical instrument are to the fingers that touch them. For as the musical instrument has its different keys, so every voice is sharp, full, quick, slow, loud, or low, and each of these keys has different degrees; which beget other strains, such as the smooth and the sharp, the contracted and lengthened, the continued and interrupted, the broken and divided, the tender, the shrill, and the swelling; all these require to be managed with art and discretion. And the orator makes use of them, as the painter does of his colors, to give variety to his piece.—*Cicero de Oratore*, lib. iii, c. 57.

In contemplating Mr. Clay in 1840, a reviewer writes: "He loves to move on the surface of our earth, and amid the throng of fellow-men; or if at any time disposed to climb, 'tis only to some sunny hill-top, that he may get a wider view of the busy, happy scene below. He is the orator of popular principles* and of common sense. His views are expansive, rather than deep — his grasp of subject not so strong as it is broad. He needs no interpreter to make more clear his meaning, nor any other index to the kindness of his character, than his homely, but open and expressive face. As a speaker, his style is Ciceronean; graceful and winning, rather than impetuous. Witty and powerful at repartee, he is more skillful and ready in the skirmish of debate than either of his great competitors."

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* Rufus Choate, when speaking of the principles of Henry Clay, once remarked: "They rise like the peaks of a lofty mountain-range, from the table-land of all illustrious life."

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

John C. Calhoun was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, on the 18th of March, 1782. At the age of thirteen, he commenced his academical course of instruction under the care of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Waddel, who had opened an academy in Columbia county, Georgia. Here, Mr. Calhoun became a diligent and persevering student. Here too, he acquired that fondness for historical and metaphysical studies, which he always cherished through life. Enjoying the benefit of a public library, he occupied himself with the perusal of the best and most substantial works, to the entire exclusion of light literature. So closely did he apply himself to the study of his favorite authors, that, in the course of fourteen weeks, he read Rollin's Ancient History, Robertson's Charles V, and America, Voltaire's Charles XII, the large edition of Cook's Voyages, Brown's Essays, Locke on the Human Understanding, and several other works.*

While Mr. Calhoun remained under the care of Dr. Waddel, he prosecuted his studies with such untiring diligence and perseverance that he well-nigh ruined his constitution.

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* Mr. Calhoun, when a lad, gave great promise of future eminence in the intellectual world. Not many, even of the most illustrious in the highest walks of scholarship, have had their metaphysical acumen so early developed. There are, on record, however, a *few* noble instances of the precociousness of intellect, especially in those who, like Calhoun, have been renowned for their uncommon genius. It is said that the celebrated Robert Hall perused Edwards on the Will, and Butler's Analogy with intense interest before he was nine

"So intense was his application that his eyes became seriously affected, his countenance pallid, and his frame emaciated. His mother, alarmed at the intelligence of his health, sent for him home, where exercise and amusement soon restored his strength, and he acquired a fondness for hunting, fishing, and other country sports. Four years passed away in these pursuits, and in attention to the business of the farm while his elder brothers were absent, to the entire neglect of his education. But the time was not lost. Exercise and rural sports invigorated his frame, while his labors on the farm gave him a taste for agriculture, which he always retained, and in the pursuit of which he found delightful occupation for his intervals of leisure from public duties.

"About this time an incident occurred upon which turned his after life. His second brother, James, who had been placed at a counting-house in Charleston, returned to spend the summer of 1800 at home. John had determined to become a planter; but James, objecting to this, strongly urged him to acquire a good education, and pursue one of the learned professions. He replied that he was not averse to the course advised, but there were two difficulties in the way: one was to obtain the assent of his mother, without which he could not think of leaving her, and the other was the want of means. His property was small, and his resolution fixed: he would far rather be a planter than a half-informed physician or lawyer. With this determination, he could not bring his mind to select either without ample preparation; but if the consent of

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years old; and that the elder President Edwards, who resembled Calhoun in the metaphysical cast and vigor of his mind, read Lock on the Understanding, with uncommon delight, at the age of thirteen, manifesting at the same age, extraordinary vigor of intellect.

their mother should be freely given, and he (James) thought he could so manage his property as to keep him in funds for seven years of study, preparatory to entering his profession, he would leave home and commence his education the next week. His mother and brother agreeing to his conditions, he accordingly left home the next week for Dr. Waddell's. This was in June, 1800, in the beginning of his nineteenth year, at which time it may be said he commenced his education, his tuition having been previously very imperfect, and confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic, in an ordinary country school. His progress here was so rapid that in two years he entered the junior class of Yale College, and graduated with distinction in 1804, just four years from the time he commenced his Latin grammar. He was highly esteemed by Dr. Dwight, then the president of the college, although they differed widely in politics, and at a time when political feelings were intensely bitter. The doctor was an ardent Federalist, and Mr. Calhoun was one of a very few, in a class of more than seventy, who had the firmness openly to avow and maintain the opinions of the Republican party, and, among others, that the people were the only legitimate source of political power. Dr. Dwight entertained a different opinion. In a recitation during the senior year, on the chapter on Politics in Paley's Moral Philosophy, the doctor, with the intention of eliciting his opinion, propounded to Mr. Calhoun the question, as to the legitimate source of power. He did not decline an open and direct avowal of his opinion. A discussion ensued between them, which exhausted the time alotted for the recitation, and in which the pupil maintained his opinions with such vigor of argument and success, as to elicit from his distinguished teacher the declaration, in speaking of him to a friend, that the young man had talent enough to be President of the United States, which he accompanied by a prediction that he would one day attain that station."*

After he had completed his College course, Mr. Calhoun entered the celebrated law school at Litchfield, Connecticut. "At this school he acquired and maintained a high reputation for ability and application, and in the debating society formed among its members, he successfully cultivated his talents for extemporary speaking, and in this respect is admitted to have excelled all his associates."

After leaving Litchfield he completed his legal studies in the office of Mr. De Saussure, and of Mr. George Bowie, of Abbeville, and was admitted to the bar in 1807.

In the very commencement of his forensic career he took a place in the foremost rank of his profession, and acquired a high reputation. But his attention was soon turned to political affairs by an incident which occurred about this time and which is worthy of notice here:

"While he was yet a student," says the memoir before quoted, "after his return from Litchfield to Abbeville, an incident occurred which agitated the whole Union, and contributed to give to Mr. Calhoun's life, at that early period, the political direction which it has ever since kept — the attack of the English frigate Leopard on the American frigate Chesapeake. It led to public meetings all over the Union, in which resolutions were passed expressive of the indignation of the people, and their firm resolve to stand by the government in whatever measure it might think proper to adopt to redress the outrage. At that called in his native district, he was appointed one of the committee to prepare a report and resolutions to be presented to a meeting to be convened to receive them on an appointed day. Mr. Calhoun was requested by the committee to prepare them, which he did so much to their satisfaction, that he was appointed to address the meeting on the occasion before the vote was taken on the resolutions. The meeting was large, and it was the first time he had ever appeared before the public. He acquitted himself with such success that his name was presented as a candidate for the State Legislature at the next election. He was elected at the head of the ticket, and at a time when the prejudice against lawyers was so strong in the district that no one of the profession who had offered for many years previously had ever succeeded. This was the commencement of his political life, and the first evidence he ever received of the confidence of the people of the state — a confidence which has continued ever since, constantly increasing, without interruption or reaction, for the third of a century; and which, for its duration, universality, and strength, may be said to be without a parallel in any other state, or in the case of any other public man."

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* Biographical Sketch of Mr. Calhoun, 1843.

At the time of his election to the State Legislature of South Carolina, Mr. Calhoun was but twenty-five years of age. During the two sessions which he served in the Legislature, he took an active part in the leading measures, and was ranked among the ablest of the members. "Give a man nerve," says an eloquent writer, "a presence, sway over language, and, above all, enthusiasm, or the skill to stimulate it; start him in the public arena with these requisites, and ere many years, perhaps many months, have passed, you will either see him in high station, or in a fair way of rising to it."*

"In none of these essentials to success was Mr. Calhoun wanting, as those who knew him will promply bear witness. He had nerve and intrepidity, enthusiasm, the air of one born to command, and fine argumentative powers, and his words were like the *verba ardentia* of Cicero, captivating and convincing, melting all hearts and fairly burning into every ear that listened."

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* Francis' Orators of the Age.

But higher offices and higher honors awaited him. In 1811, Mr. Calhoun took his seat in Congress, having been elected as a representative of his congressional district, by a triumphant majority He was immediately appointed by the speaker, Henry Clay, on the committe of Foreign Affairs. His maiden speech, a report of which has been preserved, was made on the 19th of December, in behalf of the war resolutions. It was a reply to an able and eloquent speech of Hon. John Randolph, one of the most sarcastic and brilliant orators of his day. The subject was one of unusual interest. "Public excitement," says a historian, "was strong, the house crowded, and the orator, rising with the greatness of the occasion, delivered a speech, which for lofty patriotism, cogent reasoning, and soul-stirring eloquence, has seldom been equaled. It met unbounded and universal applause. He was compared to 'one of the old sages of the old Congress, with the graces of youth,' and the 'young Carolinian' was hailed as 'one of the master spirits, who stamp their name upon the age in which they live.'"

Mr. Calhoun gave the declaration of war against Great Britain his earnest support. This war, as is well known, had many able opponents in Congress. The opposition raised the loudest cry against its prosecution, after the brilliant triumphs of England over France, and the downfall of Bonaparte in 1813. They imagined that all was hopeless, "now that the whole power of the British Empire would be brought to bear against us." In his speech on the Loan Bill, Mr. Calhoun replied to their arguments in a most masterly manner. "None can read this speech, even at this distance of time, without kindling under that elevated tone of feeling, which wisdom, emanating from a spirit lofty and self-possessed under the most trying circumstances, only can inspire. In order to show the justice and expediency of the war, he took a historical view of the maritime usurpations of Great Britain, from the celebrated order in council of 1756, to the time of the discussion, and demonstrated that her aggressions were not accidental, or dependent on peculiar circumstances, but were the result of a fixed system of policy, intended to establish her supremacy on the ocean. After giving a luminous view of the origin and character of the wrongs we had suffered from her, he clearly showed the flimsiness of the pretext by which she sought to justify her conduct, as well as that of the opposition to excuse her, and dwelt upon the folly of hoping to obtain redress by sheathing the sword or throwing ourselves on her justice."

This was one of the most eloquent and patriotic efforts that Mr. Calhoun ever made. It animated the drooping spirits of his countrymen in one of the most dismal periods of the war. The following remarks — worthy of a Chatham — afford a beautiful specimen of our orator's style, and will ever remain as a fine example of his lofty, patriotic, and animating eloquence.

In the conclusion of his speech Mr. Calhoun spoke as follows: "This country is left alone to support the rights of neutrals. Perilous is the condition, and arduous the task. We are not intimidated. We stand opposed to British usurpation, and, by our spirit and efforts, have done all in our power to save the last vestiges of neutral rights. Yes, our embargoes, non-intercourse, non-importation, and, finally, war, are all manly exertions to preserve the rights of this and other nations from the deadly grasp of British maritime policy. But (say our opponents), these efforts are lost, and our condition hopeless. If so, it only remains for us to assume the garb of our condition. We must submit, humbly submit, crave pardon and hug our chains. It is not wise to provoke where we can not resist. But first let us be well assured of the hopelessness of our state before we sink into submission. On what do our opponents rest their despondent and slavish belief? On the recent events in Europe? I admit they are great, and well calculated to impose on the imagination. Our enemy never presented a more imposing exterior. His fortune is at the flood. But I am admonished by universal experience, that such prosperity is the most precarious of human conditions. *From the flood the tide dates its ebb. From the meridian the sun commences its decline.* Depend upon it, there is more of sound philosophy than of fiction in the fickleness which poets attribute to fortune. Prosperity has its weakness, adversity its strength. In many respects our enemy has lost by those very changes which seem so much in his favor. He can no more claim to be struggling for existence; no more to be fighting the battles of the world in defense of the liberties of mankind. The magic cry of 'French influence' is lost. In this very hall we are not strangers to that sound. Here, even here, the cry of 'French influence,' that baseless fiction, that phantom of faction now banished, often resounded. I rejoice that the spell is broken by which it was attempted to bind the spirit of this youthful nation. The minority can no longer act under cover, but must come out and defend their opposition on its own intrinsic merits. Our example can scarcely fail to produce its effects on other nations interested in the maintenance of maritime rights. But if, unfortunately, we should be left alone to maintain the contest, and if, which may God forbid, necessity should compel us to yield for the present, yet our generous efforts will not have been lost. A mode of thinking and a tone of sentiment have gone abroad which must stimulate to future and more successful struggles. What could not be effected with eight millions of people will be done with twenty. *The great cause will never be yielded — no, never, never!* Sir, I hear the future audibly announced in the past — in the splendid victories over the Guerriere, Java, and Macedonian. We, and all nations, by these victories, are taught a lesson never to be forgotten. *Opinion is power. The charm of British naval invincibility is gone.*"

"Such was the animated strain by which Mr. Calhoun roused the spirit of the government and country under a complication of adverse circumstances calculated to overwhelm the feeble and appal the stoutest. Never faltering, never doubting, never despairing of the Republic, he was at once the hope of the party and the beacon light to the country."

After a brilliant congressional career of six years, Mr. Calhoun was appointed to the office of Secretary of War, by President Monroe, in December, 1817. In 1825, he was elected Vice-President; and again in 1828; but before the expiration of his last term, the troubles which threatened the integrity of the Union, commenced in South Carolina. At the call of his countrymen, Mr. Calhoun resigned the office of Vice-President, and was elected to the Senate of the United States as the successor of Col. Hayne, who, to meet the emergency, had been chosen Governor of his native state.

On the passage of the famous Ordinance of Nullification by the people of South Carolina, the excitement throughout the Union became intense. The most fearful apprehension of a civil war, and of the dissolution of the Union, prevailed every where.

On the 10th of December, 1832, Gen. Jackson issued his memorable proclamation against nullification. This was followed by Gov. Hayne's counter-proclamation, "defending the position assumed by the state, and calling out twelve thousand volunteers."

"The 'crisis' evidently approached. The United States' troops were concentrated, in some force, at Augusta and Charleston, seemingly for the purpose of repressing any insurrectionary or rebellious movement in the State; while on the other side, equal preparation was made. The militia in certain sections of the State were called out and drilled, muskets were put in order, swords cleaned and sharpened, and depots of provisions and supplies established. Officers, natives of the State, in the army and navy of the United States contemplated resigning their commissions, and flying to the defense of the State. While some foreign officers, then in the country, actually tendered their services to the governor, against the forces of the general government."

On the 4th of January, 1833, Mr. Calhoun took his seat in the Senate of the Union, as the great champion of Nullification. We have now arrived at the most important period in his political life — a period when the whole resources of his mighty intellect were put forth in defense of his favorite doctrine. His most powerful oratorical effort was made on the 15th and 16th of February, 1832, against a bill "further to provide for the Collection of Duties on Imports." This was the celebrated FORCE BILL, introduced by Mr. Wilkins of Pennsylvania; the object of which was to enable the federal executive to enforce the collection of the revenue in South Carolina.

The speech of Mr. Calhoun against the Force Bill, furnishes us with the best specimens of his style. "On this, the greatest occasion of his intellectual and political life, he bore himself proudly and gloriously. He appeared to hold victory at his command, and yet determined, withal, to show that he deserved it. There was a strength in his argument that seemed the exhaustion of thought, and a frequency of nervous diction most appropriate for its expression. The extreme mobility of his mind was felt every where and immediate. It passed from declamation to invective, and from invective to argument, rapidly, but not confusedly, exciting and filling the imagination of all.

"In his tempestuous eloquence, he tore to pieces the arguments of his opponents, as the hurricane rends the sails. Nothing withstood the ardor of his mind; no sophistry, however ingenious, puzzled him; no rhetorical ruse escaped his detection. He overthrew logic that seemed impregnable, and demolished the most compact theory, in a breath."

On the 15th of February Mr. Calhoun rose and addressed the Senate as follows: "Mr. President, I know not which is most objectionable, the provisions of the bill, or the temper in which its adoption has been urged. If the extraordinary powers with which the bill proposes to clothe the Executive, to the utter prostration of the Constitution and the rights of the States, be calculated to impress our minds with alarm at the rapid progress of despotism in our country, the zeal with which every circumstance calculated to misrepresent or exaggerate the conduct of Carolina in the controversy is seized on, with a view to excite hostility against her, but too plainly indicates the deep decay of that brotherly feeling which once existed between these States, and to which we are indebted for our beautiful federal system."*

We quote the following as the most eloquent and forcible passages of this extraordinary speech: "Having made these remarks, the great question is now presented, Has Congress the right to pass this bill? which I will next proceed to consider. The decision of this question involves the inquiry into the provisions of the bill. What are they? It puts at the disposal of the President the army and navy, and the entire militia of the country; it enables him, at his pleasure, to subject every man in the United

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* A more ingenious, yet seemingly less studied exordium will scarcely be found recorded in parliamentary annals.—*March.*

States, not exempt from militia duty, to martial law: to call him from his ordinary occupation to the field, and under the penalty of fine and imprisonment, inflicted by a court-martial, to compel him to imbrue his hand in his brother's blood. There is no limitation on the power of the sword, and that over the purse is equally without restraint; for, among the extraordinary features of the bill, it contains no appropriation, which, under existing circumstances, is tantamount to an unlimited appropriation. The President may, under its authority, incur any expenditure, and pledge the national faith to support it. He may create a new national debt, at the very moment of the termination of the former — a debt of millions, to be paid out of the proceeds of the labor of that section of the country whose dearest constitutional rights this bill prostrates! Thus exhibiting the extraordinary spectacle, that the very section of the country which is urging this measure, and carrying the sword of devastation against us, are, at the same time, incurring a new debt, to be paid by those whose rights are violated; while those who violate them are to receive the benefits, in the shape of bounties and expenditures.

"And for what purpose is the unlimited control of the purse and of the sword thus placed at the disposition of the executive? To make war against one of the free and sovereign members of this confederation, which the bill proposes to deal with, not as a state, but as a collection of banditti or outlaws. Thus exhibiting the impious spectacle of this government, the creature of the states, making war against the power to which it owes its existence.

"The bill violates the Constitution plainly and palpably, in many of its provisions, by authorizing the President, at his pleasure, to place the different ports of this Union on an unequal footing, contrary to that provision of the Constitution which declares that no preference shall be given to one port over another. It also violates the Constitution by authorizing him, at his discretion, to impose cash duties on one port, while credit is allowed in others; by enabling the President to regulate commerce, a power vested in Congress alone; and by drawing within the jurisdiction of the United States courts powers never intended to be conferred on them. As great as these objections are, they become insignificant in the provisions of a bill which, by a single blow — by treating the states as a mere lawless set of individuals — prostrates all the barriers of the Constitution. I will pass over the minor considerations, and proceed directly to the great point. This bill proceeds on the ground that the entire sovereignty of this country belongs to the American people, as forming one great community, and regards the states as mere fractions or counties, and not as an integral part of the Union: having no more right to resist the encroachments of a government than a county has to resist the authority of a state; and treating such resistance as the lawless acts of so many individuals, without possessing sovereignty or political rights. It has been said that the bill declares war against South Carolina. No. It decrees a massacre of her citizens! War has something ennobling about it. and, with all its horrors, brings into action the highest qualities, intellectual and moral. It was, perhaps, in the order of Providence that it should be permitted for that very purpose. But this bill declares no war, except, indeed, it be that which savages wage — a war, not against the community. but the citizens of whom that community is composed. But I regard it as worse than *savage* warfare — as an attempt to take away life under the color of law, without the trial by jury, or any other safeguard which the Constitution has thrown around the life of the citizen! It authorizes the President, or even his deputies, when they may suppose the law to be violated, without the intervention of a court or jury, to kill without mercy or discrimination.

"It has been said by the senator from Tennessee (Mr. Grundy), to be a measure of peace! Yes, such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb — the kite to the dove. Such peace as Russia gives to Poland, or death to its victim! A peace, by extinguishing the political existence of the state, by awing her into an abandonment of the exercise of every power which constitutes her a sovereign community. It is to South Carolina a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim it, that should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted at every hazard — even that of death itself. Death is not the greatest calamity: there are others still more terrible to the free and brave, and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honor. There are thousands of her brave sons who, if need be, are prepared cheerfully to lay down their lives in defense of the state, and the great principles of constitutional liberty for which she is contending. God forbid that this should become necessary! It never can be, unless this government is resolved to bring the question to extremity, when her gallant sons will stand prepared to perform the last duty — to die nobly.*

"It is said that the bill ought to pass, because the law must be enforced. The law must be enforced. The imperial edict must be executed. It is under such sophistry, couched in general terms, without looking to the limitations which must ever exist in the practical exercise of power, that the most cruel and despotic acts ever have been covered. It was such sophistry as this that cast Daniel into the lion's den, and the three Innocents into the fiery furnace. Under the same sophistry the bloody edicts of Nero and Caligula were executed. The law must be enforced. Yes, the act imposing the 'tea tax must be executed.' This was the very argument which impelled Lord North and his administration in that mad career which forever separated us from the British crown. Under a similar sophistry, 'that religion must be protected' how many massacres have been perpetrated? and how many martyrs have been tied to the stake? What! acting on this vague abstraction, are you prepared to enforce a law without considering whether it be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional? Will you collect money when it is acknowledged that it is not wanted? He who earns the money, who digs it from the earth with the sweat of his brow, has a just title to it against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without his consent except his government, and it only to the extent of its legitimate wants; to take more is robbery, and you propose by this bill to enforce robbery by murder. Yes: to this result you must come, by this miserable sophistry, this vague abstraction of enforcing the law, without a regard to the fact whether the law be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional.

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* The crowd was great in the Senate chamber during Mr. Calhoun's speech; in the galleries more particularly. While he was uttering some of his brilliant periods, in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his eloquence, a man in the gallery suddenly confounded the audience by exclaiming, in a shriek-like voice, "Mr. President!" and before the presiding officer could take measures to repress the outrage, he continued, "Mr. President, something must be done, or I shall be squeezed to death!' It was some time before order could be restored, or the dignity of the Senate re-established. The ludicrous

"In the same spirit, we are told that the Union must be

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nature of the interruption affected the gravity of almost every person present, even of grave Senators; of all, perhaps, but the orator, upon whose countenance there passed not the shade of an emotion. The rigid muscles showed no relaxation, but every feature remained unmoved and inflexible. He proceeded as if naught had occurred of singularity, and his deep and earnest tones soon recalled the minds of the audience to the subject they had for a moment forgotten.—*March.*

preserved, without regard to the means. And how is it proposed to preserve the Union? By force! Does any man in his senses believe that this beautiful structure — this harmonious aggregate of states, produced by the joint consent of all — can be preserved by force? Its very introduction will be the certain destruction of this Federal Union. No, no. You can not keep the states united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force. Force may, indeed, hold the parts together, but such union would be the bond between master and slave: a union of exaction on one side, and of unqualified *obedience* on the other. That *obedience* which, we are told by the senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Wilkins], is the Union! Yes, exaction on the side of the master; for this very bill is intended to collect what can be no longer called taxes — the voluntary contribution of a free people — but tribute — tribute to be collected under the mouths of the cannon! Your custom-house is already transferred to a garrison, and that garrison with its batteries turned, not against the enemy of our country, but on subjects (I will not say citizens), on whom you propose to levy contributions. Has reason fled from our borders? Have we ceased to reflect? It is madness to suppose that the Union can be preserved by force. I tell you plainly, that the bill, should it pass, can not be enforced. It will prove only a blot upon your statute-book, a reproach to the year, and a disgrace to the American Senate. I repeat that it will not be executed: it will rouse the dormant spirit of the people, and open their eyes to the approach of despotism. The country has sunk into avarice and political corruption, from which nothing can arouse it but some measure, on the part of the government, of folly and madness, such as that now under consideration."

"No little portion of the speech was directed to the consideration of the philosophy of government, and the history of free institutions,— subjects which the orator had studied to complete mastery, and was amply capable to illustrate. He defended himself against the charge of 'metaphysical reasoning.' As he understood the proper use of the term, it meant the power of analysis and combination. 'It is the power,' he said, 'which raises man above the brute; which distinguishes his faculties from mere sagacity, which he holds in common with inferior animals. It is this power which has raised the astronomer from being a mere gazer at the stars to the high, intellectual eminence of a Newton or La Place, and astronomy itself, from a mere observation of insulated facts, into that noble science which displays to our admiration the system of the Universe. And shall this high power of the mind, which has effected such wonders when directed to the laws which control the material world, be forever prohibited, under a senseless cry of metaphysics, from being applied to the mighty purpose of political science and legislation? I hold them to be subject to laws as fixed as matter itself, and to be as fit a subject for the application of the highest intellectual power. Denunciation may indeed fall upon the philosophical inquirer into these first principles as it did upon Galileo and Bacon, when they first unfolded the great discoveries which have immortalized their names; but the time will come when truth will prevail in spite of prejudice and denunciation, and when politics and legislation will be considered as much a science as astronomy and chemistry.' "

After Mr. Calhoun had finished his great speech, Mr. Webster immediately rose in reply.*

It is well known that the difficulties between the general government and South Carolina were amicably settled by the adoption of the Compromise Act prepared and introduced by Henry Clay.

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* See the sketch of Webster's life for extracts from his speech.

The position which Mr. Calhoun assumed in relation to the Bank agitation during the presidency of Mr. Van Buren, exposed him to the censure of the Whig party. In 1838, he was assailed on the floor of the Senate, by Mr. Clay, who accused him with having changed his opinion, abandoned his principles, and gone over to the enemy—to the administration party. He also made an attack on his intellectual faculties, charging him with being metaphysical, possessing too much genius and too little common sense. Such charges were repelled by Mr. Calhoun in a reply, from which the following is an extract. It is one of the most eloquent and indignant retorts ever recorded in the history of parliamentary oratory:

"But the senator [Mr. Clay], did not confine his attack to my conduct and motives in reference to the present question. In his eagerness to weaken the cause I support, by destroying confidence in me, he made an indiscriminate attack on my intellectual faculties, which he characterized as metaphysical, eccentric, too much of genius, and too little of common sense, and, of course, wanting a sound and practical judgment.

"Mr. President, according to my opinion, there is nothing of which those who are endowed with superior mental faculties ought to be more cautious, than to reproach those with their deficiency to whom Providence has been less liberal. The faculties of our mind are the immediate gift of our Creator, for which we are no farther responsible than for their proper cultivation, according to our opportunities, and their proper application to control and regulate our actions. Thus thinking, I trust I shall be the last to assume superiority on my part, or reproach any one with inferiority on his; but those who do not regard the rule when applied to others, can not expect it to be observed when applied to themselves *The critic must expect* *to be criticized, and he who points out the faults of others, to have his own pointed out.*

"I can not retort on the senator the charge of being metaphysical. I can not acuse him of possessing the powers of analysis and generalization, those higher faculties of the mind (called metaphysical by those who do not possess them) which decompose and resolve into their elements the complex masses of ideas that exist in the world of mind, as chemistry does the bodies that surround us in the material world; and without which those deep and hidden causes which are in constant action, and producing such mighty changes in the condition of society, would operate unseen and undetected. 'The absence of these higher qualities of mind is conspicuous throughout the whole course of the senator's public life.' To this it may be traced that he prefers the specious to the solid, and the plausible to the true. To the same cause, combined with an ardent temperament, it is owing that we ever find him mounted on some popular and favorite measure, which he whips along, cheered by the shouts of the multitude, and never dismounts till he has rode it down. Thus, at one time we find him mounted on the protective system, which he rode down; at another, on internal improvement; and now he is mounted on a bank, which will surely share the same fate, unless those who are immediately interested shall stop him in his headlong career. It is the fault of his mind to seize on a few prominent and striking advantages, and to pursue them eagerly, without looking to consequences. Thus, in the case of the protective system, he was struck with the advantages of manufactures; and, believing that high duties was the proper mode of protecting them, he pushed forward the system, without seeing that he was enriching one portion of the country at the expense of the other; corrupting the one and alienating the other; and, finally, dividing the community into two great hostile interests, which terminated in the overthrow of the system itself. So, now, he looks only to a uniform currency, and a bank as a means of securing it, without once reflecting how far the banking system has progressed, and the difficulties that impede its farther progress; that banking and politics are running together, to their mutual destruction; and that the only possible mode of saving his favorite system is to separate it from the government.

"To the defects of understanding which the senator attributes to me, I make no reply. It is for others, and not me, to determine the portion of understanding which it has pleased the Author of my being to bestow on me. It is, however, fortunate for me, that the standard by which I shall be judged is not the false, prejudiced, and, as I have shown, unfounded opinion which the senator has expressed, but my acts. They furnish materials, neither few nor scant to form a just estimate of my mental faculties. I have now been more than twenty-six years continuously in the service of this government, in various stations, and have taken part in almost all the great questions which have agitated this country during this long and important period. Throughout the whole I have never followed events, but have taken my stand in advance, openly and freely, avowing my opinions on all questions, and leaving it to time and experience to condemn or approve my course. Thus acting, I have often, and on great questions, separated from those with whom I usually acted; and if I am really so defective in sound and practical judgment as the senator represents, the proof, if to be found any where, must be found in such instances, or where I have acted on my sole responsibility. Now I ask, In which of the many instances of the kind is such proof to be found? It is not my intention to call to the recollection of the Senate all such: but that you, senators, may judge for yourselves, it is due in justice to myself, that I should suggest a few of the most prominent, which at the time were regarded as the senator now considers the present; and then, as now, because, where duty is involved, I would not submit to party trammels."

After Mr. Calhoun had ably vindicated his political and intellectual character, he concluded thus: "I have now, senators, repelled the attacks on me. I have settled and canceled the debt between me and my accuser. I have not sought this controversy, nor have I shunned it when forced on me. I have acted on the defensive, and if it is to continue, which rests with the senator, I shall throughout continue so to act. I know too well the advantage of my position to surrender it. The senator commenced the controversy, and it is but right that he should be responsible for the direction it shall hereafter take. Be his determination what it may, I stand prepared to meet him."

A writer in the April number of the Democratic Review of 1838, alluding to this memorable debate, said: "Mr. Calhoun has evidently taken Demosthenes for his model as a speaker — or rather, I suppose, he has studied, while young, his orations with great admiration, until they produced a decided impression upon his mind. His recent speech in defense of himself against the attacks of Mr. Clay, is precisely on the plan of the famous oration *De Corona*, delivered by the great Athenian, in vindication of himself from the elaborate and artful attacks of Æschines. While the one says: 'Athenians! to you I appeal, my judges and my witnesses!' — the other says: 'In proof of this, I appeal to you, senators, my witnesses and my judges on this occasion!' Æschines accused Demosthenes of having received a bribe from Philip and the latter retorted by saying that the other had accused him of doing what he himself had notoriously done. Mr. Clay says, that Mr. Calhoun had gone over, and he left to time to disclose his motive. Mr. Calhoun retorts: 'Leave it to time to disclose my motive for going over! I, who have changed no opinion, abandoned no principles, and deserted no party; I who have stood still and maintained my ground against every difficulty, to be told that it is left to time to disclose my motive! The imputation sinks to the earth, with the groundless charge on which it rests. *I stamp it, with scorn, in the dust. I pick up the dart, which fell harmless at my feet. I hurl it back.** What the senator charges on me unjustly, *he has actually done.*. He went over on a memorable occasion,† and did not leave it to time to disclose his motive.'"

In March, 1843, Mr. Calhoun resigned his seat in the Senate and retired to private life. On the death of Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State, in 1844, he was invited by President Tyler to succeed him at the head of the State Department. He accepted the office, and discharged its duties with fidelity. After the close of Mr. Tyler's Administration, Mr. Calhoun was returned to the Senate of the United States, where he continued till his death. His last great oratorical efforts were in defense of the institution of Slavery. His views on this, and other political subjects, are too well known to be mentioned here. It is not our design to contemplate him as a slaveholder, or a politician, but as an Orator and Statesman.

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* A friend who was present during the delivery of Mr Calhoun's speech in reply to Mr. Clay, says that, although he has heard many public speakers, he never witnessed such intense earnestness, such a display of impassioned eloquence, as characterized this great effort. The keen, fulgent eyes of the speaker shot lightnings at every glance, his hair stood on end, large drops of sweat rested on his brow, and every feature and muscle were alive with animation. And while this burning flood of indignation was rolling in a deluge from his lips, the audience were so completely enchained that perfect silence was preserved, and a pin might have been heard to drop in any part of the chamber; and when he declared, with a gesture suited to his words, that he hurled back the dart which had been thrown against him, the eyes of all were involuntarily turned to witness the effect of the blow.—*Jenkins.*

† In allusion to the course of Mr. Clay, in the winter of 1825, with reference to the election of Mr. Adams, and his acceptance of the office of Secretary of State.

The last speech that Mr Calhoun prepared, was on the slavery question. So infirm was his health that he was unable to deliver it himself. It was read in the Senate, by a political friend, on the 4th of March, 1850. The last time that Mr. Calhoun's voice was heard in debate in the Senate, was on the 13th of the same month. On the morning of the 31st of March, 1850, he expired, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His last words were, "I am perfectly comfortable." On the 1st of April, his death was announced in the Senate by his colleague, Mr. Butler. On that occasion Daniel Webster delivered the following eloquent tribute to the memory of the departed Statesman, which contains a beautiful description of his character.

"I hope the Senate will indulge me in adding a very few words to what has been said. My apology for this presumption is the very long acquaintance which has subsisted between Mr. Calhoun and myself 'We were of the same age. I made my first entrance into the House of Representatives in May, 1813. I there found Mr. Calhoun. He had already been a member of that body for two or three years. I found him then an active and efficient member of the House, taking a decided part, and exercising a decided influence, in all its deliberations.

"From that day to the day of his death, amidst all the strifes of party and politics, there has subsisted between us, always, and without interruption, a great degree of personal kindness.

"Differing widely on many great questions respecting our institutions and the government of the country, those differences never interrupted our personal and social intercourse. I have been present at most of the distinguished instances of the exhibition of his talents in debate. I have always heard him with pleasure, often with much instruction, not unfrequently with the highest degree of admiration.

"Mr. Calhoun was calculated to be a leader in whatsoever association of political friends he was thrown. He was a man of undoubted genius and of commanding talent. All the country and all the world admit that. His mind was both perceptive and vigorous. It was clear, quick, and strong.

"Sir, the eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner in which he exhibited his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise, sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner. These are the qualities, as I think, which have enabled him through such a long course of years to speak often, and yet always command attention. His demeanor as a Senator is known to us all, is appreciated, venerated, by us all. No man was more respectful to others; no man carried himself with greater decorum, no man with superior dignity. I think there is not one of us, when he last addressed us from his seat in the Senate, his form still erect, with a voice by no means indicating such a degree of physical weakness as did in fact possess him, with clear tones, and an impressive, and, I may say, an imposing manner, who did not feel that he might imagine that we saw before us a Senator of Rome, while Rome survived.

"Sir, I have not, in public nor in private life, known a more assiduous person in the discharge of his appropriate duties. I have known no man who wasted less of life in what is called recreation, or employed less of it in any pursuits not connected with the immediate discharge of his duty. He seemed to have no recreation but the pleasure of conversation with his friends. Out of the chambers of Congress, he was either devoting himself to the acquisition of knowledge pertaining to the immediate subject of the duty before him, or else he was indulging in those social interviews in which he so much delighted.

"My honorable friend from Kentucky* has spoken in just terms of his colloquial talents. They certainly were singular and eminent. There was a charm in his conversation not often equaled. He delighted especially in conversation and intercourse with young men. I suppose that there has been no man among us, who had more winning manners, in such an intercourse and such conversation, with men comparatively young, than Mr. Calhoun. I believe one great power of his character, in general, was his conversational talent. I believe it is that, as well as a consciousness of his high integrity, and the greatest reverence for his talents and ability, that has made him so endeared an object to the people of the State to which he belonged.

"Mr. President, he had the basis, the indispensable basis of all high character; and that was unspotted integrity and unimpeached honor. If he had aspirations, they were high, and honorable, and noble. There was nothing groveling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I am sure he was, in the principles that he espoused, and in the measures that he defended, aside from the large regard for the species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive or selfish feeling. However he may have differed from others of us in his political opinions or his political principles, those principles and those opinions will now descend to posterity under the sanction of a great name. He has lived long enough, he has done enough, and he has done it so well, so successfully and so honorably, as to connect himself for all time with the records of his country. He is now a historical character. Those of us who have known him here, will find that he has left upon our minds and our hearts a strong and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public performances, which, while we live, will never be obliterated. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection, that we have lived in his age, that we have been his contemporaries, that we have seen him, and heard him and known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And, when the time shall come that we ourselves must go, one after another, to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism."

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* Mr. Clay.

On the 2d of April, the funeral services were performed. The remains of the orator and statesman were conveyed to Charleston, S. C., and temporarily deposited in a vault in the cemetery of St. Philip's church.

The personal appearance of Mr. Calhoun was such as to make a lasting impression upon the mind of the beholder. His eye, like that of Chatham and Erskine, was his most remarkable feature. In debate, its glare was calculated to confound his antagonist, and impress his audience with awe. No one, who ever saw Mr. Calhoun, will forget his piercing looks or general appearance. His form was as venerable, and his countenance as animated and intelligent as those of the great English orators whom we have just named. We have the following sketch of Mr. Calhoun's personal appearance, drawn by a distinguished foreigner, in 1846:

"His appearance is unlike that of other men. His person is tall and thin, and I have always seen him dressed in black. His action is quick, and both in society and in the Senate very expressive. He speaks with the utmost rapidity, as if no words could convey his speed of thought; his face is all intellect, with eyes so dazzling, black, and piercing that few can stand their gaze. Sixty-four years have left their dark centre yet undimmed, and the surrounding blue liquid and pure as the eye of childhood. Sometimes their intense look is reading each thought of *your* bosom; sometimes they are beaming with the inspirations of his own. I have often beheld them suffused with emotion, when the feelings of that ingenuous breast have been excited by honest praise, or moved by sympathy. Mr. Calhoun's general expression is that of unceasing mental activity and great decision. His forehead is broad and full; a deep furrow extends quite across, and above the eyebrows there is considerable fullness His hair is thick, and long, and straight, and gray, and is thrown back from his face; the eyebrows are very near the eye, and the cheeks are denuded of flesh. The mouth is thin, and somewhat inclined downwards at the corners; it is the proud and melancholy lip of Dante. His complexion is bronzed by the sun of the South."

Among parliamentary orators, Mr. Calhoun stands in the foremost rank. In some respects it has been claimed that he surpasses all other statesmen of modern times. His *forte* lay in lucid analysis, intense earnestness, and energetic delivery. His eloquence flowed forth like a vehment torrent, moving and swaying the heart of his hearers. In metaphysical reasoning and oratorical energy he excelled. "Mr. Calhoun," says a critic, in reviewing his character, "is the acknowledged chief of metaphysical orators. His mind is uncommonly acute, with a rare faculty of seeing or making distinctions. His reasoning is equally subtle and plausible. He loves to revel and soar in the airy regions of abstraction. He is the great Des Cartes of the political academy. His theory is always curious — often beautiful — sometimes sublime; but it is a theory of 'vortices.'"

The character of South Carolina's greatest statesmen, is thus beautifully sketched by his distinguished biographer, Mr. John S. Jenkins.

"No one ever saw Mr. Calhoun for the first time without being forcibly impressed with the conviction of his mental superiority. There was that in his air and in his appearance which carried with it the assurance that he was no common man. He had not Hyperion's curls, nor the front of Jove. Miss Martineau termed him, in her Travels in America, the cast-iron man, 'who looked as if he had never been born.' In person he was tall and slender, and his frame appeared gradually to become more and more attenuated till he died. His features were harsh and angular in their outlines, presenting a combination of the Greek and the Roman. A serene and almost stony calm was habitual to them when in repose, but when enlivened in conversation or debate, their play was remarkable — the lights were brought out into bolder relief, and the shadows thrown into deeper shade.

"His countenance, when at rest, indicated abstraction or a preoccupied air, and a stranger on approaching him could scarcely avoid an emotion of fear; yet he could not utter a word before the fire of genius blazed from his eye and illuminated his expressive features. His individuality was stamped upon his acute and intelligent face, and the lines of character and thought were clearly and strongly defined. His forehead was broad, tolerably high, and compact, denoting the mass of brain behind it. Until he had passed the grand climacteric, he wore his hair short and brushed it back, so that it stood erect on the top of his head, like bristles on the angry boar, or 'quills upon the fretful porcupine,' but toward the close of his life he suffered it to grow long, and to fall in heavy masses over his temples. But his eyes were his most striking features: they were dark blue, large and brilliant; in repose glowing with a steady light, in action fairly emitting flashes of fire.

" His character was marked and decided, not prematurely exhibiting its peculiarities, yet formed and perfected at an early age. He was firm and prompt, manly and independent. His sentiments were noble and elevated, and every thing mean or groveling was foreign to his nature. He was easy in his manners, and affable and dignified. His attachments were warm and enduring; he did not manifest his affection with enthusiastic fervor, but with deep earnestness and sincerity. He was kind, generous and charitable; honest and frank; faithful to his friends, but somewhat inclined to be unforgiving toward his enemies. He was attached to his principles and prejudices with equal tenacity; and when he had adopted an opinion, so strong was his reliance upon the correctness of his own judgment, that he often doubted the wisdom and sincerity of those who disagreed with him. He never shrank from the performance of any duty, however painful it might be,— that it was a duty, was sufficient for him. He possessed pride of character in no ordinary degree, and withal, not a little vanity, which is said always to accompany true genius. His devotion to the South was not sectional, so much as it was the natural consequence of his views with reference to the theory of the government; and his patriotism, like his fame, was coextensive with the Union.

" In private life he was fitted to be loved and respected. Like Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, and the younger Adams, he was simple in his habits. When at home, he usually rose at day-break, and, if the weather admitted, took a walk over his farm. He breakfasted at half-past seven, and then retired to his office, which stood near his dwelling house, where he wrote till dinner time, or three o'clock. After dinner time he read or conversed with his family till sunset, when he took another walk. His tea hour was eight o'clock; he then joined his family again, and passed the time in conversation or reading till ten o'clock, when he retired to rest As a citizen, he was without blemish; he wronged no one; and there were no ugly spots on his character to dim the brilliancy of his public career. His social qualities were endearing, and his conversational powers fascinating in the extreme. He loved to talk with the young; he was especially animated and instructive when engaged in conversation with them, and scarcely ever failed to inspire a sincere attachment in the breasts of those who listened to him. He frequently corresponded, too, with young men, and almost the last letter he wrote, was addressed to a *protege* attending a law school in New York, and was replete with kind advice and with expressions of friendly interest.

" He conversed, perhaps, with too great freedom. He prided himself on being unreserved in the expression of his opinions, and yet this was a fault in his character; for in the transaction of business, and in deciding and acting upon important political questions, he was ordinarily cautious and prudent. To this very frankness, therefore, may be attributed, not the misrepresentations, but the occasion of the misrepresentations, of which he was the victim. He often complained that he was not understood, but he sometimes forgot that those who would not comprehend him, might have been already prejudiced by some remark of his, made at the wrong time, or in the wrong presence.

" His disposition was reflective, and he spent hours at a time in earnest thought. But he was exceedingly fond of reading history and books of travel. Works on government, on the rise and fall of empires, on the improvement and decline of the races of mankind and the struggles and contests of one with another, always attracted his attention. Indeed, his whole life was one of study and thought.*

But let us advert a little more fully to a few of the prominent attributes of Mr. Calhoun's eloquence. Let us see by what means he acquired such a sway over the human passions.

1. He excelled in one of the highest characteristics of true eloquence — earnestness of manner. In public address, he made every one feel that his sentiments came directly from his heart, and were the result of an honest conviction of their truth.

This lofty earnestness enabled him to control the feelings of his audience with perfect ease, and to rivet their attention closely to the subject under discussion. His earnest, noble and commanding appearance, when animated in debate, made a lasting impression upon the mind. When he became deeply engaged with his subject, every word, every look, every gesture was so eloquent that one could not help being moved. Earnestness, then, was one of the most striking marks of his oratory — one which invested his eloquence with such unrivaled power and superiority.

"As a public speaker and debater, Mr. Calhoun was energetic and impressive to the highest degree. Without having much of the action of an orator, yet his compressed lip — his erect and stern attitudes — his iron countenance, and flashing eye — all made him, at times, eloquent in the full sense of the word. No man could hear him without feeling. His power was in *clear analysis*, *suppressed passion*, and *lofty earnestness*."

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* We would refer our readers to the excellent "Life of John C. Calhoun," by John S. Jenkins, Esq.— a work with which every admirer of the statesman will be pleased. It is the best biography of Mr. Calhoun that has been published.

2. Another distinguishing quality of Mr. Calhoun's eloquence was the impetuosity and boldness with which his language was uttered. His words came from his lips like a rapid, swelling, sparkling stream. They often rushed with such rapidity that he "seemed obliged to clip them off to make room." He was never at a loss for ideas or words to express them. He had great copiousness of language: and he was bold in the utterance of his glowing thoughts. The fearless tone with which he expressed his lofty sentiments inspired one with awe. Every hearer, swayed by a commanding eloquence, felt that he was in the presence of a mighty mind. The speaker's words came forth with a power that captivated and melted the heart. When he became fully aroused on some great topic his voice was elevated to a high pitch, and its loud, shrill tones pierced through the whole frame.

3. Mr. Calhoun was actuated by a genial enthusiasm. This was an element of great power in his oratory. On all important occasions, he put his whole soul into his subject, and poured forth a stream of eloquence which it was impossible to withstand. His enthusiasm bore him upward and onward. He often soared into the regions of the beautiful and sublime. Stimulated by the loftiest impulse, he could not but touch the sensibilities and sway the judgment of his hearers. "His mighty mind, when aroused in debate, was quick with the thunder thought and lightning will, rendering it as impossible for ordinary antagonists to avert or resist his influence, as for an oak to clasp in its arms the tempest that beats upon it."

4. As a metaphysical reasoner, Mr. Calhoun, perhaps, towers above every other senatorial orator of ancient and

modern times. Where do we read of a statesman that could analyze with such minute discrimination a complex and intricate subject?

On this point, read the following statement of one who knew him well. It was made while the orator was living. "In one faculty of the mind, Mr. Calhoun surpasses any public man of the age, and that is in analysis. His power to examine a complex idea, and exhibit to you the simple ideas of which it is composed, is wonderful. Hence it is that he generalizes with such great rapidity, that ordinary minds suppose, at first, he is theoretical; whereas, he has only reached a point at a single bound, to which it would require long hours of sober reflection for them to attain. It is a mistake to suppose that he jumps at his conclusions without due care and consideration. No man examines with more care, or with more intense labor, every question upon which his mind is called to act. The difference between him and others is, that he thinks constantly, with little or no relaxation. Hence the restless activity and energy of his mind always place him far in advance of those around him. He has reached the summit, while they have just commenced to ascend, and can not readily discover the path which has lead him to his lofty and extensive view."

5. The style of Mr. Calhoun is worthy of great commendation. It is distinguished for its simplicity, purity, clearness, point and vigor. There is in it that which constantly reminds one of Demosthenes. He seems to have chosen the Athenian as his model — to have studied his orations with great care. His words are well chosen; his sentences are admirably constructed; like those of Demosthenes, they are remarkable for their brevity. His style affords clear evidence of early, and severe intellectual training in the literature of ancient Greece.

The works of Mr. Calhoun are now before the public in a permanent form.* There they will remain, an enduring monument of their author's genius and fame. To these volumes we must refer the reader, that he may justly appreciate the character of Mr. Calhoun's style. He will also find them valuable for the large fund of information on political science, and the history of the country, which they contain.

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* They were lately collected, and are published in four handsome octavo volumes by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

CHAPTER XVII.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster was born in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire, on the 18th of January, 1782, the last year of the revolutionary war. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was a captain in that war; he was at the battle of White Plains, and in the thickest of the fight at Bennington. After the war was ended, Captain Webster was elected a Representative from Salisbury to the Legislature of New Hampshire; he was subsequently chosen State Senator, and finally became one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. He died in 1806, at the age of sixty-seven. Ebenezer Webster was twice married. His second wife, Abigail Eastman, the mother of Daniel and Ezekiel Webster, was a woman of superior mental endowments.

About the time of his second marriage, Captain Webster built a frame-house near the old log cabin.* He planted an elm sapling and dug a well close to it. In this house the great orator and statesman of New England was born. "The house has long since disappeared, from roof to foundation-stone. Nothing indicates its sometime existence but a cellar mostly filled up by stone and earth. But the well still remains, with water as pure, as cool, as limpid, as when first turned to the light; and will remain, in all probability, for ages, to refresh hereafter the votaries of genius, who make their pilgrimage hither to visit the cradle of one of her greatest sons. The elm that shaded the boy still flourishes in vigorous leaf, and may have an existence beyond its perishable nature. Like

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* In a speech delivered at Saratoga, in 1840, Mr. Webster thus alludes to his birth-place: "It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents, which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that [illegible]

"The witch-elm that guards St. Fillan's Spring,"

it may live in story, long after leaf, and branch, and root have disappeared forever."

Daniel Webster was brought up amidst the rude, majestic scenery of the Old Granite State. Here his youthful mind was impressed with scenes of grandeur and sublimity, the remembrance of which was never erased from his heart; and which doubtless had great influence over the development of his moral and intellectual character. "Nearly all the heroism, moral excellence, and ennobling literature of the world, has been produced by those who, in infancy and in youth were fostered by the inspiration of exalted regions, where the turf is covered with a rude beauty, rocks and wilderness are piled in bold and inimitable shapes of savage grandeur, tinged with the hues of untold centuries,

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those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for HIM who reared and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!"

and over which awe-inspiring storms often sweep with thunders in their train. This is the influence which more than half created the Shakspeares, Miltons, Spencers, Wordsworths, Scotts, Coleridges, Shelleys, Irvings, Coopers, Bryants, and Websters of the world."

In that excellent classic production, entitled *Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries*, by Mr. Charles W. March, there is an incident of Mr. Webster's earliest youth described so graphically, that we introduce it here:

"In Mr. Webster's earliest youth an occurrence took place, which affected him deeply at the time, and has dwelt in his memory ever since. There was a sudden and extraordinary rise in the Merimac river, in a spring thaw. A deluge of rain for two whole days poured down upon the houses. A mass of mingled water and snow rushed madly from the hills, inundating the fields far and wide. The highways were broken up, and rendered undistinguishable. There was no way for neighbors to interchange visits of condolence or necessity, save by boats, which came up to the very door-steps of the houses.

"Many things of value were swept away, even things of bulk. A large barn, full fifty feet by twenty, crowded with hay and grain, sheep, chickens and turkeys, sailed majestically down the river, before the eyes of the astonished inhabitants; who, no little frightened, got ready to fly to the mountains, or construct another Ark. The roar of waters, as they rushed over precipices, casting the foam and spray far above, the crashing of the forest-trees as the storm broke through them, the immense sea everywhere in range of the eye, the sublimity, even danger of the scene, made an indelible impression upon the mind of the youthful observer.

"Occurrences and scenes like these excite the imaginative faculty, furnish material for proper thought, call inte existence new emotions, give decision to character, and a purpose to action."

When he had attained his fourteenth year, Mr. Webster was taken by his beloved father to the Philip's Academy, Exeter, and placed under the excellent Dr. Benjamin Abbot for tuition.

Long after, Mr. Webster, in describing a few simple incidents and struggles of his youth, refers to the commencement of his academical studies — the circumstances which resulted in his going to Philip's Academy — in a manner so touching that we are tempted to repeat his words here:

"My Father, Ebenezer Webster! — born at Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739 — the handsomest man I ever saw, except my brother Ezekiel, who appeared to me, and so does he now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I laid eyes on. I saw him in his coffin — a white forehead — a tinged cheek — a complexion as clear as heavenly light! But where am I straying?

"The grave has closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy — and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!

"This fair field is before me — I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have plowed it, and raked it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it Somehow, I could never learn to hang a scythe!* I had not wit enough. My brother Joe used to say that my father sent me to college in order to make me equal to the rest of his children! On a hot day in July — it must have been one of the last years of Washington's administration — I was making hay, with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle of the afternoon. The Hon. Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college-learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural powers. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked a while in the field, and went on his way. When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm, on a hay-cock. He said, 'My son, that is a worthy man, he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it, as it was; but I missed it, and now I must work here.' 'My dear father,' said I, 'you shall not work; my brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest — and I remember to have cried, and I cry now at the recollection. 'My child,' said he, 'it is of no importance to me; I now live but for my children; I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself — improve your opportunities — *learn* — *learn* — and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time.' The next May he took me to Exeter, to the Philip's Exeter Academy — placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, still living."

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* On one occasion, Daniel was put to mowing. He made bad work of it. His scythe was sometimes in the ground, and sometimes over the tops of all the grass. He complained to his father that his scythe was not hung right. Various attempts were made to hang it better, but with no success. His father told him, at length, he might hang it to suit himself, and he therefore hung it upon a tree, and said, "There, that's right." His father laughed, and told him to let it hang there.—*Private Life of Webster.*

While at this academy, the youthful Webster mastered, in a few months, the principles and philosophy of the English grammar, and made respectable progress in his other studies. His first Latin lessons were recited to the celebrated Joseph Stevens Buckminster, who was at that time a tutor in the academy. Here, the future statesman was first called upon to speak in public on the stage; and it surely affords some encouragement to the diffident young student who is just commencing an oratorical career in the academy or college, to learn that Daniel Webster " evinced in his boyhood the strongest antipathy to public declamation "— that in his first effort he became embarrassed, and even burst into tears.

Mr. Webster speaks of his earliest oratorical efforts at this institution in the following manner: " I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches, which I attended to, while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do. I could not make a declamation. I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came, when the school collected to hear declamations, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned; sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated, most willingly, that I would venture. But I never could command sufficient resolution."

After remaining only a few months at Exeter Academy, Mr. Webster, in February, 1797, was placed under the Rev. Samuel Woods, at Boscawen, where he completed his preparation for College. While he remained under the instruction of Mr. Woods, he applied himself with great ardor to the study of the Latin classics. Cicero was, to this time, and ever afterwards, his favorite author. Like Fisher Ames, Mr. Webster was always an enthusiastic admirer of the immortal orator of Rome. Of all the Latin authors which he read, Cicero was the most familiarly known to him. "It may seem a little strange, indeed, that with all his early, eager and constant study of Rome's greatest orator, he should not have imitated unconsciously his manner of expression or thought. He much more resembles Demosthenes, in vigor and terseness of expression, and in copious vehemence; whose works, in the meanwhile, he never so completely mastered."

Mr. Webster also faithfully studied Virgil, reading one hundred verses at a lesson.*

In the summer of 1797, Mr. Webster entered Dartmouth College. Besides pursuing the prescribed studies with diligence, he devoted a portion of his time to general reading, especially to the study of English literature, history and eloquence. For the development of his metaphysical acumen, he perused, among other books, Watts on the Mind, and Locke on the Understanding; and in order to improve his style of speaking, he read Burke, Pitt, Ames, Hamilton, and other eminent orators.

While in College, Mr. Webster pronounced an oration at Hanover, N. H., on the 4th of July, 1800. This speech — the first published oration of the American statesman—is not embodied in any edition of his published works, but may be found in the library of the Antiquarian Society, and also in that excellent work, The Hundred Boston Orators, by James S. Loring. It was published in 1800, with the following title-page; "An Oration, pronounced at Hanover, N. H., the 4th of July, 1800, being the twenty-fourth Anniversary of American Independence. By Daniel Webster, Member of the Junior Class, Dartmouth College.

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* The following incident, which occurred while Mr. Webster was under the instruction of Dr. Woods, is worthy of being narrated here. On one occasion the reverend tutor thought proper to give his scholar Daniel a scolding for spending too much time upon the hills and along the stream, hunting and fishing, but still complimented him for his smartness. The task assigned to him for his next recitation was one hundred lines of Virgil; and as he knew that his master had an engagement on the following morning, an idea occurred to him, and he spent the entire night poring over his books. The recitation hour finally arrived, and the scholar acquitted himself of his hundred lines and received the tutor's approbation. "But I have a few more lines that I can recite," said the boy Daniel. "Well, let us have them," replied the doctor; and forthwith the boy reeled off another hundred lines. "Very remarkable," said the doctor; "you are indeed a smart boy." But I have another," said the scholar, "and five hundred of them if you please." The doctor was, of course, astonished, but, as he bethought him of his engagement, he begged to be excused, and added, "You may have the whole day, Dan, for pigeon shooting."—*Lanman.*

> 'Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
> And make our lives in thy possession happy,
> Or our deaths glorious in thy just defense.'—ADDISON."

This oration is a remarkable production for a youth of eighteen; and is pervaded by the same spirit of Liberty, that characterizes and ennobles the orator's later efforts in the forum, in the halls of Congress, and at public gatherings. We select a portion of the speech as affording the best specimen of his style at this early period of his life. Even then he was well acquainted with the history of his country, and the origin of our Constitution. He spoke of Bunker Hill, of Warren, of Washington, and of the surviving Revolutionary soldiers present, in the same patriotic strain with which he subsequently electrified tens of thousands of his countrymen on that sacred scene of American glory:

"Recollection," said he, "can still pain us with the spiral flames of burning Charleston, the agonizing groans of aged parents, the shrieks of widows, orphans and infants! Indelibly impressed on our memories still live the dismal scenes of Bunker's awful mount,—the grand theater of New England bravery, where slaughter stalked grimly triumphant,— where relentless Britain saw her soldiers, the unhappy instruments of despotism, fallen in heaps beneath the nervous arm of injured freemen! There the great Warren fought; and there, alas! he fell. Valuing life only as it enabled him to serve his country, he freely resigned himself a willing martyr in the cause of liberty, and now lies encircled in the arms of glory!

'Peace to the patriot's shades! Let no rude blast
Disturb the willow that nods o'er his tomb!
Let orphan tears bedew his sacred urn,
And Fame's loud trump proclaim the hero's name
Far as the circuit of the spheres extend!'

"That was the hour when heroism was proved — when the souls of men were tried. It was then, YE VENERABLE PATRIOTS [speaking to the Revolutionary soldiers present], it was then you stretched the indignant arm, and unitedly swore to be free! Despising such toys as subjugated empires, you then knew no middle fortune between liberty and death. Firmly relying in the patronage of Heaven, unwarped in the resolution you had taken, you then, undaunted, met, engaged, defeated the gigantic power of Britain, and rose triumphant over the ruins of your enemies. Trenton, Princeton, Bennington and Saratoga, were the successive theaters of your victories, and the utmost bounds of creation are the limits to your fame. The sacred fire of freedom, then enkindled in your breasts, shall be perpetuated through the long descent of future ages, and burn, with undiminished fervor, in the bosoms of millions yet unborn.

"Wooster, Montgomery and Mercer, fell bravely in battle, and their ashes are now entombed on the fields that witnessed their valor. Let their exertions in our country's cause be remembered while liberty has an advocate or gratitude has place in the human heart! Greene, the immortal hero of the Carolinas, has since gone down to the grave loaded with honors, and high in the estimation of his countrymen. The courageous Putnam has long slept with his fathers; and Sullivan and Cilley, New Hampshire's veteran sons, are no more numbered with the living.

"With hearts penetrated by unutterable grief, we are at length constrained to ask, Where is our Washington? Where the hero who led us to victory?— where the man who gave us freedom? Where is he who headed our feeble army when destruction threatened us, who came upon our enemies like the storms of winter, and scattered them like leaves before the Borean blast? Where, O my country, is thy political savior? Where, O humanity, thy favorite son? The solemnity of this assembly, the lamentations of the American people, will answer, 'Alas! he is now no more — the mighty has fallen!'

"Yes, Americans, your Washington is gone! He is now consigned to dust, and 'sleeps in dull, cold marble.' The man who never felt a wound but when it pierced his country, who never groaned but when fair Freedom bled, is now forever silent! Wrapped in the shroud of death, the dark dominions of the grave long since received him, and he rests in undisturbed repose. Vain were the attempt to express our loss,— vain the attempt to describe the feelings of our souls. Though months have rolled away since he left this terrestrial orb and sought the shining worlds on high, yet the sad event is still remembered with increased sorrow. The hoary-headed partaker of 1776 still tells the mournful story to the listening infant, till the loss of his country touches his heart, and patriotism fires his breast. The aged matron still laments the loss of the man beneath whose banners her husband has fought, or her son has fallen. At the name of Washington the sympathetic tear still glistens in the eye of every youthful hero, nor does the tender sigh yet cease to heave in the fair bosom of Columbia's daughters.

Farewell, O Washington! a long farewell!
Thy country's tears embalm thy memory.
Thy virtues challenge immortality!
Impressed on grateful hearts, thy name shall live
Till dissolution's deluge drown the world."

In August, 1801, Mr. Webster completed his college course and received his degree.* He immediately entered the office of Thomas W. Thompson, as a student of the law. He remained with Mr. Thompson until the next January, when he took charge of an academy at Fryburg, in Maine. Being too poor to purchase books, he there borrowed and read, for the first time, Blackstone's Commentaries. It was then that he committed to memory the celebrated speech of Mr. Ames on the British Treaty. In after life he was heard to say, that few things moved him more than the perusal and reperusal of this speech.

In September, 1802, he returned to Mr. Thompson's office, and resumed the study of law. He also occupied himself with the Latin classics, reading Sallust, Cæsar, and Horace. He finished his profsssional studies with the Hon. Christopher Gore, of Boston, and was admitted to the bar in 1805 He began the practice of his profession at Boscawen, whence he removed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1807. Here he formed an acquaintance with Samuel Dexter, Joseph Story, Jeremiah Mason, and other distinguished jurists.

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* Mr. Webster went through college in a manner that was highly creditable to himself and gratifying to his friends. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1801, and though it was universally believed that he ought to have received, and would receive the valedictory, that honor was not conferred upon him, but upon one whose name has since passed into forgetfulness The ill-judging faculty of the college, however, bestowed upon him a diploma, but instead of pleasing, this commonplace compliment only disgusted him, and at the conclusion of the commencement exercises the disappointed youth asked a number of his classmates to accompany him to the green behind the college, where, in their presence, he deliberately *tore up* his honorary document, and threw it to the winds, exclaiming, "My industry may make me a great man, but this miserable parchment can not!" and immediately mounting his horse, departed for home.—*Private Life of Daniel Webster*, p. 29.

At the age of thirty, Mr. Webster was chosen Representative to Congress, and took his seat at the extra session in May, 1813.

On the 10th of June, of the same year, he delivered his maiden speech on the Berlin and Milan decrees. It took the House by surprise, and at once placed its author in the foremost rank of parliamentary speakers; with Clay, Calhoun, Lowndes, Pickering, Forsyth, and other distinguished leaders in Congress. The effect of this speech upon the House is accurately described by an eye-witness: "No member before ever riveted the attention of the House so closely, in his first speech. Members left their seats where they could not see the speaker, face to face, and sat down, or stood on the floor, fronting him. All listened attentively and silently, during the whole speech; and when it was over, many went up and warmly congratulated the orator; among whom, were some, not the most niggard of their compliments, who most dissented from the views he had expressed."

Chief Justice Marshall, writing to a friend sometime after the delivery of this speech, said: "At the time when this speech was delivered, I did not know Mr. Webster, but I was so much struck with it, that I did not hesitate then to state, that Mr. Webster was a very able man, and would become one of the very first statesmen in America, and perhaps the very first;" and the eminent Mr Lowndes even then remarked of Mr. Webster, that the North had not his equal, nor the South his superior.

Mr. Webster was re-elected to Congress from New Hampshire, in August, 1814, and in August, 1816, removed to Boston, where he devoted himself to the practice of law.

In the celebrated Dartmouth College cause, which he argued at Washington, in 1818, Mr. Webster established his reputation as a lawyer throughout the country. The vast amount of legal knowledge, and the commanding, overpowering eloquence which he displayed on that occasion, placed him in the front rank of American jurists and orators. His argument in behalf of Dartmouth College was one of the grandest forensic efforts ever made. Its effects upon the audience were prodigious. The concluding remarks of his argument were uttered in tones of the deepest pathos which thrilled his hearers. When he ceased to speak, there was a death-like stillness throughout the court-room, which lasted for some moments. It is said that the dignified Chief Justice Marshall was overcome by this manly burst of eloquence — that his furrowed cheeks trembled with emotion, and that his eyes were suffused with tears. "Well, as if of yesterday," lately remarked Rufus Choate, "I remember how it was written home from Washington, that 'Mr. Webster closed a legal argument of great power by a peroration which charmed and melted his audience.'"

The actual peroration of this celebrated argument is not contained in the published report of the speech, but is furnished with a graphic description of the scene, by Prof. Goodrich, of Yale College, who went to Washington, as he states, chiefly for the sake of hearing Mr. Webster.

The Professor's words are quoted by the Hon. Rufus Choate, in his magnificent eulogy on Daniel Webster, pronounced at Dartmouth College, July 27, 1853. To this eloquent discourse* we refer the reader who wishes to read Mr. Goodrich's description, as well as to see the intellectual and oratorical character of Mr Webster beautifully and glowingly described by another of New England's greatest jurists and orators.

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* The Hon. Edward Everett, in his remarks at the Plymouth Festival, a few days after the delivery of Mr. Choate's Eulogy on Daniel Webster, thus alludes to this masterly effort: "Our matchless Choate who has just electrified the land with a burst of eloquence not easily paralleled in the line of time."

On the 22d of December, 1820, just two hundred years from that eventful hour when our Pilgrim Fathers first set foot on Plymouth rock, Mr. Webster, invited by the Pilgrim Society, delivered a discourse at Plymouth, commemorative of that memorable landing — of the first settlement of New England. It was an occasion of the highest interest; and an immense concourse of people assembled at Plymouth to unite in the celebration. Thousands were attracted to the consecrated spot merely by the fame of the orator. It was one of the proudest days that the noble descendants of the Pilgrims — those gallant, enterprising sons of New England — ever beheld.

The address which Mr. Webster made on that occasion was one of the greatest of his literary efforts, and produced the most powerful effect on the minds of the thousands who were so fortunate as to hear it.

When the orator rose to address his vast audience, he commenced by saying: "Let us rejoice that we behold this day. Let us be thankful that we have lived to see the bright and happy breaking of the auspicious morn, which commences the third century of the history of New England. Auspicious, indeed,— bringing a happiness beyond the common allotment of Providence to men,— full of present joy, and gilding with bright beams the prospect of futurity, is the dawn that awakens us to the commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims.

"Living at an epoch which naturally marks the progress of the history of our native land, we have come hither to celebrate the great event with which that history commenced. For ever honored be this, the place of our father's refuge! For ever remembered the day which saw them, weary and distressed, broken in every thing but spirit, poor in all but faith and courage, at last secure from the dangers of wintry seas, and impressing this shore with the first footsteps of civilized man!"

This celebrated production contains many heart-stirring passages. We select one — hardly excelled in the history of eloquence — exhibiting in the highest degree the powers of the orator's imagination:

"There is a local feeling connected with this occasion, too strong to be resisted; a sort of *genius of the place*, which inspires and awes us. We feel that we are on the spot where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where Christianity, and civilization, and letters made their first lodgment, in a vast extent of country, covered with a wilderness, and peopled by roving barbarians. We are here, at the season of the year at which the event took place. The imagination irresistibly and rapidly draws arounds us the principal features and the leading characters in the original scene. We cast our eyes abroad on the ocean, and we see where the little bark, with the interesting group upon its deck, made its slow progress to the shore. We look around us, and behold the hills and promontories where the anxious eyes of our fathers first saw the places of habitation and of rest. We feel the cold which benumbed, and listen to the winds which pierced them. Beneath us is the rock on which New England received the feet of the Pilgrims. We seem even to behold them, as they struggle with the elements, and, with toilsome efforts, gain the shore. We listen to the chiefs in council; we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whisperings of youthful impatience, and we see, what a painter of our own has also represented by his pencil, chilled and shivering childhood, houseless, but for a mother's arms, couchless, but for a mother's breast, till our own blood almost freezes. The mild dignity of CARVER and of BRADFORD;

the decisive and soldierlike air and manner of STANDISH; the devout BREWSTER; the enterprising ALLERTON; the general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joy for dangers escaped; their deep solicitude about dangers to come; their trust in Heaven; their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation; all of these seem to belong to this place, and to be present upon this occasion, to fill us with reverence and admiration."

In 1820, Mr. Webster served as an elector of President, at Mr. Monroe's second election; and in the same year he was chosen one of the delegates from Boston, to the State Convention which revised the Constitution of Massachusetts. Among other distinguished members of this convention was the venerable John Adams, then in the eighty-sixth year of his age. Mr. Webster was one of the most effective and powerful members of that renowned assembly, and took a leading part in the discussion of the most important subjects that were brought before the convention.

In the autumn of 1822, Mr. Webster was triumphantly elected Representative to Congress from the city of Boston, and in December, 1823, took his seat in the House. It was during this session that the question of the Greek Revolution was agitated in Congress. No subject was more congenial to Mr. Webster's feelings than this. Cherishing an indomitable love of liberty and of free institutions, he sympathized strongly with the oppressed, struggling Greeks, and raised his eloquent voice against the tyranny which sought to deprive them of the dearest rights of humanity. Like those great champions of human freedom, Edmund Burke, Henry Grattan, and Charles James Fox, he came forward and fearlessly avowed his principles to the world. Early in the session, he moved the following resolution in the House of Representatives:

Resolved, That provision ought to be made by law for defraying the expense incident to the appointment of an agent or commissioner to Greece, whenever the President shall deem it expedient to make such appointment.

In support of this resolution, Mr. Webster delivered his famous speech, on the 19th of January, 1824, in "the presence of an immense audience, brought together by the interesting nature of the subject and by the fame of the speaker, now returned, after six years' absence, to the field where he had gathered early laurels, and to which he had now come back with greatly augmented reputation. The public expectation was highly excited; and it is but little to say, that it was entirely fulfilled."

The speech of Mr. Webster on The Revolution in Greece, will be remembered as long as there is a trace of American eloquence. Its perusal will animate the heart and nerve the arm of future patriots to the latest posterity. This speech is pronounced by the eminent Jeremiah Mason "the best sample of parliamentary eloquence and statesmanlike reasoning which our country can show." The exordium contains that beautiful allusion to Greece, as the mistress of the world in the arts and sciences. For the elegance of its composition the passage deserves a place here, and in the memory of every admirer of ancient Grecian skill and glory:

"I am afraid, Mr. Chairman, that, so far as my part in this discussion is concerned, those expectations which the public excitement existing on the subject, and certain associations easily suggested by it, have conspired to raise, may be disappointed. An occasion which calls the attention to a spot so distinguished, so connected with interesting recollections, as Greece, may naturally create something of warmth and enthusiasm. In a grave, political discussion, however, it is necessary that those feelings should be chastised. I shall endeavor properly to repress them, although it is impossible that they should be altogether extinguished. We must, indeed, fly beyond the civilized world; we must pass the dominion of law and the boundaries of knowledge; we must, more especially, withdraw ourselves from this place, and the scenes and objects which here surround us,— if we would separate ourselves entirely from the influence of all those memorials of herself which ancient Greece has transmitted for the admiration and the benefit of mankind. This free form of government, this popular assembly, the common council held for the common good,—where have we contemplated its earliest models? This practice of free debate and public discussion, the contest of mind with mind, and that popular eloquence, which, if it were now here, on a subject like this, would move the stones of the Capitol,— whose was the language in which all these were first exhibited? Even the edifice in which we assemble, these proportioned columns, this ornamented architecture, all remind us that Greece has existed, and that we, like the rest of mankind, are greatly her debtors."*

About the middle of the speech, Mr. Webster has produced one of the finest passages in the language, on the power of public opinion over mere brutal force. To the question as to what this nation should do; whether we should declare war for the sake of Greece, and if not, if we would neither furnish armies nor navies, what we *should* do; what was in our power? he replied, in some of the happiest language he ever commanded: "Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and *the public opinion* of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It may be silenced by military power, but it can not be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, inextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

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* The interior of the hall of the House of Representatives is surrounded by a magnificent colonnade of the composite order.

'Vital in every part, ...
Can not, but by annihilating, die.'

"Unless this be propitiated or satisfied, it is in vain for power to talk either of triumphs or repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun, there is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conquerer back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that the world, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the scepter of his victory is a barren scepter; that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind."

When the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument was laid on the 17th of June, 1825, the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, Mr. Webster was called upon to deliver the address; and it is hardly necessary to say that, on such a spot, and on such a theme, he enchained and thrilled the heart of his immense audience, by a strain of eloquence, as lofty as ever flowed from human lips.*

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* The first great oration of Mr. Webster, on Bunker Hill, it is said

On such an occasion there was every thing to enkindle the patriotism and enthusiasm of an orator, and cause him to utter sublime ideas,—*thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.* Among the vast concourse of people that gathered around Bunker Hill to unite in the celebration, were more than one hundred heroes of the ever-memorable battle. General Lafayette was also present, and assisted in laying the corner-stone of the monument. It was the most splendid celebration that had been witnessed on Bunker Hill. A brief description of the scene, from the excellent work of Mr. Frothingham, on the Siege of Boston, will be read with interest:

"This celebration was unequaled in magnificence by any thing of the kind that had been seen in New England. The morning proved propitious. The air was cool, the sky was clear, and timely showers the previous day had brightened the vesture of nature into its loveliest hue. Delighted thousands flocked into Boston to bear a part in the proceedings, or to witness the spectacle. At about ten o'clock a procession moved from the State House towards Bunker Hill. The military, in their fine uniforms, formed the van. About two hundred veterans of the Revolution, of whom forty were survivors of the battle, rode in barouches next to the escort. These venerable men, the relics of a past generation, with emaciated frames, tottering limbs, and trembling voices, constituted a touching spectacle. Some wore, as honorable decorations, their old fighting equipments, and some bore the scars of still more honorable wounds. Glistening eyes constituted their

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was modeled, even to its best passages, in Marshpee Brook,—the orator catching trout and elaborating sentences, at the same time. It is further related, that, as the orator drew in some trout particularly large he was heard to exclaim, "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day."

answer to the enthusiastic cheers of the grateful multitudes who lined their pathway and cheered their progress. To this patriot band succeeded the Bunker Hill Monument Association. Then the Masonic fraternity, in their splendid regalia, thousands in number. Then Lafayette, continually welcomed by tokens of love and gratitude, and the invited guests. Then a long array of societies, with their various badges and banners. It was a splendid procession, and of such length that the front nearly reached Charlestown Bridge ere the rear had left Boston Common. It proceeded to Breed's Hill, where the Grand Master of the Freemasons, the President of the Monument Association, and General Lafayette, performed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, in the presence of a vast concourse of people."

It was in "the presence of as great a multitude as was ever perhaps assembled within the sound of a human voice" that Mr. Webster delivered his great, patriotic oration on Bunker Hill Monument; and it was then that he gave utterance to passages of Demosthenian fire — passages that will live forever — live in the memory of American citizens as long as the bright bow of Liberty shall overarch, with its glorious beams, our happy land. Almost every young American scholar has portions of this celebrated speech by heart. It is known every where. We select a single passage, the closing lines of which fall so sweetly upon the ear:

"We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must for ever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, [illegible] behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. *Let it rise! let it rise! till it meet the sun in his coming!—let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.*"

On the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversay of the Declaration of Independence, the decease of those illustrious patriots of the Revolution, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, took place. This was a most extraordinary coincidence. The removal of these great statesmen by death, on such a day and within a few hours of each other, produced a powerful impression on the public mind. It was an event which spread mourning through the land. In Boston, the demonstration of sorrow was very great, Faneuil Hall, the cradle of American liberty, was shrouded in black. Great preparations were made for performing a grand funeral service there. Mr. Webster was invited by the municipal authorities to deliver an oration commemorative of the lives and services of the departed statesmen; and on the 2d of August, 1826, in Faneuil Hall, in the presence of an immense audience, he pronounced the greatest funeral discourse that any language has produced. "The funeral orations of Bossuet, deservedly so celebrated, have not the repose, the dignity, nor sublimity of this. It sounds like a solemn anthem throughout." It was conceived and executed with rare felicity — in the most glowing and elevated language — in the highest tone of eloquence. What, for instance, can be more thrilling, than the following passage, proclaiming the immortality of Adams and Jefferson: "Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but their fame remains; for with AMERICAN LIBERTY it rose, and with AMERICAN LIBERTY ONLY can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of yonder choir, 'THEIR BODIES ARE BURIED IN PEACE, BUT THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.' I catch that solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph, 'THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.'"*

In this speech we have Mr. Webster's celebrated definition of genuine, patriotic eloquence. It is one of the finest strokes of his genius, as well as one of the most beautiful descriptions of the kind that ancient or modern eloquence has produced:

"When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,— this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, god-like action."

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* It has, perhaps, never been the fortune of an orator to treat a subject in all respects so extraordinary as that which called forth the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson; a subject in which the characters commemorated, the field of action, the magnitude of the events, and the peculiar personal relations, were so important and unusual. Certainly it is not extravagant to add, that no similar effort of oratory was ever more completely successful.—*Everett.*

"The speech ascribed to John Adams in the Continental Congress," says Mr. Everett, "on the subject of declaring the independence of the Colonies,— a speech of which the topics of course present themselves on the most superficial considerations of the subject, but of which a few hints only of what actually was said are supplied by the letters and diaries of Mr. Adams — is not excelled by any thing of the kind in our language. Few things have taken so strong a hold of the public mind. It thrills and delights alike the student of history, who recognizes it at once as the creation of the orator, and the common reader, who takes it to be the composition, not of Mr. Webster, but of Mr. Adams."

In the following well known passage, Mr. Webster from the scantiest materials has built up a noble fabric. So admirable is the speech itself, and so characteristic is it of what is known of Mr. Adams, that one is in doubt for which excellence it is deserving the greater praise:

"In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress, then, was to decide whether the tie which had so long bound us to the parent state was to be severed at once, and severed for ever. All the Colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow-citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest; if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears of still greater magnitude.

"Let us, then, bring before us the assembly, which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

"HANCOCK presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration.

"'Let us pause! This step, once taken, can not be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer Colonies, with charters and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerers. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England, for she will exert that strength to the utmost? Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputed to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions farther, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious subjects. I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground on which we have stood so long, and stood so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold.'

"It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

"'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interests for our good she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

"'The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, Sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

"'If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolve to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"'Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"'But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour has come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER.' "

In November, 1826, Mr. Webster was re-elected almost unanimously to Congress; but before the meeting of that body he was chosen, in June, 1827, by the Legislature of Massachusetts, to the Senate of the United States in the place of the Hon. Elijah H. Mills. Mr. Webster continued in the Senate, till he was appointed Secretary of State, under President Harrison, in 1841.

Passing over the subjects which successively engaged the attention of Mr. Webster, during the first two years of his senatorial career, we come to notice the most important era in his political life;— a period when his intellect and his eloquence shone in the highest noon of splendor;— when he "gained, at once and forever, the highest rank as a debater and orator." We refer, of course, to the great debate on Foot's resolution, in which Mr. Webster so ably defended the Constitution, sustained the Union, and overthrew the doctrine of nullification, so vehemently urged by Col. Hayne of South Carolina.* It was, in fact, a contest between the North and the South.

This greatest intellectual contest of the age, arose out of the following resolution, offered in the Senate, by Mr. Foot of Connecticut, on the 29th of December, 1829:

"*Resolved*, That the Committee on Public Lands be instructed to inquire and report the quantity of public lands remaining unsold within each State and Territory. And whether it be expedient to limit for a certain period the sales of the public lands to such lands only as have heretofore been offered for sale and are now subject to entry at the minimum price. And, also, whether the office of Surveyor-General and some of the land offices, may not be abolished without detriment to the public interest; or whether it [illegible] expedient to adopt measures to hasten the sales and extend more rapidly the surveys of the public lands."

On the 18th of January, Mr. Benton of Missouri, took the floor against the resolution. On the following day, Mr. Hayne spoke at considerable length on the same side. When he took his seat, Mr. Webster rose to reply, but gave way to a motion for adjournment from Mr. Benton. On the 20th, Mr. Webster delivered his first speech on the resolution. On the 21st, Col. Hayne took the floor and spoke an hour, violently attacking New England and Mr. Webster, her most distinguished representative. In the conclusion of his speech, giving Mr. Webster a fair warning of the fate that awaited him, he said:

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* Robert Y. Hayne, the great antagonist of Daniel Webster, and one of the most brilliant orators of the South, was born near Charleston, South Carolina, on the 10th of November, 1791. The Senate of the United States was the theater of his greatest glory. Here he acquired a reputation that will last forever. In 1832, Mr. Hayne was elected governor of South Carolina. He died on the 24th of September, 1841, in the 48th year of his age.

Col. Hayne possessed some of the highest characteristics of eloquence. He was often vehement and impassioned. His invectives were unsparing. "His voice was full and melodious, and his manner, earnest and impressive. Full of ingenuous sensibility, his eyes were as expressive as his tongue, and as he poured out his thoughts or feelings, either in a strain of captivating sweetness, or of impetuous and overbearing passion, every emotion of his soul was distinctly depicted in the lineaments of his countenance. His mind was active, energetic, and aggressive. He was full of enthusiasm, altogether in earnest; when he spoke, every limb of his body, and every feature of his countenance sympathized with the action of his mind."

"Sir, the gentleman from Massachusetts has thought proper for purposes best known to himself, to strike the South through me; the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the State of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens, and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and her institutions. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict, I meet him at the threshold — I will struggle, while I have life, for our altars and our firesides, and if God gives me strength, I will drive back the invader discomfited. Nor shall I stop there. If the gentleman provokes war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border; I will carry the war into the enemy's territory, and not consent to lay down my arms, until I shall have obtained 'indemnity for the past, and security for the future.' It is with unfeigned reluctance that I enter upon the performance

"Hayne dashed into debate, like the Mameluke cavalry upon a charge. There was a gallant air about him, that could not but win admiration. He never provided for retreat; he never imagined it. He had an invincible confidence in himself, which arose partly from constitutional temperament, partly from previous success. His was the Napoleonic warfare; to strike at once for the capitol of the enemy, heedless of danger or cost to his own forces. Not doubting to overcome all odds, he feared none, however seemingly superior. Of great fluency and no little force of expression, his speech never halted, and seldom fatigued.

"His oratory was graceful and persuasive. An impassioned manner, somewhat vehement at times, but rarely if ever extravagant; a voice well-modulated and clear; a distinct, though rapid enunciation; a confident, but not often offensive address; these, accompanying and illustrating language well selected, and periods well turned, made him a popular and effective speaker."

of this part of my duty: I shrink, almost instinctively, from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feelings, and sectional jealousies. But Sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to the performance of my duty; be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me the necessity. The Senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to a homely adage, that 'he lives in a glass-house,' on his head be the consequences."

On Monday, the 25th, in concluding his argument, Col. Hayne made a long and brilliant speech which "was still more strongly characterized than the first with severity, not to say bitterness, towards the Eastern States. The tone toward Mr. Webster personally was not courteous. It bordered on the offensive." When Col. Hayne had concluded his speech, Mr. Webster immediately rose to reply, but, it being late in the day, gave way to a motion for adjournment.

As the Massachusetts Senator walked down the center-walk in the Capitol park, after the delivery of Col. Hayne's speech, a friend said to him: "Mr. Webster, that will be a difficult speech to answer." "We shall see," said Mr. Webster, taking off his hat, and passing his hand over his forehead, "we — shall — see, sir, to-morrow: we shall see *to-morrow*, sir!"

"And they *did* see — and the country — and the world. When Daniel Webster, with his dark, lustrous eyes, looked through the glass dome of the Senate chamber, over which the banner of his country was floating, he gave utterance to words which will be as immortal as the earth on which that Capitol stands."

Even after the impetuous onset of Col. Hayne was over, some of his friends, who knew Mr. Webster's powers, who

h. l felt it directed against themselves, were doubtful as to the final success of their champion. Among these, were Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Iredell, a senator from North Carolina. The latter remarked to a friend who was praising Mr. Hayne's speech; "He has started the lion — but wait till we hear his roar, or feel his claws." The world knows that Col. Hayne and his friends did both *hear his roar* and *feel his claws.*

The scene in the Senate chamber, on the 26th of January, 1830 — the day on which Mr Webster delivered his great speech on Foot's resolution— is vividly described by M.. March. No writer has presented such a graphic statement of the circumstances connected with this remarkable effort as this distinguished author has done. From his animated pages, we present the following extract which will be read with interest as long as that famous debate shall be remembered:

"It was on Tuesday, January the 26th, 1830,— a day to be hereafter forever memorable in Senatorial annals,— that the Senate resumed the consideration of Foote's Resolution. There never was before, in the city, an occasion of so much excitement. To witness this great intellectual contest, multitudes of strangers had for two or three days previous been rushing into the city, and the hotels overflowed. As early as 9 o'clock of this morning, crowds poured into the Capitol, in hot haste; at 12 o'clock, the hour of meeting, the Senate chamber,— its galleries, floor and even lobbies,— was filled to its utmost capacity. The very stairways were dark with men, who hung on to one another, like bees in a swarm.

"The House of Representatives was early deserted. An adjournment would have hardly made it emptier. The Speaker, it is true, retained his chair, but no business of moment was, or could be, attended to. Members all rushed in to hear Mr. Webster, and no call of the House or other parliamentary proceedings could compel them back. The floor of the Senate was so densely crowded, that persons once in could not get out, nor change their position; in the rear of the Vice-Presidential chair, the crowd was particularly intense. Dixon H. Lewis, then a Representative from Alabama, became wedged in here. From his enormous size, it was impossible for him to move without displacing a vast portion of the multitude. Unfortunately too, for him, he was jammed in directly behind the chair of the Vice-President, where he could not see, and could hardly hear, the speaker. By slow and laborious effort — pausing occasionally to breathe — he gained one of the windows, which, constructed of painted glass, flanked the chair of the Vice-President on either side. Here he paused, unable to make more headway. But determined to see Mr. Webster as he spoke, with his knife he made a large hole in one of the panes of the glass; which is still visible as he made it. Many were so placed, as not to be able to see the speaker at all.

"The courtesy of Senators accorded to the fairer sex room on the floor — the most gallant of them, their own seats. The gay bonnets and brilliant dresses threw a varied and picturesque beauty over the scene, softening and embellishing it.

"Seldom, if ever, has a speaker in this or any other country had more powerful incentives to exertion; a subject, the determination of which involved the most important interests, and even duration, of the republic; competitors, unequaled in reputation, ability, or position; a name to be made still more glorious, or lost forever; and an audience, comprising not only persons of this country most eminent in intellectual greatness, but representatives of other nations, where the art of eloquence had flourished for ages. All the soldier seeks in opportunity was here.

"Mr. Webster perceived, and felt equal to, the destinies of the moment. The very greatness of the hazard exhilarated him. His spirits rose with the occasion. He awaited the time of onset with a stern and impatient joy. He felt, like the war-horse of the Scriptures,— who 'paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: who goeth on to meet the armed men,— who sayeth among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and who smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.'

" A confidence in his own resources, springing from no vain estimate of his power, but the legitimate offspring of previous severe mental discipline sustained and excited him. He had gauged his opponents, his subject and *himself.*

" He was too, at this period, in the very prime of manhood. He had reached middle age — an era in the life of man, when the faculties, physical or intellectual, may be supposed to attain their fullest organization, and most perfect development. Whatever there was in him of intellectual energy and vitality, the occasion, his full life and high ambition, might well bring forth.

" He never rose on an ordinary occasion to address an ordinary audience more self-possessed. There was no tremulousness in his voice nor manner; nothing hurried, nothing simulated. The calmness of superior strength was visible everywhere; in countenance, voice and bearing. A deep-seated conviction of the extraordinary character of the emergency, and of his ability to control it, seemed to possess him wholly. If an observer, more than ordinarily keen-sighted, detected at times something like exultation in his eye, he presumed it sprang from the excitement of the moment, and the anticipation of victory.

" The anxiety to hear the speech was so intense, irrepressible, and universal, that no sooner had the Vice-President assumed the chair, than a motion was made and unanimously carried, to postpone the ordinary preliminaries of Senatorial action, and to take up immediately the consideration of the resolution.

"Mr. Webster rose and addressed the Senate. His exordium is known by heart, everywhere: 'Mr. President, when the mariner has been tossed, for many days, in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence; and before we float further, on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may, at least, be able to form some conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution.'

"There wanted no more to enchain the attention. There was a spontaneous, though silent, expression of eager approbation, as the orator concluded these opening remarks. And while the clerk read the resolution, many attempted the impossibility of getting nearer the speaker. Every head was inclined closer towards him, every ear turned in the direction of his voice — and that deep, sudden, mysterious silence followed, which always attends fullness of emotion. From the sea of upturned faces before him, the orator beheld his thoughts reflected as from a mirror. The varying countenance, the suffused eye, the earnest smile, and ever-attentive look assured him of his audience's entire sympathy. If among his hearers there were those who affected at first an indifference to his glowing thoughts and fervent periods, the difficult mask was soon laid aside, and profound, undisguised, devoted attention followed. In the earlier part of his speech, one of his principal opponents seemed deeply engrossed in the careful perusal of a newspaper he held before his face; but this, on nearer approach, proved to be *upside down*. In truth, all, sooner or later, voluntarily, or in spite of themselves, were wholly carried away by the eloquence of the orator.

"Those who had doubted Mr. Webster's ability to cope with and overcome his opponents were fully satisfied of their error before he had proceeded far in his speech. Their fears soon took another direction. When they heard his sentences of powerful thought, towering in accumulative grandeur, one above the other, as if the orator strove, Titan-like, to reach the very heavens themselves, they were giddy with an apprehension that he would break down in his flight. They dared not believe, that genius, learning, any intellectual endowment however uncommon, that was simply mortal, could sustain itself long in a career seemingly so perilous. They feared an Icarian fall.

"Ah! who can ever forget, that was present to hear, the tremendous, the *awful* burst of eloquence with which the orator spoke of the *Old Bay State!* or the tones of deep pathos in which the words were pronounced:

"'Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. There she is — behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history: the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill — and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State; from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice; and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it — if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it — if folly and madness — if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint — shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked: it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.'

"What New England heart was there but throbbed with vehement, tumultuous, irrepressible emotion, as he dwelt upon New England sufferings, New England struggles, and New England triumphs during the war of the Revolution? There was scarcely a dry eye in the Senate; all hearts were overcome; grave judges and men grown old in dignified life turned aside their heads, to conceal the evidences of their emotion.

"In one corner of the gallery was clustered a group of Massachusetts men. They had hung from the first moment upon the words of the speaker, with feelings variously but always warmly excited, deepening in intensity as he proceeded. At first, while the orator was going through his exordium, they held their breath and hid their faces, mindful of the savage attack upon him and New England, and the fearful odds against him, her champion;—as he went deeper into his speech, they felt easier; when he turned Hayne's flank on Banquo's ghost, they breathed freer and deeper. But now, as he alluded to Massachusetts, their feelings were strained to the highest tension; and when the orator, concluding his encomium upon the land of their birth, turned intentionally, or otherwise, his burning eye full upon them — *they shed tears like girls!*

"No one who was not present can understand the excitement of the scene. No one, who was, can give an adequate description of it. No word-painting can convey the deep, intense enthusiasm,— the reverential attention, of that vast assembly — nor limner transfer to canvass their earnest, eager, awe-struck countenances. Though language were as subtle and flexible as thought, it still would be impossible to represent the full idea of the scene. There is something intangible in an emotion, which can not be transferred The nicer shades of feeling elude pursuit. Every description, therefore, of the occasion, seems to the narrator himself most tame, spiritless, unjust.

"Much of the instantaneous effect of the speech arose, of course, from the orator's delivery — the tones of his voice, his countenance, and manner. These die mostly with the occasion that calls them forth — the impression is lost in the attempt at transmission from one mind to another. They can only be described in general terms. 'Of the effectiveness of Mr. Webster's manner, in many parts,' says Mr. Everett, 'it would be in vain to attempt to give any one not present the faintest idea. It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water, but I must confess, I never heard any thing which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown.'

"The variety of incident during the speech, and the rapid fluctuation of passions, kept the audience in continual expectation and ceaseless agitation. There was no chord of the heart the orator did not strike, as with a master-hand. The speech was a complete drama of comic and pathetic scenes: one varied excitement; laughter and tears gaining alternate victory.

"A great portion of the speech is strictly argumentative; an exposition of constitutional law. But grave as such portion necessarily is, severely logical, abounding in no fancy or episode, it engrossed throughout the undivided attention of every intelligent hearer. Abstractions, under the glowing genius of the orator, acquired a beauty, a vitality, a power to thrill the blood and enkindle the affections, awakening into earnest activity many a dormant faculty. His ponderous syllables had an energy, a vehemence of meaning in them that fascinated, while they startled. His thoughts in their statuesque beauty merely would have gained all critical judgment; but he realized the antique fable, and warmed the marble into life. There was a sense of power in his language,— of power withheld and suggestive of still greater power,— that subdued, as by a spell of mystery, the hearts of all. For power, whether intellectual or physical, produces in its earnest development a feeling closely allied to awe It was never more felt than on this occasion. It had entire mastery. The sex, which is said to love it best and abuse it most, seemed as much or more carried away than the sterner one. Many who had entered the hall with light, gay thoughts, anticipating at most a pleasurable excitement, soon became deeply interested in the speaker and his subject — surrendered him their entire heart; and, when the speech was over, and they left the hall, it was with sadder perhaps, but, surely, with far more elevated and ennobling emotions.

"The exulting rush of feeling with which he went through the peroration threw a glow over his countenance, like inspiration. Eye, brow, each feature, every line of the face seemed touched, as with a celestial fire.

"The swell and roll of his voice struck upon the ears of the spell-bound audience, in deep and melodious cadence, as waves upon the shore of the 'far-resounding' sea. The Miltonic grandeur of his words was the fit expression of his thought and raised his hearers up to his theme. His voice, exerted to its utmost power, penetrated every recess or corner of the Senate — penetrated even the ante-rooms and stairways, as he pronounced in deepest tones of pathos these words of solemn significance: 'When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; no States dissevered, discordant, belligerent! on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased nor polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first and Union afterwards; but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!'

"The speech was over, but the tones of the orator still lingered upon the ear, and the audience, unconscious of the close, retained their positions. The agitated countenance, the heaving breast, the suffused eye attested the continued influence of the spell upon them. Hands that in the excitement of the moment had sought each other, still remained closed in an unconscious grasp. Eye still turned to eye, to receive and repay mutual sympathy;—and every where around seemed forgetfulness of all but the orator's presence and words."

The great speech of Mr. Webster in reply to Col. Hayne, is justly regarded as the ablest of his productions, and may, probably, with truth, be pronounced, says Mr. Everett, the most celebrated speech ever delivered in Congress. We may say more — that it has no superior in the annals of parliamentary debate — that in many respects, it was the greatest oratorical effort ever made by any statesman in ancient or modern times.

In this great intellectual conflict — this collision of mind with mind — Mr. Webster won laurels, as unfading, as ever graced a Senator's brow. Neither Demosthenes nor Cicero in their palmiest days obtained a brighter fame.

The same year that Mr. Webster gained such immortal triumph in the Senate, he added additional luster to his fame in the forum, by an extraordinary forensic effort.

It was in 1830, that he made his argument on the trial of John Francis Knapp, for the murder of Captain Joseph White,* of Salem, Massachusetts. The argument closes with a passage of uncommon beauty on the power of conscience. There is nothing in the language, says Mr. Everett, superior to it. When reminding the jury of the obligation they were under to discharge their duty, he thus concluded his effort:

"With consciences satisfied with the discharge of duty, no consequences can harm you. There is no evil that we can not either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We can not escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity, which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it."

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* The reader will find an interesting account of this remarkable murder and of the trial, in an article, written by Mr. Merril, and prefixed to Mr. Webster's argument in the sixth volume of his works. Mr. March has also devoted a chapter to this subject in his Reminiscenses of Congress.

In the winter of 1833, when the doctrine of nullification was so vehemently advocated in the Senate by Mr. Calhoun,— when South Carolina was on the verge of revolution,— when the whole country was on the point of being involved in a civil war,— Mr. Webster came forward again, as the defender of the Constitution and the Union.

Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Webster were now engaged in their greatest intellectual struggle. Each put forth all his resources;— the one to defend, the other to crush the doctrine of nullification. To witness this great intellectual combat between two of the most accomplished debaters the world has ever seen, multitudes were attracted to the Capitol. The Senate chamber was densely crowded when their speeches were delivered. It was on the 15th and 16th of February, 1833, that Mr. Calhoun delivered his celebrated speech against the FORCE BILL, and in support of his own resolutions. It was, perhaps, the greatest effort he ever made in the Senate. As soon as he concluded, Mr. Webster took the floor in reply, and made a speech scarcely inferior to his great speech in reply to Hayne. It is difficult to produce a finer piece of parliamentary logic. Mr. Webster commenced by saying:

"MR. PRESIDENT,— The gentleman from South Carolina has admonished us to be mindful of the opinions of those who shall come after us. We must take our chance, Sir, as to the light in which posterity will regard us. I do not decline its judgment, nor withhold myself from its scrutiny. Feeling that I am performing my public duty with singleness of heart and to the best of my ability, I fearlessly trust myself to the country, now and hereafter, and leave both my motives and my character to its decision.

"The gentleman has terminated his speech in a tone of threat and defiance towards this bill, even should it become a law of the land, altogether unusual in the halls of Congress. But I shall not suffer myself to be excited into warmth by this denunciation of the measure which I support. Among the feelings which at this moment fill my breast, not the least is that of regret at the position in which the gentleman has placed himself. Sir, he does himself no justice. The cause which he has espoused finds no basis in the Constitution, no succor from public sympathy, no cheering from a patriotic community. He has no foothold on which to stand while he might display the powers of his acknowledged talents. Every thing beneath his feet is hollow and treacherous. He is like a strong man struggling in a morass: every effort to extricate himself only sinks him deeper and deeper. And I fear the resemblance may be carried still farther; I fear that no friend can safely come to his relief, that no one can approach near enough to hold out a helping hand, without danger of going down himself, also, into the bottomless depths of this Serbonian bog.

"The honorable gentleman has declared, that on the decision of the question now in debate may depend the cause of liberty itself. I am of the same opinion; but then, Sir, the liberty which I think is staked on the contest is not political liberty, in any general and undefined character, but our own well-understood and long-enjoyed *American* liberty.

"Sir, I love Liberty no less ardently than the gentleman himself, in whatever form she may have appeared in the progress of human history. As exhibited in the master states of antiquity, as breaking out again from amidst the darkness of the Middle Ages, and beaming on the formation of new communities in modern Europe, she has, always and every where, charms for me. Yet, Sir, it is our own liberty, guarded by constitutions and secured by union, it is that liberty which is our paternal inheritance, it is our established, dear-bought, peculiar American liberty, to which I am chiefly devoted, and the cause of which I now mean, to the utmost of my power, to maintain and defend."

The peroration, containing those "words of solemn warning," will be remembered by every friend of the Union and the Constitution, while our country stands united under one free and happy government.

"Mr. President, if the friends of nullification should be able to propagate their opinions, and give them practical effect, they would, in my judgment, prove themselves the most skillful 'architects of ruin,' the most effectual extinguishers of high-raised expectation, the greatest blasters of human hopes, that any age has produced. They would stand up to proclaim, in tones which would pierce the ears of half the human race, that the last great experiment of representative government had failed. They would send forth sounds, at the hearing of which the doctrine of the divine right of kings would feel, even in its grave, a returning sensation of vitality and resuscitation. Millions of eyes of those who now feed their inherent love of liberty on the success of the American example, would turn away from beholding our dismemberment, and find no place on earth whereon to rest their gratified sight. Amidst the incantations and orgies of nullification, secession, disunion, and revolution, would be celebrated the funeral rites of constitutional and republican liberty.

"But, Sir, if the government do its duty, if it act with firmness and with moderation, these opinions can not prevail. Be assured, Sir, be assured, that, among the political sentiments of this people, the love of union is still uppermost. They will stand fast by the Constitution, and by those who defend it. I rely on no temporary expedients, on no political combination; but I rely on the true American feeling, the genuine patriotism of the people, and the imperative decision of the public voice. Disorder and confusion, indeed, may arise; scenes of commotion and contest are threatened, and perhaps may come. With my whole heart, I pray for the continuance of the domestic peace and quiet of the country. I desire, most ardently, the restoration of affection and harmony to all its parts. I desire that every citizen of the whole country may look to this government with no other sentiments than those of grateful respect and attachment. But I can not yield even to kind feelings the cause of the Constitution, the true glory of the country, and the great trust which we hold in our hands for succeeding ages. If the Constitution can not be maintained without meeting these scenes of commotion and contest, however unwelcome, they must come. We can not, we must not, we dare not, omit to do that which, in our judgment, the safety of the Union requires. Not regardless of consequences, we must yet meet consequences; seeing the hazards which surround the discharge of public duty, it must yet be discharged. For myself, Sir, I shun no responsibility justly devolving on me, here or elsewhere, in attempting to maintain the cause. I am bound to it by indissoluble ties of affection and duty, and I shall cheerfully partake in its fortunes and its fate. I am ready to perform my own appropriate part, whenever and wherever the occasion may call on me, and to take my chance among those upon whom blows may fall first and fall thickest. I shall exert every faculty I possess in aiding to prevent the Constitution from being nullified, destroyed, or impaired; and even should I see it fall, I will still, with a voice feeble, perhaps, but earnest as ever issued from human lips, and with fidelity and zeal which nothing shall extinguish, call on the PEOPLE to come to its rescue."

Mr. Webster concluded his speech in a deep, thrilling tone. The effect was electric. Scarcely had the last charming sound of the orator's voice died away, when a tremendous burst of applause from the galleries, testified that the People were with him — that they approved what he said — that they were ready to maintain the Constitution to the last.

"The thronged Senate-chamber, while it listened to the deep tones of the speaker, as in his most impressive manner he pronounced this eloquent admonition, surged like the sea. You saw the undulating motion of the crowd, leaning forward to catch each word as it fell, and forced back to its original position. It was late in the evening when the orator got through his speech. The emotions of the multitude, which had been repressed during the day did not hesitate to find articulate and forcible expression under the protecting shadows of the night; and hardly had the speaker concluded his remarks, before the galleries, rising to a man, gave a hearty, vociferous cheer, for "Daniel Webster, the defender of the Constitution."

The next great subject that enlisted the attention of Mr. Webster was the Bank controversy. On the 18th of September, 1833, the removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States was effected by the order of President Jackson. This step, as all know, proved most disastrous to the business of the country. When Congress met, about two months after this removal had taken place, Mr. Clay introduced a resolution, which passed the Senate (March 28th, 1834), censuring the President for assuming power not warranted by the Constitution. On the 17th of April, Gen. Jackson communicated to the Senate his memorable PROTEST against this resolution. This drew from Mr. Webster, on the 7th of May, an argument of great beauty, power, and compass.

"This speech," says Mr. Everett, "will be ever memorable for that sublime passage on the extent of the power of England, which will be quoted with admiration wherever our language is spoken, and while England retains her place in the family of nations."

Regarding the act of the President as an inroad upon the Constitution, and dangerous to the liberties of the country, Mr. Webster asserted, in his speech, that every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are intrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. While adverting to the great principles of civil liberty, and to the resistance made by the Revolutionary patriots to the assertion of the right of the British Parliament to tax them, he gave utterance to some of the most beautiful and lofty sentences he ever produced:

"We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the Colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water in a contest against an assertion which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye or their well-directed blow till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. *On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar aff, they raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.*"

This speech was received with the warmest commendation throughout the Union. Chancellor Kent, in a letter to Mr. Webster, written a few days after the speech was delivered, said "You never equaled this effort. It surpasses every thing in logic, in simplicity and beauty, and energy of diction; in clearness, in rebuke, in sarcasm, in patriotic and glowing feeling, in just and profound constitutional views, in critical severity, and matchless strength. It is worth millions to our liberties."

On the election of General Harrison to the presidency, in 1840, Mr. Webster was appointed Secretary of State. In 1842, he negotiated a treaty with Lord Ashburton, which settled the question of the northeastern boundary, and put an end to a long dispute with England. This was one of the most praiseworthy acts of Mr. Webster's life — one for which his name deserves to be held in lasting remembrance by a grateful people. Shortly after this honorable adjustment of national difficulties, Mr. Webster resigned the office of Secretary of State under President Tyler, and remained in private life during the residue of the Administration.

In 1843, when the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument was to be celebrated in an imposing manner, Mr.

Webster was invited to deliver an oration on the joyous anniversary. He consented; and on the 17th of June, gave utterance to his patriotic sentiments in a noble strain of fervid eloquence which thrilled the heart of his vast audience. It was an occasion of the highest interest. The proudest monument of the land had just been finished; and the greatest orator of the nation was to display his eloquence on a spot moistened by the blood of freemen, and ever dear to American hearts. The day was clear, cool, and delightful. An immense procession moved from Boston to the battle-ground. Mr. Webster stood upon an elevated platform in the open air; above him stretched a clear, blue, smiling sky; beneath him was the sacred ground which had been stained with the blood of the Revolutionary patriots; and before him was a sea of upturned faces, with the glorious monument towering towards heaven.

It was estimated that a hundred thousand persons were present. Among this immense multitude were one hundred and eight surviving veterans of the Revolution, some of whom had been in the hard-fought battle of Bunker Hill. "The ground rises slightly between the platform and the Monument Square, so that the whole of this immense concourse, compactly crowded together, breathless with attention, swayed by one sentiment of admiration and delight, was within the full view of the speaker. The position and the occasion were the height of the moral sublime."

Mr. Webster rose and said:—"A DUTY has been performed. A work of gratitude and patriotism is completed. This structure, having its foundations in soil which drank deep of early Revolutionary blood, has at length reached its destined height, and now lifts its summit to the skies."

"The Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands. Fortunate in the high natural eminence in which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land and over the sea; and, visible, at their homes, to three hundred thousand of the people of Massachusetts, it stands a memorial of the last, and a monitor to the present and to all succeeding generations. I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose, and that purpose gives it its character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe. It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it could not be from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around me. The powerful speaker stands motionless before us.* It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquary shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun; in the blaze of noonday, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light; it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. Its silent, but awful utterance; its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world, from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time; the elevation with which it raises us high above the ordinary feeling of life, surpass all that the study of the closet, or even the inspiration of genius, can produce. To-day it speaks to us. Its future auditories will be the successive generations of men, as they rise up before it and gather around it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind; and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country."*

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* "When, after saying, 'It is not from my lips, it could not be from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow most competent to move and excite the vast multitude around me,— the powerful speaker stands motionless before us,' he paused, and pointed in silent admiration to the sublime structure, the audience burst into long and loud applause. It was some moments before the speaker could go on with the address."

"The thrill of admiration," says Mr. Everett, "which ran through the assembled thousands, when, at the commencement of his discourse on that occasion, Mr. Webster apostrophized the monument itself as the mute orator of the day, has been spoken of by those who had the good fortune to be present as an emotion beyond the power of language to describe. The gesture, the look, the tone of the speaker, as he turned to the majestic shaft, seemed to invest it with a mysterious life; and men held their breath as if a solemn voice was about to come down from its towering summit."

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* It will be interesting to read, in connection with Mr. Webster's oration, the thrilling speech of Kossuth on Bunker Hill. What can be more beautiful or vehement in language than the following passage from the address of the noble Hungarian:

" My voice shrinks from the task to mingle with the awful pathos of that majestic orator! [Pointing to the monument.] Silent like the grave, and yet melodious like the song of immortality upon the lips of cherubim. — a senseless, cold granite. and yet warm with inspiration like a patriot's heart. — immovable like the past, and yet stirring like the future, which never stops, — it looks like a prophet, and speaks like an oracle. And thus it speaks:

" ' The day I commemorate is the rod with which the hand of the Lord has opened the well of liberty. Its waters will flow; every new drop of martyr blood will increase the tide. Despots may dam its flood, but never stop it. The higher its dam, the higher the tide; it will overflow, or break through. Bow, and adore, and hope!'

" Such are the words which come to my ears; *and I bow, I adore, I hope!*

" In bowing, my eyes meet the soil of Bunker Hill, — that awful opening scene of the eventful drama to which Lexington and Concord had been the preface!

" The spirits of the past rise before my eyes. I see Richard Gridley hastily

In 1845, Mr. Webster again took his seat in the Senate of the United States, as successor to Hon. Rufus Choate.* When Mr. Fillmore succeeded to the presidency, on the death of Gen. Taylor, in July, 1850, Mr. Webster was again appointed Secretary of State, and in this department he remained until his death.

Among the last oratorical efforts which Mr. Webster made in the Senate of the United States, was his great speech for the Constitution and the Union, delivered in the presence of an immense audience, on the 7th of March, 1850. His closing sentences in this speech are so exquisitely finished, and contain such a glowing representation of national glory, that they deserve to be quoted here.

Speaking of the high trusts which devolve on the present generation of our countrymen, for the preservation of the

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planning the intrenchments. I hear the dull, cold, blunt sound of the pickaxe and spade in the hands of the patriot band. I hear the patrols say that "all is well." I see Knowlton raising his line of rail fence, upon which soon the guns will rest, that the bullets may prove to their message true. I see the tall, commanding form of Prescott marching leisurely around the parapet, inflaming the tired patriots with the classical words that those who had the merit of the labor should have the honor of the victory. I see Asa Pollard fall, the first victim of that immortal day; I see the chaplain praying over him; and now the roaring of cannon from ships ana from batteries, and the blaze of the burning town, and the thrice-renewed storm, and the persevering defense, till powder was gone, and but stones remained. And I see Warren telling Elbridge Gerry that it is sweet and fair to die for the father-land. I see him lingering in his retreat, and, struck in the forehead, fall to the ground; and Pomeroy, with his shattered musket in his brave hand, complaining that he

* Rufus Choate, who has been admirably styled the Erskine of America, and who is one of the brightest ornaments of the American bar, was born in Essex county, Massachusetts, on the 1st of October, 1799. At school he was early noted for his extraordinary powers of memory, and close application to study. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1819. He commenced the study of law in the Dane Law School, at Cambridge, and afterwards entered the office of the celebrated William Wirt, at Washington. In 1830, Mr. Choate was elected to the senate of his native state. In 1832, he was chosen as a representative to Congress, and in 1842, he was elected to the Senate of the Union. This sta-

constitution, and of the vast extent of the American Republic, he said: "Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this constitution and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the states to this constitution for ages to come. We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the affections of the whole people. No monarchical throne presses these states together, no iron chain of military power encircles them; they live and stand under a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last for ever. In all its history it

remained unhurt, when Warren had to die; and I see all the brave who fell unnamed, unnoticed and unknown, the nameless corner-stones of American independence!"

Kossuth possesses, in an eminent degree, those oratorical qualities which are essential to great success in public speaking — those powers by which a speaker is enabled to sweep the chords of human feeling. And, what effect has been produced by the delivery of his public speeches, the world knows. While addressing large assemblies, he has been listened to with breathless attention.

"Reporters have been too excited to proceed accurately with their notes, and a glow of mysterious delight, like an atmosphere, has pervaded the hall through which floated his melodious tones. In England, men who have heard the eloquence of parliament for half a century, and could listen motionless to advocates whose fame is wide as the empire, while making juries weep, have felt their pulses leap to the sound of his voice. They describe his eloquence as 'Shaksperean,' 'Miltonian,' and 'most thrilling.'"

tion he resigned in 1845, and was succeeded by Mr. Webster as above stated. Like Lord Erskine, he is in his element while pleading *at the bar*. The forum is the grand theater of his glory. The Law Reporter remarks on his character as an orator: "He is certainly one of the most gifted orators of New England. A brilliant intellect, which has been developed by exact and laborious study, a wonderful power of discrimination and abstraction, an exuberant flow of lanhas been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no state. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize, on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental border of the buckle of Achilles:

> 'Now, the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
> With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
> In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
> And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.'"

At the grand ceremonial of the laying of the corner-stone of the addition to the Capitol, on the 4th of July,

guage, a sparkling wit, a lively fancy, and an overwhelming enthusiasm, enable him to control almost any audience, and entitle him to the name of the American Erskine" "While pleading, his eye flashes, as it turns rapidly from the court to the jury, and the jury to the court. Ever remarking, with intuitive sagacity, the slightest traces of emotion or thought in the eye, lip, face, position or movement, of the judge—ever reading the soul revealed to him," as one graphically sketches, "perhaps to him alone, and comprehended by that mysterious sympathy which unites the orator and auditor, as by an electric atmosphere, through which thoughts and feelings pass and repass in silence, but in power, Choate is aware, with the certainty of genius and the rapidity of instinct, of the effect he has produced upon the judge, whose slightest word, he knows, is weightier than the eloquence of counsel; and, at the first slight intimation of dissent, rapidly, but almost imperceptibly, modifies, limits and explains, his idea, until he feels the concert of mental sympathy between mind and mind; and then, like a steed checked into noble action, or a river raising to burst over its barriers, with his mind elevated and excited by opposition, he discourses to the jury logic, eloquence and poetry, in tones that linger in the memory like the parting sound of a cathedral bell, or the dying note of an organ. His voice is deep, musical, sad. Thrilling it can be as a fife, but it has often a plaintive cadence, as though his soul mourned, amid the loud and angry tumults of the forum, for the quiet grove of the academy, or in these

1851, Mr. Webster delivered the last of his most eloquent, patriotic addresses. It was one of the noblest of his oratorical efforts—a magnificent burst of the highest eloquence. Passages of great beauty occur in this speech, which, to adopt the words of one of the most accomplished living orators of our country, "will be read with admiration as long as the Capitol itself shall last." "The allusion and apostrophe to Washington," says Mr. Everett, "will be rehearsed by the generous youth of America as long as the English language is spoken on this side of the Atlantic ocean." It was natural that the orator should refer on such an occasion as this to the illustrious Father of his country, who in 1793 had laid the corner-stone of the original Capitol. In the following lines we have the beautiful allusion and apostrophe:

"Fellow-citizens, what contemplations are awakened in our minds as we assemble here to reenact a scene like that performed by Washington! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me, as presented in the glorious statue by Houdon, now in the Capitol of Virginia. He is dignified

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evil times sighed at the thought of those charms and virtues which we dare conceive in boyhood, and pursue as men, the unreached paradise of our despair."

In a work entitled the "Statesmen of America in 1846," we have a beautiful allusion to a memorable forensic effort of Mr. Choate. The author says: "I have no words to describe the extraordinary effort of this remarkable man. The fluency, rapidity and beauty of his language, his earnest manner, his excited action, and his whole being, conflicting with the most intense emotion; he was all nerve, each sense, each faculty was absorbed in the great duty of the day; and sometimes it seemed that tears alone could relieve the uncontrollable agitation which thrilled through his frame, and quivered on his lip, and trembled in his voice; the strong nerve of a man alone enabled him to command his struggling feelings; for an instant he paused, and then again gushed forth his words clothed in each form of argument and persuasion, that the reach of mind and knowledge can suggest or use. His memory supplied quotations, learned and to the point; his imagination called each poetic fancy quick to his aid; and his voice of music attuned itself to all the varied tones of his discourse, awakening in every breast the sentiments and impressions of his own. He is the Proteus of eloquence."

and grave; but concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and in arms all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half disposed to try the strength of the recently established American government. We perceive that mighty thoughts, mingled with fears as well as with hopes, are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields; he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree: he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day.

"And now, fellow-citizens, if this vision were a reality; if Washington actually were now amongst us, and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own day, patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen, and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us: 'Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors and toils and sacrifices were not in vain. You are prosperous, you are happy, you are grateful; the fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while DUTY and the LAW restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty, as you love it; cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole eastern world follow the morning sun to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all generations honor you, as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity.'

'Great Father of your Country! we heed your words; we feel their force as if you now uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us, your public life teaches us, your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high fruition. Our honor as well as our happiness is concerned. We can not, we dare not, we will not, betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God; but until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California."

Thus, we have presented the general outlines of Mr. Webster's public career, with the best specimens of his oratory. We must now bring this sketch to a close.

The decease of Mr. Webster took place at his residence in Marshfield, on the quiet sabbath morning of the 24th of October, 1852. When the mournful tidings were announced, the heart of the American people was touched with the deepest sorrow. All mourned the departure of one, who, for real mental muscle was regarded as towering above all other men of the age. The great statesman calmly breathed his life away, uttering, as the icy hand of death was sealing his lips forever, those animating words "*I still live.*" How well did such language express his immortality. The mighty mind of Webster still lives, although that once noble form which it inhabited now lies mouldering amidst the clods of the valley

> "Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die."

On the 29th of October, in the presence of a vast assembly of mourners, the remains of Daniel Webster were consigned to the grave. "His resting-place is where it should be: in the fields which he has tilled; near the haunts alike of his hours of sublime contemplation, and his brighter and more genial moods; within sight of the window from which he looked, in the pauses of his study, upon the white tomb-stones which he had placed over his family — all but one gone before!

"It is all over! The last struggle is past; the struggle, the strife, the anxiety, the pain, the turmoil of life is over: the tale is told, and finished, and ended. It is told and done; and the seal of death is set upon it. Henceforth that great life, marked at every step; chronicled in journals; waited on by crowds; told to the whole country by telegraphic tongues of flame — that great life shall be but a history, a biography, 'a tale told in an evening tent.' In the tents of life it shall long be recited; but no word shall reach the ear of that dead sleeper by the ocean shore. Fitly will he rest there. Like the granite rock, like the heaving ocean, was his mind! Let the rock guard his rest: let the ocean sound his dirge!"

A critic, already quoted, in describing the character of Mr. Webster's eloquence several years before his decease, says: "In him we behold a mind of great native vigor; early roused to energy by the very necessities of his early origin;— disciplined to habits of severe thought by the laborious study of law;— trained in all the arts of intellectual warfare on the hard arena of forensic strife; and finally expanded to its present mighty range of eloquence, philosophy, and statesmanship, on the broad and stirring theater of the public councils. Those who have heard Mr. Webster, are well aware that he owes a portion of his power to personal advantages. The lofty brow, the dark and cavernous eye, and the heavy, deep-toned voice, might alone enchant a gazing auditory. These might impart to his calmer and ordinary discourse, a serious earnestness, and a senatorial dignity; but in moments of high excitement, by no means of frequent occurrence, they seem like the blackness, and fire, and rolling peals of the o'ercharged and bursting cloud.

"His style is remarkable for its simplicity. To utter thoughts of the highest order, in language perfectly simple; by lucid arrangement and apt words, to make abstract reasoning, and the most recondite principles of commerce, politics, and law, plain to the humblest capacity, is a privilege and power in which Mr. Webster is equaled, probably, by no living man. This simplicity, which is thought so easy of attainment, is, nevertheless, in this as in most cases, undoubtedly the result of uncommon care. Like the great Athenian orator, Mr. Webster is always full of his subject. Like him, too, he can adorn where ornament is appropriate, and kindle, when occasion calls, into the most touching pathos, or loftiest sublime.

"As a public man, Mr. Webster is eminently American. His speeches breathe the purest spirit of a broad and generous patriotism. The institutions of learning and liberty which nurtured him to greatness, it has been his filial pride to cherish, his manly privilege to defend, if not to save.

"In no emergency, on no occasion, where he has yet been tried, have the high expectations formed of his abilities, been doomed to disappointment. The time-honored rock of the Pilgrims; Bunker's glorious mound; and old Faneuil Hall; have been rendered even more illustrious by his eloquent voice. Armed at all points, and ready alike for attack and defense, he has been found equally great, whether wrestling with champions of the law, before its most august tribunal, or contending on the broader field, and in the hotter conflicts of Congressional warfare."

"The oratory of Webster will go down to posterity with applause. In the monumental column of the world's eloquence, formed by the contributions to the illustrious of all ages, the name of the Massachusetts Senator will appear with those of Demosthenes, and Cicero, and Burke, and Fox, and Patrick Henry, and Clay; and if any stones in the column have a brighter polish, or more external beauty, not Grecian marble itself will attract more eyes than the enduring granite, inscribed with WEBSTER."

CHAPTER XVIII.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Edward Everett was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, on the 11th of April, 1794. He was a son of the Rev. Oliver Everett, a clergyman of Boston. At the public schools of Dorchester and Boston, young Everett began his education. His preparation for college was completed in the Phillips Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire, under the instruction of the venerable Dr. Benjamin Abbott, the preceptor of Daniel Webster.

At a public festival at Exeter, in 1838, in honor of Dr. Abbott, who had been principal of the Academy for fifty years, Mr. Everett, in his remarks alludes, in a beautiful and touching manner, to the scenes of his schoolboy days — those days which he passed so pleasantly and so profitably within the walls of the Exeter Academy:

"It was my good fortune," said he, "to pass here but a portion of the year before I entered college; but I can truly say that even in that short time I contracted a debt of gratitude, which I have felt throughout my life. I return to these endeared scenes with mingled emotion. I find them changed; dwelling-places are no more on the same spots; old edifices have disappeared; new ones, both public and private, have been erected. Some of the respected heads of society whom I knew, though as a child, are gone. The seats in the Academy-room are otherwise arranged than formerly, and even there the places that once knew me know me no more. Where the objects themselves are unaltered, the changed eye and the changed mind see them differently. The streets seem narrower and shorter, the distances less considerable; this play-ground before us, which I remember as most spacious, seems sadly contracted. But all, sir, is not changed, either in appearance or reality. The countenance of our reverend preceptor has undergone no change to my eye. It still expresses that *suaviter in modo* mentioned by the gentleman last up (Rev. Professor Ware, Jun.), with nothing of the sternness of the other principle. It is thus I remember it; it was always sunshine to me. Nature, in the larger features of the landscape, is unchanged; the river still flows, the woods yield their shade as pleasantly as they did thirty years ago, doubly grateful for the contrast they afford to the dusty walks of active life; for the solace they yield in an escape, however brief, from its burdens and cares. As I stood in the hall of the Academy, last evening, and saw from its windows the river winding through the valley, and the gentle slope rising from its opposite bank, and caught the cool breeze that was scattering freshness after the sultry summer's day, I could *feel* the poetry of Gray, on revisiting, in a like manner, the scenes of his schoolboy days—

'Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss below,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.' "

In August, 1807, Mr. Everett, then in the fourteenth year of his age, entered Harvard University. He was the youngest member of his class; but his genius soon began to appear to the delight and admiration of his fellow-students and teachers. After a college course of four years, he graduated in 1811, with the highest honors of his class. In the following year he was appointed Latin tutor in the University.

Mr. Everett was early distinguished for his poetical talents. It was during this period that he composed and delivered a poem for the Phi Beta Kappa Society, on the American Poets — a production which did him honor.

While a tutor in college, Mr. Everett applied himself to the study of theology under the instruction of the Rev. J. S. Buckminster, and President Kirkland. So rapidly and thoroughly did he master his theological studies, that he was called to the ministry before he had attained his nineteenth year; and, in 1813, he became the successor of Mr Buckminster, over the Brattle Street church in Boston.

Mr. Everett was one of the most popular and eloquent young clergymen that ever commenced a ministerial career. Whenever he preached large assemblies gathered around him. There was a fascination about his pulpit oratory which carried away his audience in admiration and astonishment. His discourses were heard in breathless silence. So pure, classical, and soul stirring was th stream of his eloquence that his discourses may be said to resemble "a deep and beautiful river, passing with calm but irresistible majesty through rich and varied scenery now gliding around the base of some lofty mountain, th sweeping through meadows and cornfields, anon reflecting in their placid bosom some old castle, or vine covered hill, taking villages and cities in their course, and bearing the commerce and population of the neighboring countries on their deepening and expanding tide."

The pulpit discourses of Mr. Everett were distinguished for their beauty of conception, splendor of diction and felicity of execution. They were the productions of a well disciplined mind, familiar with ancient classical literature. But he drew his loftiest strain of pulpit eloquence from the pages of inspiration.

In the spring of 1815, before he had attained the age of twenty-one years, Mr. Everett was chosen professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Before commencing his new and arduous duties at Cambridge, he was permitted, for the improvement of his health and for his proficiency in ancient and modern literature, to visit Europe and to remain for some time in the principal universities of the old world He immediately embarked at Boston for Liverpool. Shortly after his arrival at Liverpool he repaired to London, where he remained till after the battle of Waterloo From England he proceeded to Germany. The principal object of his visit to that country was to acquire a knowledge of German literature. To accomplish this, he spent more than two years at the University of Gottingen, where, applying himself closely to study, he gained a knowledge of the German language, and of other studies appropriate to his professorship. He also became familiar with the mode of instruction adopted in the universities of Germany. While in Germany, Mr. Everett became acquainted with some of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of the day, such as Goethe, Gauss, Heeren, Wolf, Hermann, and Hugo.

The winter of 1817-18, Mr. Everett spent in Paris, devoting the principal portion of his time to the study of Italian and modern Greek. Here he enjoyed the society of General Lafayette and many other eminent men. In the spring of 1818, he returned to England, spent some time at the universities of Cambridge and Oxford; visited Scotland; passed a few days with Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and with Dugald Stewart. In England, as well as in Germany and France, he became intimately acquainted with many of the most eminent political and literary men, including

Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Jeffrey, Campbell, Lord Holland, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Lord Byron.

In the autumn of 1818, Mr. Everett visited Switzerland and Italy. He spent most of the winter of 1818–19 in Rome, Florence and Naples. His time there was pleasantly passed in antiquarian research, and in the society of illustrious men. In the spring of 1819, he set out for the shores of Greece. He passed by Pharsalia, Thermopylæ, Delphi and Thebes, on his way to Athens. Perhaps the most pleasant part of his visit to Europe was the few weeks which he spent at Athens. After visiting the plain of Troy and Constantinople, he returned to London, took passage for America in September, 1819, and safely reached his native country, after an absence of about four years and seven months. He returned to his countrymen, like Cicero from his Grecian and Asiatic tour, with his mind stored with knowledge. He immediately entered upon the duties of his professorship at Cambridge, and also became the editor of the North American Review. About this time he delivered an admirable course of lectures to the students of Harvard University, on Greek literature, containing an account of the life and writings of every Greek classic author of note from the earliest period to the Byzantine age. It is to be hoped that these lectures may yet be given to the world in a permanent form. They will doubtless be a noble contribution to literature.

The fame of Mr. Everett as an orator was early established. On the 26th of August, 1826, he pronounced the first of his most brilliant orations at Cambridge, before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, on The Circumstances Favorable to the Progress of Literature in America.

This speech called forth universal praise. It was an amazing effort for a young man of thirty years, and at once established his reputation as one of the most accomplished orators of his country. The peroration, which contains a beautiful apostrophe to General Lafayette, whose presence graced the occasion, thrilled the heart of the immense audience, and was responded to by loud and protracted cheers. A more noble conclusion to an oration of this kind was, perhaps, never made. It was moulded in classic beauty, and pronounced with overwhelming force:

"Meantime," said the orator, "the years are rapidly passing away, and gathering importance in their course. With the present year [1824] will be completed the half century from that most important era in human history — the commencement of our revolutionary war. The jubilee of our national existence is at hand. The space of time that has elapsed since that momentous date has laid down in the dust, which the blood of many of them had already hallowed, most of the great men to whom, under Providence, we owe our national existence and privileges. A few still survive among us, to reap the rich fruits of their labors and sufferings; and ONE has yielded himself to the united voice of a people, and returned in his age to receive the gratitude of the nation to whom he devoted his youth. It is recorded on the pages of American history, that when this friend of our country applied to our commissioners at Paris, in 1776, for a passage in the first ship they should despatch to America, they were obliged to answer him (so low and abject was then our dear native land), that they possessed not the means, nor the credit, sufficient for providing a single vessel, in all the ports of France. 'Then,' exclaimed the youthful hero, 'I will provide my own.' And it is a literal fact that, when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of domestic happiness, of wealth, of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle.

"Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes, that behold those venerable features! Enjoy a triumph such as never conqueror nor monarch enjoyed—the assurance that, throughout America, there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name! You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain of the ardent patriots, prudent counselors, and brave warriors, with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many, who would have lived years of pleasure, on a day like this, with their old companion in arms and brother in peril. Lincoln, and Greene, and Knox, and Hamilton, are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen before the enemy that conquers all. Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac he lies in glory and in peace. You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon, but him, whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the dungeons of Olmütz, can not now break its silence to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome in his name. Welcome! thrice welcome to our shores! and whithersoever your course shall take you, throughout the limits of the continent, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall give witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, Welcome! welcome, La Fayette!"

On the 22d of December of the same year (1824), Mr. Everett delivered an oration at Plymouth upon the First Settlement of New England. It was a masterly effort, worthy of the occasion, and of him who pronounced it. The most beautiful sentiments— thoughts which will never die — abound in this oration. Of this class is the allusion to England, the land of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims. The passage is above all praise; its form is so graceful; its cadence, so delicious, and its melody, so delightful:

"Who does not feel," said Mr. Everett, "what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land, out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity, with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there? Who does not remember that, when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained, till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke, or of Chatham, within the walls of the British parliament, and at the foot of the British throne? No: for myself I can truly say that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return, like a descendant, to the old family seat; to come back to the abode of an aged and venerable parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. *The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is a music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty.* I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, and the institutions under which I have been brought up. I wander, delighted, through a thousand scenes, which the historians and the poets have made familiar to us; of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers; the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land; rich in the memory of the great and good, the champions and the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the west."

Near the close of this oration we have another passage of uncommon power and beauty, on the suffering and perilous condition of the Pilgrim Fathers during their voyage across the Atlantic, and after their landing on the inhospitable, ice-clad rocks of Plymouth. It is one of the finest strokes that the pencil of the orator or the man of letters has ever drawn; and it is an admirable exemplification of Mr. Everett's highly imaginative faculty. Where can we find in the English language — in any language — sentences more graceful than the following?

"Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea?—was it some or all of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there have gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?"

In the autumn of 1825, Mr. Everett was elected to Congress as the representative of Middlesex, by a handsome majority. In December, 1825, he took his seat in Congress for the first time. On the expiration of his first term, he was reëlected by large majorities, for four successive terms. His Congressional career was eminently serviceable to the nation, and honorable to himself. No man ever labored with a nobler and truer heart for the aggrandizement of his country than Mr. Everett. No one ever cherished a warmer love for the literary institutions of our land, or was ever a more earnest advocate of American education. The promotion of the prosperity of the whole Union was the grand object of his political career. For this, he labored with unremitted energy in the halls of Congress during ten successive years

On the 1st of August, 1826, Mr. Everett delivered his great Eulogy at Charlestown, in commemoration of JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON, who expired on the 4th of July preceding. It was pronounced in the presence of a vast assembly, and listened to with breathless attention. This discourse furnishes us with some of the loftiest sentiments that Mr. Everett ever uttered. Take the following for an example:

"The jubilee of America is turned into mourning. Its joy is mingled with sadness; its silver trumpet breathes a mingled strain. Henceforward, while America exists among the nations of the earth, the first emotion on the fourth of July will be of joy and triumph in the great event which immortalizes the day; the second will be one of chastened and tender recollection of the venerable men, who departed on the morning of the jubilee. This mingled emotion of triumph and sadness has sealed the beauty and sublimity of our great anniversary. In the simple commemoration of a victorious political achievement, there seems not enough to occupy our purest and best feelings. The fourth of July was before a day of triumph, exultation, and national pride; but the angel of death has mingled in the glorious pageant to teach us we are men. Had our venerated fathers left us on any other day, it would have been henceforward a day of mournful recollection. But now, the whole nation feels, as with one heart, that since it must sooner or later have been bereaved of its revered fathers, it could not have wished that any other had been the day of their decease. Our anniversary festival was before triumphant; it is now triumphant and sacred. It before called out the young and ardent, to join in the public rejoicings; it now also speaks, in a touching voice, to the retired, to the gray-headed, to the mild and peaceful spirits, to the whole family of sober freemen. It is henceforward, what the dying Adams pronounced it, a great and a good day. It is full of greatness, and full of goodness. It is absolute and complete. The death of the men who declared our independence,—their death on the day of the jubilee,—was all that was wanting to the fourth of July. To die on that day, and to die together, was all that was wanting to Jefferson and Adams.

"Think not, fellow-citizens, that, in the mere formal discharge of my duty this day, I would overrate the melancholy interest of the great occasion; I do any thing but intentionally overrate it. I labor only for words, to do justice to your feelings and to mine. I can say nothing which does not sound as cold and inadequate to myself as to you. The theme is too great and too surprising, the men are too great and good, to be spoken of in this cursory manner. There is too much in the contemplation of their united characters, their services, the day and coincidence of their death, to be properly described, or to be fully felt at once. I dare not come here and dismiss, in a few summary paragraphs, the characters of men who have filled such a space in the history of their age. It would be a disrespectful familiarity with men of their lofty spirits, their rich endowments, their long and honorable lives, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them. I leave that arduous task to the genius of kindred elevation, by whom to-morrow it will be discharged.* I feel the mournful contrast in the fortunes even of the first and best of men, that, after a life in the highest walks of usefulness; after conferring benefits, not merely on a neighborhood, a city, or even a state, but on a whole continent, and a posterity of kindred men; after having stood in the first estimation for talents, services, and influence, among millions of fellow-citizens, — a day must come, which closes all up; pronounces a brief blessing on their memory; gives an hour to the actions of a crowded life; describes in a sentence what it took years to bring to pass, and what is destined for years and ages to operate on posterity; passes forgetfully over many traits of character, many counsels and measures, which it cost, perhaps, years of discipline and effort to mature; utters a funeral prayer; chants a mournful anthem; and then dismisses all into the dark chambers of death and forgetfulness.

"But no, fellow-citizens; we dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. They were of the select few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their physical existence; whose hearts have watched, while their senses have slept; whose souls have grown up into a higher being; whose pleasure is to be useful; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation; who respire the breath of honorable fame; who have deliberately and consciously put what is called life to hazard, that they may live in the hearts of those who come after. Such men do not, can not die. To be cold and breathless; to feel not and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, can not die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, 'make it life to live,' these can not expire ;—

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* A Eulogy was delivered on Adams and Jefferson, on the following day, in Faneuil Hall, in Boston, by Daniel Webster.

'These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die.' "

On the 28th of May, 1833, Mr. Everett made a speech in Faneuil Hall, on the subject of the Bunker Hill Monument, at a meeting called by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, to take measures for its completion.

In closing this address he paid the following beautiful tribute to the memory of General Warren:

"Two of the periods assigned to a generation of men have passed away, since the immortal Warren appeared before his fellow-citizens on the memorable anniversary of the fifth of March. He was, at that time, in the very dawn of manhood, and as you behold him in yonder delineation of his person. Amiable, accomplished, prudent, energetic, eloquent, brave—he united the graces of a manly beauty to a lion heart, a sound mind, a safe judgment, and a firmness of purpose which nothing could shake. At the period to which I allude, he was but just thirty-two years of age; so young, and already the acknowledged head of the cause! He had never seen a battle-field; but the veterans of Louisburg and Quebec looked up to him as their leader; and the hoary-headed sages who had guided the public councils for a generation, came to him for advice. Such he stood, the organ of the public sentiment on the occasion just mentioned. At the close of his impassioned address, after having depicted the labors, hardships, and sacrifices, endured by our ancestors in the cause of liberty, he broke forth in the thrilling words, 'The voice of your fathers' blood cries to you from the ground!' Three years only passed away; the solemn struggle came on; foremost in council, he also was foremost in the battle-field, and offered himself a voluntary victim, the first great martyr in the cause. Upon the heights of Charlestown, the last that was struck down, he fell with a numerous band of kindred spirits, the gray-haired veteran, the stripling in the flower of youth, who had stood side by side through that dreadful day, and fell together, like the beauty of Israel on their high places!"

On the death of Lafayette, Mr. Everett was requested by the young men of Boston to pronounce his Eulogy. He did so on the 6th of September, 1834, in the presence of an immense audience assembled in Faneuil Hall. The walls of that venerable edifice, around which so many patriotic associations gather, resounded with an eloquence that subdued every heart. The sentences which follow should be carefully treasured in the mind of every American:

"There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty, who has not dropped his head, when he has heard that Lafayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics—every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright—have lost a benefactor, a patron, in Lafayette. But you, young men, at whose command I speak, for you a bright and particular lodestar is henceforward fixed in the front of heaven. What young man that reflects on the history of Lafayette—that sees him in the morning of his days the associate of sages—the friend of Washington—but will start with new vigor on the path of duty and renown?

"And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness; to the sanctity of plighted faith; to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, and of your pilgrim sires, the great principle of the age, was the rule of his life: *the love of liberty protected by law.*"

It is impossible to describe the effect produced upon the audience by that thrilling exclamation with which the orator concluded his masterly effort. Nothing of the kind can be more impressive or elevated than this peroration. It can not fall upon the ear of an American citizen without exciting patriotic feelings in his bosom—without recalling to his mind the glorious struggles of our fathers in the cause of liberty. No one who was so happy, on this occasion, as to be within sound of the speaker's voice, can ever forget the deep, swelling, melodious tones with which he closed this magnificent eulogy:

"You have now assembled within these celebrated walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birthday of your benefactor. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place—the temple worthy of the new name which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites! Ye winds, that wafted the Pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom! Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days! Glorious Washington,* break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak, speak, marble lips;† teach us THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW!

On the 19th (20th) of April, 1835, Mr. Everett delivered his great oration on the Battle of Lexington. This masterly production will be admired as long as the battle which it commemorates shall be remembered, and would, alone, be sufficient to transmit the fame of its author to the most distant posterity. It was pronounced with electric effect upon the battle plains of Lexington.

As the orator advances to the close of this oration he seems to soar higher in the grandeur of his conceptions, until he ends with a thrilling apostrophe to the bravest of the brave who had nobly spilt their blood for the freedom of their country on that day of death:

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* The portrait of Washington hung on the western wall.

† The bust of Lafayette stood upon the platform.

"And you, brave and patriotic men, whose ashes are gathered in this humble place of deposit, no time shall rob you of the well-deserved meed of praise! You, too, perceived, not less clearly than the more illustrious patriots whose spirit you caught, that the decisive hour had come. You felt with them that it could not, must not be shunned. You had resolved it should not. Reasoning, remonstrance had been tried: from your own town meetings, from the pulpit, from beneath the arches of Faneuil Hall, every note of argument, of appeal, of adjuration, had sounded to the foot of the throne, and in vain. The wheels of destiny rolled on; the great design of Providence must be fulfilled; the issue must be nobly met, or basely shunned. Strange it seemed, inscrutable it was, that your remote and quiet village should be the chosen altar of the first great sacrifice. But the summons came and found you waiting; and here, in the center of your dwelling-places, within sight of the homes you were to enter no more, between the village church where your fathers worshiped and the graveyard where they lay at rest, bravely and meekly, like Christian heroes, you sealed the cause with your blood. Parker, Munroe, Hadley, the Harringtons, Muzzy, Brown: — alas! ye can not hear my words. No voice but that of the archangel shall penetrate your urns; but, to the end of time, your remembrance shall be preserved! To the end of time, the soil whereon ye fell is holy, and shall be trodden with reverence, while America has a name among the nations!

And now ye are going to lie down beneath yon simple stone, which marks the place of your mortal agony. Fit spot for your last repose!

'Where should the soldier rest, but where he fell?'

For ages to come, the characters graven in the enduring marble shall tell the unadorned tale of your sacrifice; and ages after that stone itself has crumbled into dust as inexpressive as yours, history shall transmit the record! Ay, while the language we speak retains its meaning in the ears of men, your names and your memory shall be cherished!

On the 25th of August, 1835, Mr. Everett delivered an address before the literary societies of Amherst College, on the subject: Education favorable to Liberty, Morals and Knowledge. In this oration, the closing scene in the life of the great Copernicus is thus vividly penciled by a fine stroke of the imagination:

"It is plain that Copernicus, like his great contemporary, Columbus, though fully conscious of the boldness and the novelty of his doctrine. saw but a part of the change it was to effect in science. After harboring in his bosom for long, long years, that pernicious heresy, the solar system, he died on the day of the appearance of his book from the press. The closing scene of his life, with a little help from the imagination, would furnish a noble subject for an artist. For thirty-five years, he has revolved and matured in his mind his system of the heavens. A natural mildness of disposition, bordering on timidity, a reluctance to encounter controversy, and a dread of persecution, have led him to withhold his work from the press, and to make known his system but to a few confidential disciples and friends. At length he draws near his end; he is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on The Revolutions of the Heavenly Orbs to his friends for publication. The day at last has come, on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the twenty-fourth of May, 1543. On that day,—the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind, operating upon an exhausted frame,—an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour has come; he lies stretched upon the couch, from which he never will rise, in his apartment, at the Canonry at Frauenberg, in East Prussia. The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber; near his bedside is the armillary sphere, which he has contrived, to represent his theory of the heavens; his portrait, painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it, his astrolabe, and other imperfect astronomical instruments; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples. The door of the apartment opens; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters: it is a friend, who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that had ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world had acknowledged for a thousand years; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him; — but he knows that his book is true. He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth, as his dying bequest, to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once more before his eye grows dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires. But no, he is not wholly gone! A smile lights up his dying countenance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye; his lips move; and the friend who leans over him can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments, which the Christian lyrist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse:

'Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night!
And thou, refulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid!
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts, where I shall reign with God.'"

"So died the great Columbus of the heavens. His doctrine, at first, for want of a general diffusion of knowledge, forced its way with difficulty against the deep-rooted prejudices of the age. Tycho Brahe attempted to restore the absurdities of the Ptolemaic system; but Kepler, with a sagacity which more than atones for all his strange fancies, laid hold of the theory of Copernicus, with a grasp of iron, and dragged it into repute. Galileo turned his telescope to the heavens, and observed the phases of Venus, which Copernicus boldly predicted must be discovered, as his theory required their appearance; and lastly Newton arose, like a glorious sun, scattering the mists of doubt and opposition, and ascended the heavens full-orbed and cloudless, establishing at once his own renown and that of his predecessors, and crowned with the applauses of the world; but declaring, with that angelic modesty which marked his character, 'I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy, playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in finding now and then a pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.'"

Here we have an eloquent passage from the same address, on knowledge:

"What is human knowledge? It is the cultivation and improvement of the spiritual principle in man. We are composed of two elements; the one, a little dust caught up from the earth, to which we shall soon return; the other, a spark of that divine intelligence, in which and through which we bear the image of the great Creator. By knowlege, the wings of the intellect are spread; by ignorance, they are closed and palsied, and the physical passions are left to gain the ascendency. Knowledge opens all the senses to the wonders of creation; ignorance seals them up, and leaves the animal propensities unbalanced by reflection, enthusiasm, and taste. To the ignorant man, the glorious pomp of day, the sparkling mysteries of night, the majestic ocean, the rushing storm, the plenty-bearing river, the salubrious breeze, the fertile field, the docile animal tribes, the broad, the various, the unexhausted domain of nature, are a mere outward pageant, poorly understood in their character and harmony, and prized only so far as they minister to the supply of sensual wants. How different the scene to the man whose mind is stored with knowledge! For him the mystery is unfolded, the veils lifted up, as one after another he turns the leaves of that great volume of creation, which is filled in every page with the characters of wisdom, power, and love; with lessons of truth the most exalted; with images of unspeakable loveliness and wonder; arguments of Providence; food for meditation; themes of praise. One noble science sends him to the barren hills, and teaches him to survey their broken precipices. Where ignorance beholds nothing but a rough, inorganic mass, instruction discerns the intelligible record of the primal convulsions of the world; the secrets of ages before man was; the landmarks of the elemental struggles and throes of what is now the terraqueous globe. Buried monsters, of which the races are now extinct, are dragged out of deep strata, dug out of eternal rocks, and brought almost to life, to bear witness to the power that created them. Before the admiring student of nature has realized all the wonders of the elder world, thus, as it were, recreated by science, another delightful instructress, with her microscope in her hand, bids him sit down and learn at last to know the universe in which he lives, and contemplate the limbs, the motions, the circulations of races of animals, disporting in *their* tempestuous ocean, — a drop of water. Then, while his whole soul is penetrated with admiration of the power which has filled with life, and motion, and sense these all but non-existent atoms, — O, then, let the divinest of the muses, let Astronomy approach, and take him by the hand; let her

> 'Come, but keep her wonted state,
> With even step and musing gait,
> And looks commercing with the skies,
> Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes.'

Let her lead him to the mount of vision; let her turn her heaven-piercing tube to the sparkling vault: through that let him observe the serene star of evening, and see it transformed into a cloud-encompassed orb, a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps; or behold the pale beams of Saturn, lost to the untaught observer amidst myriads of brighter stars, and see them expand into the broad disk of a noble planet,— the seven attendant worlds, — the wondrous rings, — a mighty system in itself, borne at the rate of twenty-two thousand miles an hour on its broad pathway through the heavens; and then let him reflect that our great solar system, of which Saturn and his stupendous retinue is but a small part, fills itself, in the general structure of the universe, but the space of one fixed star; and that the power which filled the drop of water with millions of living beings, is present and active, throughout this illimitable creation! — Yes, yes,

> 'An undevout astronomer *is* mad!'"

In the autumn of 1835, Mr. Everett was chosen Governor of Massachusetts, as the successor of Hon. John Davis, and occupied the office till 1840, having been three times re-elected.

In the summer of 1840, he visited Europe a second time.* While there he was appointed Minister to England on the accession of Gen. Harrison to the Presidency in 1841. He discharged the duties of this office in such a manner as to reflect the highest honors on his abilities as a statesman and a diplomatist. He gained the entire confidence of his government, and was universally respected in England.

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* It is related that, previous to the departure of Mr. Everett from Boston, when present at a public dinner, Hon. Judge Story gave as a sentiment, "Learning, genius and eloquence, are sure to be welcome where Ever-ett goes." On which Mr. Everett promptly gave, "Law, Equity and Jurisprudence: All their efforts to rise will never be able to get above one Story."

On his return to the United States in 1845, Mr. Everett was chosen President of Harvard University, which station he was compelled, at the close of three years, to resign in consequence of ill heath. After resigning the Presidency of this university, he prepared an edition of his orations and speeches, which appeared in two octavo volumes, in 1850. Besides the orations which we have mentioned in this sketch, they contain many others of the most interesting character, on similar topics, such as, The Principles of the American Constitutions; The History of Liberty; The Settlement of Massachusetts; Importance of Scientific Knowledge to Practical Men, and the Encouragement to its Pursuit; Colonization and Civilization of Africa; The Education of Mankind; Agriculture; The Youth of Washington; The Battle of Bloody Brook; The First Battles of the Revolutionary War; The Boyhood and Youth of Franklin; Anecdotes of Early Local History; Superior and Popular Education; Eulogy on John Quincy Adams. The collection closes with a beautiful speech on the Bible, delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Bible Society in Boston, on the 27th of May, 1850.

About this time Mr. Everett wrote an interesting memoir of Daniel Webster, which is contained in the first volume of the great statesman's works.

On the death of Mr. Webster in 1852, Mr. Everett became his successor as Secretary of State

At the Anniversary of the American Colonization Society, held in the city of Washington, January 18, 1853, he delivered a very interesting and able address which was warmly received. His remarks on Stability and Progress — his Lecture on the Discovery and Colonization of America; and his Remarks at the Plymouth Festival, in 1853, are widely known and justly admired.

On the 4th of March, 1853, Mr. Everett took his seat in the Senate of the United States as the successor of Hon. John Davis. This station he resigned in May, 1854, on account of declining health.

The eloquence of Mr. Everett is of the Ciceronean order — copious, graceful, harmonious, correct and flowing. He also resembles the great Roman orator in the variety and extent of his knowledge. It may truly be said of him as was remarked of Burke, take him on any subject you please, and he is ready to meet you. His memory is very tenacious. His style is elaborated with the greatest care and perfection. His sensibilities are very refined. His imagination is sparkling. His gestures in public speaking are graceful; the tones of his voice are sweet and melodious; and his whole manner, elegant and persuasive. No one can listen to him without being moved, instructed, and delighted.

It has been well remarked of our distinguished orator, that, "As long as clear and logical reasoning wins the assent of the understanding, as long as true eloquence stirs the blood, as long as ease and grace of style approve themselves to the taste, so long will the compositions of Edward Everett be read and admired. He is, essentially, a rhetorician, and, unless France may furnish one or two exceptions, the most accomplished living. Whatever is requisite for rhetorical success, Mr. Everett possesses. To the most varied culture, he adds an immense and various learning, a memory equally retentive and prompt, great facility and felicity of expression. a ready power of association, and a wit and humor which seem always to be ready when the occasion calls for them. No knight rode in the tournament arrayed in more glittering armor, or more dexterous in the use of his weapons. He has enough of imagination; he has the quick and kindling sensibilities without which there is no eloquence; and, above all, he shows a wonderfully quick perception of the state of mind in those whom he addresses. He seems to have more than a double share of nerves in his fingers' ends. If there be truth in animal magnetism, he ought to be one of the most impressible. He possesses that greatest of charms, an exquisite voice,— round, swelling, full of melody, particularly emotional; naturally grave, and with a touch almost of melancholy in some of its cadences, but, like all such emotional voices, admirably suited to the expression of humor, and of rising from a touching pathos into the most stirring, thrilling and triumphant tones. There is such harmony between thought and style, manner and voice, that each gives force to the other, and all unite in one effect on the hearer."

"The great charm of Mr. Everett's orations consists, not so much in any single and strongly-developed intellectual trait, as in that symmetry and finish which, on every page, give token of the richly-endowed and thorough scholar. The natural movements of his mind are full of grace; and the most indifferent sentiment which falls from his pen has that simple elegance which it is as difficult to define as it is easy to perceive. His level passages are never tame, and his fine ones are never superfine. *His style, with matchless flexibility, rises and falls with his subject, and is alternately easy, vivid, elevated, ornamental, or picturesque, adapting itself to the dominant mood of the mind*, as an instrument responds to the touch of a master's hand. His knowledge is so extensive, and the field of his allusions so wide, that the most familiar views in passing through his hands, gather such a halo of luminous illustrations, that their likeness seems transformed, and we entertain doubts of their identity. Especially, in reading these orations, do we perceive the power which comes from an accurate knowledge of history. No one wields an historical argument with more skill; no one is more fruitful in effective historical parallels and applications. He has, in perfection, *the historical eye*, if we may so speak; the power of running over an epoch and seizing upon its characteristic expression, and of distinguishing the events by which that expression is most decidedly manifested. His Phi Beta Kappa oration (the one delivered at Cambridge in 1824), is a signal instance of his success in this respect. Whatever may be thought of the soundness of its positions, no one can doubt the ability with which they are maintained, and the ingenuity and admirable rhetorical skill, with which the orator presses into his service the long record of the past, to enforce and defend them. The same remarks apply, also, to his Plymouth oration, and indeed, in a greater or less degree, to nearly all his discourses. Not only has he the comprehensive grasp and power of generalization, which are the attributes of almost all superior minds, but he has all the minute accuracy of a chronicler, understands perfectly the significance and efficacy of facts and details, and uses them with great skill and success. His picturesque narrative is one of the most striking of his accomplishments. With what vividness does he make a long procession of events pass before our eyes, as in his Lexington, Concord, and Bloody Brook addresses, marshaling every thing into its proper place, without confusion or crowding! How agreeably he relates a familiar incident, like the anecdote of the dispersion of the London mob, in his Cambridge Fourth of July oration. With what living hues he paints a scene like that of the death-bed of Copernicus, in the Address before the Literary Societies of Amherst College."

"His style appears to us a nearly perfect specimen of a rhetorical and ornamental style. Certainly it is so, if the just definition of a good style be, *proper words in proper places.* He is as careful to select the right word, as a workman in mosaic is to pick out the exact shade of color which he requires. His orations abound with those delicious cadences, which thrill through the veins like a strain of fine music, and cling spontaneously to the memory.

"The extracts we have made from Mr. Everett's volumes are specimens of that magnificent declamation which is one of his most obvious and striking characteristics; but some of his discourses are of a practical cast, and display a corresponding style. His singular power of illustration enables him to give dignity to the lowest, and interest to the dryest subject, while that unerring taste which, in his highest flights, insures him temperance and smoothness, preserves him from the unpardonable sin of being heavy, commonplace, and prosaic. *His brilliant intellectual accomplishments and his fine taste rest upon a granite foundation of vigorous good sense.*"

In conclusion, we may say, that of all the writings of our greatest senatorial orators, none will, perhaps, be oftener perused or longer admired than the ORATIONS AND SPEECHES OF EDWARD EVERETT.

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